

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER NATIONAL WEEKLY PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

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Novel
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With dignity and sobbing drums
The welcomed Royal envoy comes.
Australia wears her festive gown
In gracious homage to the Crown
And to the Prince.

A Toast

P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

Against the blue and grateful sky
The colored bits of bunting fly
And British pride blows bravely there.
Let's lift the glass, a toast declare,
LADIES! THE PRINCE!

"BIRD'S-EYE" Survey of the PRINCE'S Elaborate Royal Tour

The Prince Will Be On the Go Every Minute for Over Two Months

By Our Special Representative

This week, the third son of the King of England, Henry William Frederick Albert, His Grace the Duke of Gloucester, popularly known in Australia as "The Prince," sets foot on Australian soil for the first time.

A young man in his early thirties, he comes to Australia as the central figure of a nation-wide pageant which will go down in our history books as one of the most brilliant functions of these times.

As there are no awards covering the working hours of Princes, the Duke of Gloucester will be performing his official tasks 16 hours a day for ten weeks.

Let us follow him in imagination through some of the experiences in store for him.

PICTURE the Prince as he stands looking over the rail of the Sussex. Fremantle is getting nearer every minute. So this is Australia! Never seen it before in his life. Knows they are waiting for him and going to make a tremendous fuss. Bands, speeches, processions—all that sort of thing. If they'd only cut out some of the speeches!

Bang! There go the guns. The Duke of Gloucester catches his breath. He turns to the secretary who stands near him, and knows just what his chief is thinking. Glances pass between the two men. Time up? The secretary nods. The Duke gets ready to descend the steps leading to the wharf.

Strenuous First Day

SO the Royal visitor has landed in Australia to the accompaniment of a salute of guns, much flag-waving, click of arms, blare of band music, and a number of loyal and patriotic addresses from the Fremantle Town Council and allied bodies. He stands to attention

as the National Anthem strikes up, vaguely aware of a number of uniformed and top-hatted persons who have got in front of the eager, pulsating crowd that has been waiting for hours to see what he is like.

And so for an hour or more, while people of local importance are introduced and hands are shaken and addresses—oh, these addresses!—are read. Then a look round at the Guard of Honor composed of Naval Reserve men—a fine-looking lot, the sight of which somehow makes him feel at home.

Then more band playing, and with a mounted guard to clear the way the drive to Perth begins. An eight-mile journey with flags flying and handkerchiefs waving, people lining every yard of the route. A prosperous-looking crowd, the Prince thinks; better dressed, too, than you would find in the average town at home.

Now we are at the War Memorial in a place they call King's Park. There is another ceremony: the Prince places a wreath on the monumental pile. Then on again to Perth, where the Lord Mayor and Councillors hand out a loyal address, and when that is over we are on the move again, this time going through the city of Perth with all the streets and houses and side-walks thronged with the gesticulating on-lookers.

Here at last is Perth Government

How to follow the Prince

LISTENERS to 2GB, with which The Australian Women's Weekly is now associated, will be able to follow the Royal tour from beginning to end thanks to the splendid work of the G.P.O., which has arranged no fewer than 50 relays for wireless and B class stations.

First broadcast impressions of the Royal tour will be given to listeners on October 4 from 2GB, when the arrival of H.M.S. Sussex and the reception of the Duke in West Australia will be broadcast.

Apart from this service, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish each issue intimate and exclusive details of the tour from our Perth, Adelaide, and Melbourne offices, and other news of the Prince will be broadcast by Dorothea Vautier during our special sessions at 11.45 and 3.30 each day.

House, and, after acknowledging the reception there, we are glad to escape inside.

But the day isn't half over. In the afternoon there is a visit to the Agricultural Show Ground, a very pretty ground, in a suburb called Claremont. We declare the Show open, and walk round the pens and yards where there are chickens, birds, dogs, cattle, sheep, horses, especially horses. The Prince looks at the horses with a wistful eye; wishes he could throw his knee over the chestnut there, and ride off somewhere to a quiet place where the crowd wouldn't follow him. But duty calls! We resume our measured way round the ground.

Prince at the Ball

THEN a ball at Government House, to round off the day. First glimpse of the Australian girl in a ballroom. Topping girls! If a man hadn't just come off the ship, and been on the move since six that morning.

Impossible to dance with them all. If they'd let a man choose for himself—but they never will. Here's someone from Government House bringing up someone one simply MUST—oh, yeah!

And so the dance goes on. And at 2 a.m. or thereabouts a tired Prince is allowed to go to bed. Not too bad, he thinks, as his head hits the pillow for the first day in Australia.

THUS, in futurist fashion, we see the Prince land on Australian shores and begin the tour that is to take him, in the course of the next ten or twelve weeks, to all the States.

The programme in West Australia covers four days; it includes a visit to the Repatriation Hospital on Friday morning and attendance at a combined Boy Scouts and Girl Guides demonstration in the afternoon.

Over the hospital visit the Commonwealth Minister (Mr. Marr), who is in charge of the general welcome scheme, has thrown his official blanket. The sick soldiers want to see the Prince, but are not so keen about the politicians whom Mr. Marr wants to be on the spot. "But things like this you know must be," when a royal guest is going the rounds.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 8, the Prince will leave Perth for the Eastern States. After short stays at York and Northam and a night in Kalbarrie, where he will be taken down a mine, he will find himself on the



ONE MAN comes to see six million and six million turn out to see him. At the left, Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who has come to see Australia, and above, portion of the six million Australians who will try to see him.

cation on November 11 of the Shrine of Remembrance.

Between October 18 and November 12, when he will leave for Tasmania, he will pay a visit to Canberra, travelling there by easy stages. For two days, October 22 and 24, the politicians and civil servants of the Federal capital will have him to themselves. When he gets back to Victoria about the end of the month, he will attend the Melbourne Cup meeting on November 6, leaving for Tasmania six days later.

Great Harbor Pageant

THE arrival in Sydney is timed for Thursday, November 22. For the ensuing six days Sydney will be en fete. Much of the Sydney programme will revolve round the other programmes. But there will be one outstanding, dominating feature that will live in his memory. This is the Venetian carnival and fireworks display, arranged to take place on Sydney Harbor on Saturday night (24th).

For this glittering and ultra-spectacular event the most elaborate preparations have been made. "It will surpass anything Sydney has yet seen!" says the organising secretary (Mr. D. C. Macdonnell). After Sydney will come Brisbane, and after Brisbane a departure on December 10 for New Zealand en route for home.

Time To Himself?

IN all this welter of engagements will the Prince have any time to himself? Just a little perhaps, after he has got to Melbourne. He has no clear days before then. Even on Sundays there will be church parades.

As for private parties and dances—well, they simply don't

**Our Big
Sewing
Machine
Offer ...Page 24**

figure in the day-by-day programme of events.

The hostess who wants to hire the Duke to a little dance of her own will have to induce him to leave something official for an hour or two.

Here is the chance for Sydney society girls. The Duke is to spend seven days in Sydney, November 22 to November 29. On those seven days he will be expected to attend five ceremonial balls, namely, Lord Mayor's (22nd), United Services (23rd), Venetian Ball (24th), Country Women's Association Ball (27th), and Highland Society's (28th).

ON the way to Canberra and back he will see something of Australian country life. He will visit country towns and sleep several nights in the train. They have even arranged for him to drink billy tea. This typically Australian beverage is to be served to him twice during his Victorian tour—once at the Cann River, and again on a side track in the Otway Forest.

Altogether a varied and a hectic ten weeks.

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Let's Talk of
**Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E**



—Dorothy Weidling.

ARTIST AND AUTHOR
MRS. ELZA STOREY is a gifted Australian whose first novel, "Eve's Affairs" is being published by Stephen. Before her marriage, she studied art with Julian Ashton and one of her china vases, painted when she was seventeen years of age, was bought by the Trustees of the Sydney Art Gallery. She has also made a hobby of photography and has won seven prizes in the Kodak International competition which was judged in Vienna. She has illustrated her book with pen and ink sketches and also designed the cover.



ITALIAN STAR

SANDRA RAVEL is Italy's most famous film star. She is the niece of the Pope and before she started on her screen career had to obtain permission from His Holiness. The Pope consented, but asked her to change her name, and this she did, taking the name of Ravel. Sandra is a beautiful blonde and has had many offers from America to star in Hollywood pictures, but she has refused them all, saying she would rather stay in her native Italy and be near her esteemed uncle.



N.Z. ARTIST

MRS. DOROTHY ASHTON is a New Zealand artist who is now making her home in Sydney. In co-operation with another artist, Mrs. Pulein Spencer, she recently held a successful art show in Sydney. Mrs. Pulein Spencer, who is a sister of Dr. Pulein, of Adelaide, is now planning to go to New Zealand, where she will hold joint art shows of her own and Mrs. Ashton's work. Both artists are water colorists. Mrs. Ashton's work is already very well known in New Zealand. Before coming to Australia, she frequently exhibited in Auckland. The popularity of her work there will evidently be paralleled in Australia, for her paintings found a ready sale at the recent show. Mrs. Pulein Spencer's work is very well known in South Australia and other Australian States, as well as in New Zealand. She recently held a notably successful show in Adelaide, and several of her paintings have been purchased by the Adelaide Art Gallery.

ARE Athletic Games Making WOMEN TOO MASCULINE?



NOBODY could find any fault with the femininity of this charming Australian sports girl, Claire Dennis. She is one of our many beautiful girls who have excelled in sport without losing her feminine charm. Miss Dennis has just returned from the Empire Games, where she declares she saw at least two women athletes who looked like men.

Different Training Methods Used Here

All the world has been surprised and not a little amused by the recent accusation that some of the women from foreign countries competing in the Empire and Women's World Games in London were men in disguise. Australia's Claire Dennis substantiated the report that some of them, at least, looked like men. The South African manager, who started the rumpus, said he had seen the "girls" shaving.

It has since transpired that the gentleman was wrong. All the women athletes were bona fide members of the gentler sex, but, alas, one of man's most cherished illusions, which couples athletic prowess in women with the beauty of Diana, has been shattered for all time.

Subsequent to this bombshell, we have received the above interesting photographs of some of the women athletes who took part in the recent Women's World Games at the White City, London. They speak for themselves.

RUTH FREDDEY, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly sports page, says:—

Herr Hitler's recent utterance that a German woman's place was in her home, and that he was not in favor of strenuous sport for women, might be more easily understood since these photos of the athletes who took part in the Women's World Games have been produced.

But Australia will have no cause to hope for a similar edict, for the women of this country are just as proud of their femininity and charm as they are of gaining world's athletic honors. Strenuous training is tabooed by all the leading associations here, and any girl who would make a fetish of her training would find that she would be ostracised by the officials of her club and by her team-mates. The chief concern of the women's

associations of Australia is fitness, and care is taken to see that the girls only play or partake in the games for which they are best suited.

Of Australia's outstanding sports-women, we can mention Annette Kellerman, long distance swimmer, tennis player, dancer, and film actress, whose reputation for having a most perfect figure has won her world renown. The late Daphne Akhurst, Australia's tennis champion, earned a sobriquet when in England as the "shy little lady of Wimbledon." Most of her popularity was due to her feminine charm. Of our inter-day champions, Claire Dennis, Frances Bull, Lesley Thompson, and Ellen Wearne have sacrificed none of their womanliness in the interest of sport.

The Australian girl refuses to sacrifice her feminine charm on the altar of sport.

ANOTHER leading authority on women's sports says:—

The arguments for and against a strenuous sporting career for women lead to one outstanding conclusion. There should be appointed at the head of every national sporting group a responsible committee including a woman doctor.

This committee should have the interests not only of association accomplishments at heart, but of each girl individually.

No girl should be allowed to strain and train for one particular goal at the expense of all other interests—of her appearance and her physical well-being.



THREE remarkable photos of women athletes, taken at the recent Women's World Games in London, at which many of the athletes who provoked the remarks of the South African manager competed. **TOP PICTURE:** Gertrude Webb, of St. Louis, U.S.A. **ABOVE:** Miss Z. Kanbous, of Czechoslovakia. **And on the Right:** German, Dutch, and Austrian runners; the German girl is on No. 1 stand.



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YOU can imagine how a girl who has been struggling along in obscurity feels when she suddenly finds herself popular—a charming personality with hosts of friends! Spend a minute, and think how you would feel if you suddenly discovered a strange new power that enabled you to attract new friends at will and win success. Picture the amazement of everyone if you unexpectedly changed your entire personality, banished self-consciousness, nervousness, and embarrassment, and became instead a vibrant, fascinating magnetic person!

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RANDWICK'S Twenty Thousand New DRESSES!

Spring Race Meeting Is Remarkable Stimulus to the Fashion World

By ALICE JACKSON

Sixty thousand people attended the opening of the spring racing season at Randwick. Probably one third of that number were women.

Twenty thousand new dresses. Each dress averaging, say, six yards. One hundred and twenty thousand yards of material. Twenty thousand hats. Twenty thousand new pairs of shoes, and the same number of pairs of hose, of handbags. To mention, only, the garments clothing the outer woman!

TWENTY THOUSAND visits to hairdressers and manicurists. Powder, cosmetics, perfumes, jewellery—work the rest out for yourself and see if you can estimate to how much it all amounts in money put into circulation and consequent employment.

That's the way Dame Fashion sets the wheels of industry whirling, and that's the industrial side of the importance of the opening of the summer fashion season.

Equally great is its fashion importance, for the Spring meeting sets the seal on the mode for the next six months to come. Advance prophecies of what will and what will not be worn are apt to receive a nasty jar at Randwick, for it is only when the new frocks emerge in their thousands that the absolute winners can be picked. Women can trim their fashion sails accordingly. Opening day was blessed with warm weather, so summer frocks came out in full strength.

The most significant note of the meeting was the high average level of elegance achieved. Bizarre styles were conspicuous by their absence and outstanding toilettes were few, for the simple and heartening reason that good dressing was the rule.

In part, this was a triumph for the manufacturers, who have placed so many beautiful and serviceable fabrics on the market at prices within reach of the average purse. In part, it was a natural reaction from the glittering fumes and extravagant shoulder lines of last year. In effect, it was wholly delightful.

Printed Fabrics

PRINTED fabrics predominated. So artistic are the new printed designs that this was all to the good. A fair sprinkling of coin spots and many lovely self-colored new weaves accounted for most of the remaining dresses.

Taffeta, so much publicised in advance, was only infrequently seen. Linen, which will doubtless come into its own later, was not much worn,

either. The crepes and printed silks had it practically all their own way.

Thousands of self-fabric coats were worn—an interesting change from last year's contrasting or matching coats. These coats varied from basque to fingertip length, but the hip length was most favored.

Sleeves were in complete contrast to last year's styles. Soft caped lines replaced the high militarised modes of yesterday. Elbow length was the choice of many of the more youthful punters, but the new length, between the elbow and wrist, won the favor of the majority.

Illusion of Freedom

KILTING was the most important trimming detail, and was used to add a soft, feminine finish to bodice lines and to give freedom—or the illusion of freedom!—in skirts.

Blues won the color stakes. Very lovely is the new pale blue, and very smart is the combination of two blues or of navy and white. One or two clever lauses achieved striking ensembles. Paton's new onyx green and other greens ranged from the deeper shades to the palest of leafy tints. Beautiful, too, were the greeny-blue mixtures, such as plover and duck-egg.

Fashion writers have forecast a great revival for handwork, and many of the prettiest frocks worn showed clever uses of handwork such as a dainty honey-combing at the shoulder line.

HATS varied greatly, ranging from the scrap perched at the gamin angle to the honest-to-goodness hat, unabashed of its crown and quite proud of its brim. Crowns have experienced many ups and downs in the past three years. Coolest of all the crowns, this year, are the mandarin variety. Or should it be the coolie variety? One sounds so much more impressive than the other, but fashion is not fussy about casts when she wants to lift an idea for milady.



TWO NEW beach costume styles that we might see "here-if the summer comes. On the left is a Dorothea bathing suit in embossed knitting, consisting of brassiere top and mid-piece skirt and shorts. The other model is a striped beach sweater in linen thread with knitted hat to match. The hat goes quite flat for packing in a suit-case. The wrap-over beach skirt is of Dorothea linen.



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Women's Weekly's Innovations Praised by Readers

There is no doubt in the minds of the women of New South Wales that The Australian Women's Weekly is well worth the 3d. which is now being charged for it.

Following our announcement last week of the introduction of a complete novel and other new features, we have had a large number of letters from readers who tell us that they think the value we are giving for 3d. is marvellous.

IT is safe to say that this week's issue of the paper is being eagerly opened in thousands of homes by readers anxious to see the first of our series of complete novels.

Never before has such a remarkable free supplement been given to readers by any Australian newspaper. We are proud of this innovation, and can assure our readers that this series of complete novels is only one of the outstanding features which will be introduced from time to time.

A gratifying feature of the letters which reached us during the past week has been the general appreciation shown for the manner in which The Australian Women's Weekly has always provided interesting and varied fare for its readers.

INTEREST in the paper is not allowed to flag for one moment. Not only Australia, but overseas centres are combed to provide every week articles and pictures for the most unique publication in the world.

It is only necessary to compare English, American, and other Australian publications to realise the tremendous value offered at the price by The Australian Women's Weekly. In fact, for quality of stories and art work, and of our features generally, it is necessary to go to high-priced overseas publications to find anything comparable.

The Australian Women's Weekly is able to give this extraordinary value because of its confidence in the readiness of the Australian public to appreciate a good-quality product at a fair price.

We are satisfied that our readers in New South Wales will accept the new price of 3d. as being not only fair, but

generous, value, just as our readers in the other States have always done.

Do not forget to look out for next week's complete full-length novel inserted as a free supplement in The Australian Women's Weekly.

What Makes A Perfect World?

DREAMS of Elysian fields. . . . Utopia . . . the perfect world. . . . call it what you will, for it means something different to every person who has conjured up visions of this place of lasting happiness.

This subject and what it means to the average person will be one of the featured talks of The Australian Women's Weekly sessions this week. Listen-in to Dorothea Vautier at 2GB on Friday at 11.45 a.m. She will invite the opinions of listeners on their ideas of perfect worlds.

The other special talk of the week will be given on Wednesday at 3.30, and will be a description of Petticoat Lane as seen by an Australian visitor in London.

EVERY Saturday and Sunday night at 9.15 The Australian Women's Weekly broadcasts a special programme of world-famous artists from 2GB. During these sessions you are able to enjoy uninterrupted entertainment for half an hour.

On Sunday, October 7, in addition to Jones and Hare, the brilliant artists heard during The Australian Women's Weekly sessions every Sunday night, the New Light Symphony Orchestra will play Hady-Wood's "Freude."

When an old "flame" returns, there's always the danger of a husband's Change of HEART

Kathleen
NORRIS

The World's Most
Popular Woman
Author, continues
her enthralling
drama.

Illustrated by
A. Stuart
Peterson

I T was happiness, complete happiness, yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, and Fanny never thought beyond these three. She had been happy all her life; she told Chris that she needed new words for what she felt now.

Her gaiety of mood infected him, and the days of his convalescence, the first of their marriage, were a time of iridescent beauty—of quivering lights and exquisite discoveries almost too sweet for human hearts to endure.

Fanny never thought now of those first anxious days when she had found Chris Thuring desperately ill in the New York apartment which now represented their honeymoon dwelling. Nursing him back to life had been a heart-breaking task—yet to be near him again stirred every fibre of her being, just as it had when he first entered her life in those early days at Stanford College when the four—Fanny, Madge, Chris, and Mack—had drifted together, and made a pact never to lose each other again.

How bravely they had set out for New York when college days had ended. Bitter despair had alternated with rising hopes in those early weeks in the big city when they had tramped in search of jobs, until Fanny secured work in a salvage store, law work claimed Chris, Mack obtained radio engagements, and Madge Rountree became interested in theatricals.

And then had come the crash. Chris, totally blind to Madge's growing affection for Mack Wise, had been wholly unprepared for the final shock when they left for California, where they intended to marry. The suddenness of it left even Fanny gasping. Chris had called on Fanny at her room at Grandma Behrmann's one night, a weary, broken man.

"I'm going to ship somewhere, anywhere," he said; then he had stooped suddenly, kissed her, and was gone. So their collegian resolves had crashed.

There had been no message from Chris for six months, and when the opportunity came to join Kreutzmann's new show, Fanny had eagerly grasped at it, throwing herself wholeheartedly into rehearsals in the futile hope of forgetting those heartaches, that thought of Chris always brought.

Then a fortuitous fate sent Larry Knowles across her path, with his news that Chris was back in New York, Ill. His address was unknown.

Fanny had walked towards the hotel where he had been, talked to an admiring clerk without discovering anything, and was about to give up hope when a callboy revealed that a man answering Chris's description had sent collars to the laundry and would call for them.

A girl who picked up the collars was able to guide Fanny to a dingy street of apartment houses and direct her to the room of the sick man.

It was Fanny who had called the doctor, paid for the medicines and food and nursed Chris through his illness. It was his illness that paved the way to a new understanding between him and Fanny, and with Chris convalescent they had decided to get married.

"We seem to be the only survivors," Chris had said in his new happiness. "We've got to hang together."

CHAPTER XIV

IN the beginning Chris was still her invalid; she made him obey orders. After his first hard days of job-hunting, when he came back exhausted for dinner, she made him go to bed, ran to her theatre, leaving him busy with his supper and his book. They had a green-shaded lamp now, and a rug; Chris had a tobacco jar from the "dime," and Fanny a sewing basket. And for the present the cot had come back.

"I'm running this marriage!" Fanny told him, on her wedding night.

"For the moment," Chris conceded, weary and content in his pillows. "I'll presently take it over."

"I suppose so!" She was very busy, with her supper preparations, her plans. "We'll have a bookcase put up here, Chris, and when the show closes I'll sit here sewing in the evenings, and you can read aloud."

"Library books?"

"Well, and books from the second-hand stores."

"When the show closes," he thought, "you won't have any job." But he did not say these things any more. It was too good to get well to watch her moving about in the mellow light of the summer afternoons, to hear the kettle singing, and the mourning doves outside the window on the slanting roof.

"We could live for six weeks on what we have, so why fret?" she said once calmly.

"How do you mean live for six weeks?"

"Well—I! Our rent is ten dollars," she figured, "our food, at present, about a dollar a day; that's on account of your milk."

"How could it ever be less, Fan?"

"Less than a dollar a day—food?" she would demand, with widened eyes. "It could be half that. There's a Russian woman in the next house, Chris," Fanny told him one night, when she was busy at the dish pan, and Chris was lying idly watching her rounded young arms, the curve of her neck where the tawny hair was bunched, the fine straight line of her chin. "There's a Russian woman next door who boards thirty men at five dollars a month."

"Week, you mean?"

"Month!"

"Good God!" Chris ejaculated under his breath. "What do you suppose she gives 'em?"

"Soup. It looked very good. It had beet and beet greens and beans, and everything you ever heard of, in it. And they have black bread, and cheese, and weak tea in thin glasses."

"Well, you couldn't live on that."

"They do live on that!"

"But we haven't come to that yet, Fan."

She loved the "we." She loved everything that reminded her that she and Chris were one now. When he had gone obediently asleep in his broad bed, on their wedding night, she had lain wakeful, steeped in unutterable peace. After a while she had held up her left hand, and the moon-shine that came in through the opened window had touched the plain ring with a glint of light.

The days went by, and he was well. The happy afternoon came when he could come home rather sheepishly grinning over his new job. Fourteen dollars a week and hard work, but it was a job.

"They asked me if I was married, Fan, and it seemed so funny to think of you, up here in this attic baking

Fanny stood still for a long time, the letter crushed in her hand, the confusion of the dressing-room singing about her. The light seemed to go out of the world slowly; she felt a certain coldness at her heart.

potatoes for lunch, and to say 'yes.' The man—Jackson, his name is—asked me if my wife could live on that, and I said yes, my wife could. Wasn't it decent of him to worry about it a little?"

"I tell you, that's New York!" Fanny said.

Chris, beside her at the window-sill, turned her face about with his big hard hand and forced her lips to his, and Fanny felt that her ribs would crack under his embrace.

This window-sill was one of her favorite places. She loved to idle there, looking down at the city, exulting in height and safety far above it.

"It loves us because we've licked it, Chris," she said, when she could speak. "But wouldn't that make it hate us?"

There were hours in these amazing days when he felt himself as oddly unafraid as she. Moods when he liked to dawdle up here at the window, idly smoking, complacently staring down at the world.

"No, it's so contrary that it makes it love us!" His free arm was about her. Her rounded bright head rested against his shoulder.

"A word in your ear, madam. I meet you at the theatre after the show to-night and take you to dinner."

"Oh, Chris, could you? Are you well enough? It'd be such fun—our first dinner together. I'm free by ten-fifteen."

"I'll be there at ten-fifteen."

"And how'll I know you? Will you wear a white carnation?"

"You'll know me all right!" Chris said. There was an odd look in his eyes. It brought the bright happy color to Fanny's transparent skin.

"For the first time," she told him, "I'm beginning to fear this whole thing is a mistake!"

"Think what you like," Chris said. "I'm running things now."

IT was only two days later that Fanny had a letter from Madge, forwarded from the Behrmann home to the theatre. She opened it in the dressing-room, in all the confusion that immediately preceded the play.

It was long, gossipy, confidential. It took no note of the breach that there had been in the relationship between them. Madge's hurried departure with no word to Fanny, her oddly unsatisfactory behaviour before she left.

"Fanny dearest," wrote Madge on the seventh page, "all this will explain to you what I began with—that we're not married and not going to be. Mother's been right all along, and I've come to see it. Mack's the darlingest thing alive; I know that, but I just couldn't do it when it came right down to cases. He's to go to New York—won't it be funny when we four are all together again!"

"For, Fan, I'm coming back. Berkeley is simply too dead after all the excitement there, and I'm determined to go in for my puppet work in a big way this time; no more fooling."

"Chris'll be there too—may be there now. He wrote me in January from Australia that he was heading for home. And it was always Chris with me, Fan, even though I wasn't smart enough to know it. There'll never be anyone else, and what does money matter, after all? I'm twenty-one

now, and Grandma's three hundred a month will be lots; the main thing is to have discovered, and discovered in time, that it wasn't Mack. It was only Chris. And the absurdity is that Chris asked me—asked me twice; he won't mind my knowing that, darling. Only I didn't have sense enough to know what I wanted! And there are others—there've been several, just this winter, and it all helps me to know that there's no one but Chris. So expect to be a bridesmaid one of these days, and to be the person our family loves best. Oh, Fan, it will be fun! We'll have little parties, and go places together. Mother doesn't know all of this, but when Chris is back and we've seen each other and made our plans, I'll wire her, and she'll come on—probably in long vacation. So meanwhile do look up some cute little diggings where you and I can be together, and believe me always your lovingest Madge."

Fanny stood still for a long time, the letter crushed in her hand, the confusion of the dressing room surging about her. The light seemed to go out of the world slowly; she felt a certain coldness at her heart.

Madge again—and the little idyll that she and Chris were sharing shadowed by Madge's complaint three hundred a month! They had to work so hard for their little; she could take her much so serenely for granted! Madge—whom Chris had certainly loved less than a year ago, whom Chris had asked to marry him—back in their lives again!

"I could stand ten depressions better than I can one Madge!" Fanny said half aloud.

"Listen, get a move on, honey," said old Rita Reynolds, who played the aunt. "First call ever so long ago!"

"Oh, thanks," Fanny said, rousing. "I'll be ready!"

Please turn to



A. STUART
PETERSON

LAXETTES



"No crying with stomach pains"

Here is still another mother's evidence in her own words of the unexampled good that Laxettes do:—

"To Laxette Co.

"I have two children, and use Laxettes for both of them. They have their 'off colour' days, and I straight away give them a 'Laxette'. There is no crying with stomach pains, but their bowels are moved and cleaned splendidly. I cannot speak too highly of Laxettes, both for adults and children. You may use 'this letter as you see fit, omitting the full name please.

"Mrs. J. D."
"Crystal Brook, S.A."

(You can see the original of this letter in our office)

Genuine Laxettes do more good than nasty-tasting old-fashioned salts, oil and purgatives, that children detest. Laxettes taste so good that children coax to have them instead of having to be coaxed to take them.

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PAIN MASTERED



ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, or direct from Vincent Chemical Co., Sydney.

She had everything in the world — except what she wanted.

Love is the Sweetest Thing

A Ten Minute Story
by
URSULA BLOOM



LOVE is the Sweetest Thing" was the tune that the band was playing. "I wonder," thought Irma as she danced. She wished she knew. Is love the sweetest thing? Is it the most important in the world? She loved Derek. She knew she loved him with all her heart and yet she dared not marry him.

Next week he would be sailing for Canada to start a new life. There were few opportunities for a young man in England now. Jobs were hard to find. Derek had given up the quest and he was going to start in a new world. It would be primitive, and she thought with horror of the hardships that it would entail. Breaking the ice on a chill morning. Having no luxuries of any sort, not even those little comforts that civilisation can give, living close to the heart of things.

Irma loved comfort. She loved the beauty that money could buy. She loved it all passionately because once she had been so poor and had worked so hard. Bread and butter isn't satisfying for breakfast. Cheap shoes pinch. The knowledge that you are wearing inferior underclothing and poor hats and dresses destroys your courage to look the world between the eyes. People who have never been poor don't understand that, but Irma understood it too well.

"You are coming with me?" She shook her head. "Can't face it, Derek. Sorry. You see, I've been so desperately poor. I know what it means."

The band went on playing . . . "Love is the Sweetest Thing, Love is the Sweetest Thing."

Love, bereft of its little trappings, which go so far towards making it romantic. . . . When poverty comes in at the door, love flies up the chimney. It wasn't just an old and silly proverb, it was something with truth in it, a truth that frightened her.

"Darling, I'd do my best. We are so terribly in love. As if anything could change that."

"Poverty would. You see me now in pretty frocks. In cheap clothes I am not so attractive."

"I'd love you just as much in rags."

"You think you would, but you wouldn't when it came to it. Many men have thought that. It doesn't pay to play tricks with love."

They stopped dancing and stood together on one side watching the others. "You're wrong," he said in a low voice. "You don't understand. Love is the sweetest thing. It holds much closer than you suppose. It lasts."

"You haven't tried love when life is really hard. I lived for years in the heart of the country. We worked hard, people looked down upon us because we were poor. Fancy getting out there to a strange country and starting like that all over again."

"W" E might love it." "I doubt it," she turned impatiently. "Oh, I do wish they wouldn't play that tune—I hate it!" "Because it is true. Because it is contradicting the very things you are trying to make yourself believe," she shook her head. "I suppose you are going to marry John Bentinck?" "I don't know."

She wished that he would not talk like that. John Bentinck had everything; life with him would be luxurious. Probably Derek thought that she would marry for money; and that wasn't true. He did not realise that her trouble was panic. Panic because she was tortured by memories of that hard life in the country. She dared not face the same type of life with Derek in a new country, because she would be so terribly afraid. If he had been going to a good job it might have been different, but it was a small job and it required adaptability and courage. She hated herself for the lack of strength within her, and the cowardice which dared to deny that love was the sweetest thing.

But it wasn't any use. She dared not go out to that new country and face life in a shack. She knew that she was a moral coward and she supposed because of it she would marry John Bentinck. That was the truth, and Derek read it in her eyes. "If you loved me, you couldn't," he said bitterly. "I do love you."

"You would risk everything if you loved me."

"Oh, Derek, if only you'd been through that time, if only you had my experience, you'd know how I feel about it."

Love is the sweetest thing.

"I shan't ask you any more. I'll wait next week, you won't hear from me again."

"If only I dared. . . ."

"You would if you loved me!"

He was hurt and she knew it. She could not go on dancing, not with the band playing that tune; not with his blue eyes so full of reproach and her fear welling up inside her like that.

"I think I'll go home," she said.

The taxi ride was not a success. Derek was bitter, and on the step leading to the block of flats he refused to come inside with her.

"Not to-night. Think I'll say good-bye right now. No good prolonging the agony. You don't care for me—well, at any rate, not enough."

He turned sharply on his heel. She knew that the moment he had gone he had left her with an empty world.

DURING the next three days many a time she relented and had the telephone actually in her hand to ring Derek and tell him that she would risk it. She knew he would be waiting, in despairing hope, for her call. Many a time when the bell rang she prayed that it would be his voice at the other end of the wire, and she knew that the very sound would tear down her scruples, would stifle the memories of that experience, because she loved him so much.

But when the telephone did ring, it was John Bentinck whom she heard at the other end.

"Come and dine with me at La Papillon to-night?"

La Papillon—discreet lights, an exquisite band, an atmosphere of luxury and extravagance. . . .

"I'd love it."

"I'll bring the Rolls round at seven-thirty?"

"Please."

She put on cyclamen pink taffeta, tied at the waist with a big black velvet sash. She looked in the mirror and she saw her hair exquisitely waved about her head, her face with a touch of blue on the eyelids and a hint of lipstick. In contrast she thought of a Canadian shack, set in the wide cornfields, with no hairdresser for miles, no modiste within reach.

John called for her punctually, and she curled into the corner of the limousine. There was an enjoyable luxury about it; the scent of clove car-

nations from a silver vase. John, good-looking, young, perhaps not much grey matter, but cheery for all that, leaning towards her. Love may be the sweetest thing, but it is the queerest thing, too. By all the laws she ought to be able to love John. He was a dear, good-looking, he had everything to trim his romance, yet she could not care for him in that sort of way. Queer, that! He kissed her and it woke no sort of response in her. He opened a box, and within she saw an orchid quivering. He pinned it to the shoulder of her frock and it lay there, delicately mauve against that cyclamen pink.

They entered the restaurant. At the far end the orchestra was playing. The dinner was delicious and beautifully served. Sole in white wine; chicken pilau; lemon sponge; fragrant coffee. All the while she was comparing it with what her fare would have been if she had chosen life with Derek. Love, yes, but was it strong enough to face that hard pull together?

She leaned towards John across the little table with the violets and white roses grouped together in a silver bowl.

"You are going to marry me?" he asked.

"John, you know I don't love you as I should."

"I wonder if that passionate sort of love matters so much."

She stubbed her cigarette in a silver tray.

"I wonder, too. Sometimes I don't think it does. I have to admit that I am in love with somebody else."

"I sort of guessed that."

"He sails for Canada to-morrow."

"You're not going with him?"

She played with the dainty cup before her.

"I'm a coward, John, a moral coward. I haven't face the awfulness of being poor all over again."

"I imagine poverty is the most dreadful thing in all the world."

"Quite the most dreadful! The endless toil. Washing day coming round every week. Washing up after every meal. The dreariness of just living. I can't possibly describe it." She felt her eyes misting.

Please turn to Page 39

This label is on the best mercerised sewing thread your money can buy!

It signifies that it is Dewhurst's "Sylko" Machine Twist, renowned the world over for its strength, evenness and silkiness. Ideal for sewing materials of all grades and textures.

100 YARDS REELS, size No. 40, for all general sewing purposes. Sold at leading Stores.

Dewhurst's Sylko
(SILK SUBSTITUTE) MACHINE TWIST

The SCANDAL GIRL

The story of a girl...
who could not escape
from her reputation!



MISS BROWN was a tradition at the Palace Hotel. People who came back year after year, looked for her pointed her out to their friends, told them her story. And the friends stared, and whispered, and watched for her at tea-time, or squirmed round to gaze when she came into the pergola where dinner was served in warm weather.

They were always disappointed in her looks. Of course, it was easy to see that she probably had been a beauty in the days when she featured at "The Frolic," but somehow, now—well, perhaps it was the way she dressed, the women would point out, or the way she wore her hair. Whereupon the men would snigger and say something about her having made her big hit in no clothes at all.

She was dowdy. She wore dresses with belts where no belts should have been. Her skirts were neither short enough nor long enough to be fashionable. She wore mauve, and she belonged to that vast army of women who, adoring lavender, should avoid it as the plague. She did her long hair in an old-fashioned way, as women do who tell you proudly that they always wear their hair just as they did when they were married. And her beauty was like a great light shining mistily through a grimy window, tantalising the beholder, making him feel that he is being intentionally denied full enjoyment of it.

YET, undeniably, she was Annabelle Winters—the famous Annabelle Winters, the joy of her native land's over-enterprising Press until she left it. For three years before that time not a single big scandal had broken in London in which she

My Favorite Poem

Teach me to observe the rules
of the game.
Teach me neither to cry for the
moon, nor over spilt milk.
Help me to distinguish senti-
ment from sentimentality,
cleaving to one—despising the
other.
Teach me neither to proffer nor
to receive cheap praise.
If I am called upon to suffer;
let me be like the well-bred
beast who goes his way and
suffers in silence.
Help me to win when I may;
but when I may not win, then,
above all, I pray—"Make me
a good loser."

—Anon.

Note.—A copy of this poem
hangs in the King's private room
at Sandringham.

Sent in by Miss L. Le Mes-
urier, 75 Falcon St., Crow's
Nest.

wasn't, somehow, involved. Inno-
cently, it's true, but people were wont
to say, sententiously, that where there
was so much smoke there certainly
must be some fire—that is, if they
wanted to be charitable they said it.
And the charitable were comparatively
few.

Inevitably, Annabelle Winters was
on hand when the revolver was fired,
when the police broke in, when the
angry wife arrived. Her photograph
was always published, no matter who
she was involved, because a picture of
Annabelle, clad in the wisp of gauze
that she usually wore on the stage, was
so much more attractive than a picture
of anyone else, regardless of what they
were.

It was a reporter who first called her
"The Scandal Girl." He was in a
hurry, wanted to finish his work and
get home to his wife and children, but
he had to write a story on the Ammer-
man divorce first. There were no new
developments. It had been rebuffed
for a week, and he'd been ordered to
get a new angle on it. Old stuff, a
rich man, son of a famous family, who
had got mixed up with the theatrical
crowd and had given a wild party that
had been raided by his wife and two
detectives. Annabelle Winters had

By **Inez
Sabastian**

been there, of course, with a lot of
other girls from "The Frolic." That
she had been sitting quietly out on a
balcony alone, staring down over the
river and drinking iced coffee, meant
nothing.

"The Scandal Girl has broken up
another happy home," wrote the re-
porter, and "Scandal Girl scoffs at
Heart-broken Wife" ran the headline.
Thousands of virtuous wives read it the
next morning and took righteous
pleasure in the picture it created in
their minds. They could just see An-
nabelle, wearing a wisp of tulle, stand-
ing, with a glass of champagne in one
hand and a cigarette in the other, her
beautiful mouth twisted sneeringly,
while the heart-broken Mrs. Ammer-
man knelt at her feet and wept. Well,
she'd got her deserts—that shameless
thing would, some day. She'd been
found out this time.

FROM then on An-
nabelle was "The Scandal Girl." Her
salary jumped as a result, and she was
the joy of the theatre publicity man.
You couldn't keep her out of the
papers. Once, when she'd threatened
to retire if the truth wasn't printed, he
did write a story telling that she lived
with her married sister in the suburbs,
didn't drink, didn't smoke, spent her
money on singing lessons, and always
went home after a party, no matter
how late it was. He was laughed at—
just laughed at.

Then the Curlew case came on. A
big financier failed, and it was the sort
of failure that takes its place with big
railway disasters or wrecks of cheap
excursion boats. Men with calloused
hands, shabbily-dressed women, stood
in pathetic little groups before the
firm's closed doors.

Finally, the whole thing was pinned
on Jack Curlew. He'd been taking the
funds for a year and spending them
wildly on his own amusement. Spend-
ing them more particularly, of course,
on "The Scandal Girl," according to
some of the newspapers. Buying her
a Rolls-Royce with the money other
people had saved by riding in the
Underground. Taking a flat in Park
Lane for her with the money other
people had saved and invested for their
old age. Feeling against "The Scan-
dal Girl" flared up like grease spilled
on a gas flame. A wave of ugly fury
reached its height when a young
mechanic waited outside "The Frolic"
stage-door and threw eggs at her as she
left, to the accompaniment of insulting
epithets.

Even her sister turned on her, saying
she'd disgraced them all. "As I always
thought you would!"

IN vain Annabelle
Winters tried to make people see the
truth. Tried to tell them that she
hardly knew Jack Curlew. She'd gone
to some of his parties, with a dozen
other girls from the show, not knowing
till she got there whose party it was.
He'd sent them all home in his Rolls,
afterwards; she herself didn't own even
a Ford. She did go quite often to a
certain block of flats in Park Lane, to
see an artist, for whom she posed,
who'd been doing some work at home.
Nobody listened to her, not even the
other girls in the show.

She left "The Frolic," then, and for
all her news value and her beauty, the
management was glad to release her.
With public sentiment so strong
against her it wasn't good policy to
keep her. But old Bill Garrity, who'd
made his thousands on just such girls
as she, insisted on making her a pre-
sent when she left.

"Just a little present, to keep you
going till you get on your feet," he'd
said, as he slipped the cheque into her
hand. It was the first money a man
had ever given her, and if she had

known enough to in-
vest it, it would have
supported her comfort-
ably for the rest of her
life.

But Annabelle Win-
ters didn't know any-
thing about money.
She'd never had any,
except her salary and
what she made by posing, and she'd
always turned that straight over to her
sister, except what little she needed
for general expenses and clothes and
singing lessons. She got nearly every-
thing free, in return for letting her pic-
tures be used for advertisements. Bill
Garrity had advised her to go abroad.
Her reputation would help her over
there. She did go, with no thought
of continuing on the stage, merely
wanting to escape. But things were so
unpleasant for her that as soon as she
could she changed her name, took the
first one that came into her head—
Miss Brown.

She loathed Paris. As she saw it,
it was too much like everything that
she wanted to forget. She went to
Zurich, because her mother's people
had come from Switzerland, and, fail-
ing in love with the Palace, as many
had done before her, she made it her
home.

She knew that she couldn't afford it.

Annabelle in Trouble

even with the rate they gave her be-
cause she lived there the year round.
But she couldn't bear to leave. She
was one of the favored few who dis-
cover the one spot on this earth where
they really belong, to which they are
bound by something so deep within
themselves that they have never be-
come conscious of it.

There is something magical a-
bout the Palace. Its gardens str-
down to the lake, and the
moat runs along one side of it, so the
on that side its little balconies over-
hang the quiet water. In summer there
are rowing boats moored there, slim
white boats, painted red and green and
yellow inside. The outdoor dining
room overlooks it, and on summer

Ben Richie came to her eagerly, but she barely glanced up as
he joined her.

mornings you can sit there in the warm,
sunshine drinking coffee and eating
rolls and honey, and let the ugly things,
ugly names like "The Scandal Girl,"
drift into the past.

There were other things that Anna-
belle wanted to forget, too. The days
she had spent in a convent as a child,
because, after her parents died, there
was no way of keeping the seven chil-
dren together. Annabelle had been
just six, and at first the sisters couldn't
think of anything she could do to help
pay her way, because she was so little.
But when she was eight she began
washing the other children's stockings
and pinnafores. There were fifty chil-
dren, and because there were only two
pairs of stockings and two pinnafores for
each child she spent most of each day
standing on a box, scrubbing away.

Even then she was lovely. Visitors

shoes, and her coat was a coat by cour-
tesy only. Finally, when she had just
a shilling left, and such crowds were
pouring into the Underground that she
was afraid of being trampled on if she
joined them, she took a tram. She
could ride to the end of the route and
take a bus the other half of the way.
Her brother would be furious at her
for spending the extra shilling, and
not getting work, but she was too de-
pendent to let that govern her.

She sat in a corner, crying furtively,
mopping her eyes with the back of her
hand. And the man who sat beside
her asked what was the matter. Now,
she'd been told not to speak to strange
men, but she spoke to this one because
his voice was so kind. She even told
him why she was crying.

"Why, a factory's no place for you!"
he exclaimed. "You're too beautiful
for a job in a place like that. You're
born to be an artist's model. You
come straight home with me, and I'll
telephone some chaps I know and get
you a job at once."

Exactly what she'd been warned
against. But nothing could be much
worse than what she'd gone through
all day, she told herself. So she went
fearfully with him to his flat, and was
comfortable and warm for the first
time she could remember. He went
into his kitchen and made her some
hot chocolate; never before had she
had enough hot chocolate. She sat by
the fire and drank it while he tele-
phoned, and presently he joined her,
to say that two men he knew were
coming to see her at once.

They proved to be two of the biggest
artists in town in their line. They did
magazine covers and illustrations for
stories, and the instant they saw Anna-
belle they began to talk business.

Please turn to Page 41



Complete
Short
Story



Illustrated
... by ...
U. WHITE

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov

PETROV.



SUMMER Cruise...

FOR a summer cruise you can collect a delightful wardrobe that will be equally useful to you when you come back to town.

Firstly, see that everything you have is made of strong, washable and, if possible, uncrushable fabric. All your clothes will get very dirty on board ship, and unless you can afford many changes, you will have to wash your dresses several times. White is the ideal color for cruise wear, and to it can be added many accessories in red and navy blue.

Separate skirts and blouses and jackets are unobtainable, they are easy to launder, they wash less, and they give you various changes.

The top coat is the first consideration. It must be cut with a high collar and have deep pockets for the hands. There is nothing sportier-looking than white. Natural and pale grey are good if you are averse to having a white wardrobe. The material must be woolen—and heavy; flannel or chinchilla cloth or a plain tweed.

With this coat you should have a woollen skirt with a couple of blouses or sweaters and a cardigan. A navy skirt with yellow or red sweaters and matching cardigan of knitted wool.

THERE is a suit sketched on this page consisting of a navy wool skirt, white pique jacket, and red, white, and blue scarf; the sweater beneath is red. The jacket can be worn over any of your

WARDROBE

thin frocks or with a white pique skirt for ports.

Short-sleeved washing dresses can be of plain crepe-de-chine in white or colors. They should be simply tailored, either buttoning up the front and with pockets, or with pleats in the skirt. Your cardigan can be worn over these, and brightly-colored scarves and belts will add color to the frocks.

As far as possible it is better to have solid fabrics that require just a shirt and bloomers and brassiere beneath.

Underclothes should be plain, and bloomers, instead of pants, should be worn while you are playing sports or walking round a windy corner of the deck.

The best ensemble I have ever seen for deck wear is illustrated on this page. It consists of shirt and shorts made in one piece, with a detachable skirt. The shirt and skirt can be in one, and the shorts separate, if you wish.

Referring to the first style: You may have colored striped seersucker shirt and shorts and a plain linen wrap-on skirt—or vice versa—or the underneath can be red and the skirt navy blue. Any dense cotton or linen or fine wool jersey could be used. Of course, with this ensemble you go stockingless and wear low-heeled sandals.

For those who like shorts there are many styles from the ordinary boy's shorts to middle-half-length pleated trousers.

Long trousers can also be worn, but they should be rather wide in the legs, of heavy linen or wool jersey; they can

be worn with striped or plain knitted sweaters and shirt blouses.

FOR sunbaking there are backless linen or seersucker dresses, whose bodices consist mainly of shoulder-straps. They are nice when of printed or spotted linen. A wide short jacket, or large scarf can be put on when the sun goes down.

For ports, the most useful ensemble is the printed crepe dress and short coat. A light background with brightly scattered flowers is best. A linen suit with a dark blouse or a plain crepe-de-chine dress would be equally good.

Your shoes should have low heels and rubber soles; white buckskin lace-ups are the best, and linen or basket sandals when not playing sports. A pair of white high-heeled Court shoes for ports.

A medium-brimmed white panama or white felt is the most practical hat. It can have colored ribbons. A larger white hat can be taken to wear at the ports.

For the Evening

EVENING dresses can be of almost any fabric, the best being of lace, net, or chiffon. These pack well and do not need ironing. Black cotton net is attractive, and lace and chiffon in any of the pastel or bright shades. A long velvet or velvet evening coat for the cool nights.

Take as few clothes as you can, but see that they are all serviceable and

Don't Wear These On Cruises!

PRINTED crepe-de-chine or crepe day dresses. Any dresses that are "frilly."

High-heeled shoes. Black for daytime, unless it is linen.

Dresses of elaborate materials, such as satin.

Elaborate make-up by day.

Jewellery in the daytime.

"Trimmed" hats.

Taffeta—it will split—or lame—it will tarnish.

"Sporting" for the daytime and not too elaborate for evening.

IF you do not like the idea of a white, red, and navy blue wardrobe, here are other suggestions for two smart outfits: String-colored cambray topcoat; string-colored wool skirt with bright blue wool sweater and cardigan; pale blue wool sweater; yellow, brown, and white striped seersucker dress; white washing dress; green and white checked shirt and shorts with detachable green linen skirt; printed dress and coat for ports, and hat and shoes; a natural-colored felt hat; brown and white low-heeled deck shoes; evening dresses and coat and shoes.

For the second outfit: Grey flannel topcoat; grey flannel coat and skirt with yellow and cornflower blue woollen sweaters; white linen skirt with two cotton shirts; pale blue linen dress; yellow sun dress with cornflower blue jacket; white deck shoes, and a white linen hat; small grey felt hat or beret; dress, etc., for ports; evening dresses.

• A sun dress in white pique has red spots applied on the yoke and belt. The back is cut down to the waist.

• Navy blue thin wool jersey trousers are worn with a wool sweater in navy blue and white stripes, and has red belt and buttons.

• White deck dress in uncrushable linen has the shorts and shirt in one piece. The skirt buttons on.

• A white shorts and shirt outfit has the tie and belt of plaid seersucker in red and blue. The shorts are pleated with four inverted pleats.

• A navy blue wool skirt and white pique fitted jacket has a red, white, and blue scarf of crepe-de-chine. Under the coat is a knitted sweater of red cotton.

• A white sports coat of chinchilla cloth is made with a high collar and deep pockets and worn over a navy wool skirt and red sweater, and it adds a navy and white spotted scarf.

Milady's Choice of Raiment At the SPRING RACES



• **MISS GOLDIE GRAY** (sitting) chose an elegant model in the new dusty blue. The bodice was adorned with hand-worked wool motifs in the same shade and her elbow-length black gloves had a corresponding design in quilted stitching. Her black ballbun-tal hat was one of the largest on the course. Her friend, Miss Kirrie Cade, wore a very pretty frock printed in brown tones and a large brown baku.



• **ALL IN SUNSHINE** yellow, Miss Ruth Allan was an outstandingly smart figure. Her frock of matelasse featured interesting sleeves and neckline. A picture hat in straw and fabric and matching handbag completed her smart outfit.



• **A TRIO** of smart punters. They are (from the left): Miss Nancy MacNaught, whose frock of white crepe blisse and matching hat were relieved with a scarf in flag colors; Mrs. John Gunning, in china blue patterned silk with loosely-tied cape and white bangkok hat, and Mrs. Alan Grant in a charming frock of chiffon patterned in blue field flowers on a mist-grey ground, and finished with a ruff of white organdie. She added a large black hat.



• **FLORAL SILK** in gay reddish tones was the choice of Miss Claudia Beasley (right), whose short-sleeved frock looked very cool and charming. With her was Miss Joyce Kennedy, whose frock of leprechaun green admirably suited her lovely titian hair and roseleaf complexion.

• **LEAF-LILY GREEN** patterned Miss Lela Forsyth's attractive frock. The slit sleeves were lined with a deeper arum shade and padded arum lites of white velvet trimmed her shady hat.

Photographs taken by The Australian Women's Weekly at the Spring Race Meeting, Randwick.



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At the interval or between dances—a touch of "Evening in Paris" perfume to sweeten and refresh — the merest suspicion of "Evening in Paris" powder — and loveliness is yours.

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Perfume — 2/6, 6/6, 13/6, 17/6, 25/6 each
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THE IMMACULATE TOILET BY
B.O.U.R.J.O.I.S.

E.P.A.

An Editorial

OCTOBER 6, 1934.

WINE, WOMEN, AND HORSES



FOR the richer sections of the community the spring racing season is just as much a feminine fashion carnival as it is a masculine sporting carnival.

Among less wealthy people interest in the horses extends to almost all men. And most women, even those who have never been on a racecourse in their lives, are interested in photographs and descriptions of the dress parade on the lawns of Randwick and Flemington.

Apart from the fashion side of it, it is worth while considering how far women are really interested in the racing itself. The answer may be found in the small attendance of women at the race meetings where there is no fashion or social interest.

The study of horse form is one of those masculine weaknesses which women regard with intelligent toleration. Nobody realises more than women that there must be give-and-take in this world.

Thus the intelligent woman realises that starting-price bookmakers will always have an uncanny attraction for men; just as fortune-tellers are irresistible for women.

Again, no man is able to avoid reading about Chatham's form; just as no woman can escape reading the details of Society frocking.

Nevertheless, there is undoubtedly an underlying feeling deep in women's minds that horse-racing is something to view with caution. This uneasiness is probably a result of woman's latter-day independence. She remembers with distaste that not many years ago her existence was merely in the category of man's playthings — wine, women, and horses.

Woman is not going back to that ignoble position any more, despite the Hitler, and despite the Commandment which puts woman on a level with "man's ox and his ass."

The moral for men is that the more they let women spread themselves on the spring fashions, the more will they (the men) be able to spread themselves with the horses.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

Song

O! the white and crimson blossoms
Bursting on the boughs of spring,
O! the stirring, golden lyrics
Where the feathered minstrels sing,
O! the strange and new emotion,
And the sweetly bitter pain,
O! the spring-conceived elation
Where the heart of me has lain.

PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

Hard on Kidnappers

NOW that America has gone off the gold standard it looks as though the thriving Yankee industry of kidnapping has received its death blow.

Marked notes, paid in ransom to the kidnapper of Colonel Lindbergh's baby, will probably lead to the conviction of the child's murderers, and, since ransom money can now only be paid in notes, all kidnappers are subject to the risk of being traced by marked money. Wealthy American parents may sleep a little easier now.

Mrs. Don Bradman's Way

WOMEN of all nations have been full of sympathy for young Mrs. Don Bradman this week, and rejoicing over the improvement in Don's health are world wide.

I have been recalling a little chat Mrs. Bradman had with me last time we met. I was admiring her lovely squirrel coat, which suited to perfection her fair hair and soft pink-and-cream coloring, and she favored me with the story of its purchase.

Don, it seemed, wanted to make her a very special present and decided on a fur coat. Taking his courage into his hands, he went on a tour of inspection, and set his heart on a mink coat. When he broke the good news to Mrs. Don she didn't feel quite so radiantly happy about it because she'd set her heart on a squirrel coat, knowing full well that the grey shades were most becoming to her.

"But I didn't want to thrust my ideas on Don," she said, "so I just arranged to meet him next day at the shop. I wore a blue dress, grey shoes, and hat," she added smiling.

Her eyes are the real forget-me-not blue, so no woman who reads this paragraph will be surprised that Don seemed a bit disappointed when the brown coat was put on, but when she donned the grey squirrel—well, that ended it!

As Mrs. Don Bradman says, "It is no use arguing. It's much better to let a man judge for himself." Which is a very fine point of view to take as a working motto.

Versatile Women

AMERICA is in the throes of selecting a new general manager for her "New Deal." Interesting sidelights of the controversy between the former chief, General Johnson, and the probable new chief, Mr. Donald Richberg, are provided by the widely-differing parts played by two women during the struggle.

Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary for Labor, has given strong support to Mr. Richberg. This is the first time that the support of the woman head of a Ministry has been of sufficient importance in a national crisis to merit mention in world cable services.

Miss Frances Robinson, General Johnson's "right-hand man," has given not only efficient but comforting culinary support to her chief during the past year, frequently cooking his favorite dishes for him in a little kitchenette hard by his sanctum.

The contrast between the work done by the two women provides a piquant illustration of the versatility of the sex. Both, by the way, have something in common—the Christian name of Frances!

Noise Annoyance

FOLLOWING the drastic measures taken recently in London to reduce the nerve-racking din of the city, the Brisbane City Council has given a lead to Australia by taking steps to suppress the loud-speaker and shop-door sprinker nuisance. This action, it is hoped, is the forerunner to an extensive campaign against the terrific volume of noise that assails Brisbane streets.

Having taken the plunge, the B.C.C. should not hesitate in making its next move to eradicate the noisemakers of the scores of inconsiderate motor-cyclists who at night infect the suburbs, and to prohibit all motor traffic other than fire brigade and police vehicles from using sirens.—F.S.

FROM SUE TO LOU

The Mannequins' View

BECAUSE of the united protest of the mannequins, certain beach costumes which were to have been featured at a Sydney parade of beach-wear fashions last week were withdrawn from the parade.

The costumes to which the girls objected were the new brassiere type. These, the girls agreed, were perfectly suitable for the beach, but they objected to parading in them on a raised platform under electric lights and in front of a large number of men.

Every profession is what the people practising it make it. Mannequin work has increased enormously during the past half-dozen years. Prior to that time, fashion parades were only held by leading firms three or four times annually. Now, in many stores, they are practically continuous, and they cover a far wider field than formerly.

As well as a multiplicity of frocks suited for every type of wear, hats, lingerie, corsets, sports and beach clothes all demand special displays, and mannequins are constantly in demand.

It is perfectly fitting, therefore, that mannequins should have a say in the type of clothes they shall be called on to "model," and to veto the display of any mode which offends their sense of modesty.

Once or twice this writer has been invited to lingerie parades for buyers in the trade. The experience added one more puzzle to the minor mysteries of life, for it seemed to her that very many buyers for lingerie departments must be men.



AN EXTREME CASE where our modern marriage system prevented an unsuitable match in U.S.A. The Hilton Siamese twins are shown above with a young American who wanted to marry the girl in the centre. They were refused a wedding license. (See column 4.)

Venus in Soda

LATEST of astronomical discoveries is that the planet Venus is apparently moving in a bath of pure carbon dioxide—the common gas which bubbles out of soda water.

So the beauty secret of the "Planet of Love" is at last out! Ancient legend had it that the lady rose from the sea, and poets have had many brainwaves about her, but practically all have regarded her as "fresh as the foam." Hoping to catch some of her witchery, women of all ages have tried the bath way—foam baths, milk baths, mud baths, Turkish, Russian, Swedish, and all sorts.

No one thought of a soda water bath. Indeed, the news that Venus needs a bath of soda water to keep her going aroused suspicion that she hasn't kept to the straight and narrow path of the Milky Way, and sadly needs a pick-me-up. Really, no one's reputation is safe with these gossip old scientists, my dear.

A Bright Girl's Letters.

What We Need are Schools for Courtship

By F. W. L. ESCH

A Melbourne clergyman, Dr. Douglas Thomas, of Wesley Church, hit an important nail on the head the other Sunday when he discussed the modern marriage system and its influence, or, rather, lack of influence, on the race.

HE pointed out that in Great Britain there is a serious increase of morons and mental defectives, and that to protect any country's health it would be necessary to limit the multiplication of these defectives, and he advocated that no marriage certificate should be granted to parties without satisfactory health certificates.

The situation in Great Britain is a reflection of a state of affairs which exists in every other part of the world in varying degrees. It is probably at its worst in America where the multiplication of morons and defectives has become a menace which finds expression in wholesale and apparently irremediable crime.

How to combat this ever-rising flood of stupid and immoral people is a problem which has puzzled sociologists for centuries. Plato was in favor of permitting only the best types to rear families. The weak were to be permitted to unite only with the weak and their offspring were to be destroyed. Christianity does not permit such methods, however, and another way out must be found.

MATRIMONY could be the means of saving the world from this menace, but not in its present almost useless form.

To-day marriage is little more than a ceremony, but, reorganised, it could be used as the gateway through which only properly-paired couples would be allowed to pass with a view to rearing families.

The stigma which at present pertains to children born out of wedlock would then continue to serve the useful purpose of forcing people to subject themselves to the examination of registrars of marriage, who would have to be highly trained medical men and psychologists.

It is in courtship and the approaches to matrimony that the real seat of the present trouble is to be found and, incidentally, this is an aspect of the problem which has received little attention from sociologists.

Why, for example, has nobody tried to establish schools of courtship in which people of all ages, morons and otherwise, could be educated along the highest ideals of matrimony and taught to look for the best complementary qualities in a prospective husband or wife?

Task of School

A WELL-KNOWN axiom says that "Love is blind." But it is not love that is blind; it is a certain kind of lover, who sees only the physical aspect of love and is thereby blinded to the consequences of the future whether they be good, bad, or indifferent.

It is this "blindness" or, in other words, ignorance, which is directly responsible for the increase of defectives and morons, and it is this ignorance which our Schools of Courtship might seek to correct.

It would be the task of the teachers in these schools to "sell" students on ideals of selection which tend towards the survival of the fittest and best.

Very intelligent people of poor physique would be encouraged to seek beautiful near-morons of fine physique as their ideal partners. In the top classes, for a grade intelligence, the attractions of marrying near-morons would be a first principle.

In the near-moron class, on the other hand, students would have it drummed into them that the criterion of wedded bliss is to be found in a life partnership with a highly evolved mind.

Those three social-tight compartments, money, education, and birth, would be serious stumbling-blocks to the system, but our Schools of Courtship would have to set to and break down these false barriers. A rich beautiful girl of low intelligence would be taught that it is a far better thing for her to marry a poor but clever man than win a title by catching a mentally defective Viscount.

In this way, through Schools of Courtship to educate, and a new kind of marriage registrar, the rich would marry the poor, the very intelligent would marry the ordinary-minded, the weak would wed the strong, and gradually the average mental and physical fitness of the race would be elevated. It may not sound practical, but, then, is our existing method practical? Current events are beginning to indicate the contrary.



Dear Lou—

judging by
the advanced
spring styles
for
bathing suits

it just looks like another
mighty lean year
for the noths.

Yours,
Sue.

IRON Woman

"I'll watch you hang in the morning," said Dawson Annie. What she did then to the man she hated makes one of the strangest stories that ever came out of a cold, hard land.

Complete
Short Story

By ...

Robert
Ormond
Case



SANDERSON was in the lead, with Joe Bemis second, and the remaining six men of the Little Cultus strung out in a long line, when they overhauled the grub-thief in the canyon that led up to Windy Pass.

Dawson Annie, who could ordinarily march with any man, had fallen far behind. Those in the lead commented on this when it became plain that the chase was almost over. Joe Bemis was of the opinion that Annie had had trouble with her team, or that her legs had given out. She was a big, strapping woman, but a seventeen-hour haul, with but one cold camp, was a test for anyone.

Sanderson said no. She was squeamish. She didn't want to be in on the finish. It had been plain enough for an hour past that their man was about to fold up. She had found an excuse to hang back.

"What of it?" said Sanderson. "Let her stay behind and look the other way. This is a business for men."

It was dusk, with a storm brewing beyond the black snow-patched ramparts towering above the pass. The grub-thief had abandoned his dogs at the foot of the long, glacial groove leading up to the barrier, and had stumbled on a foot. He had fallen three times in the first two hundred yards of the terrific climb. The fourth time he had crawled for a space, dragging himself over the hard-crusted snow. Now he had given up. He was facing toward them in a sitting position, the hood of his parka lowered.

SANDERSON swung wide to avoid the abandoned team. He turned his head on his shoulder as he went by, examining the outfit. The others did the same. The disreputable sled was of the interior type—light, probably—built long and low. The stolen grub was only partly covered

By a Girl of 17

I and Me

I, the proper, has fought with me!
Me, the rebel, so conscience free;
Me, so gaily on pleasure bent;
Me, with happiness well content.
I has cautioned and primly shown
Where discretion from Me has flown.
Where the fervor of Me has run,
What the chatter of Me has done.
Where the folly of Me has led,
What the eyes of the world have said.
I could never quite understand
Why ever Me asked to take his hand.
Why ever Me wished to talk with him—
I so sober and wisely prim!
I could never quite comprehend
What made Me ask for him as a friend.
I was narrow and could not see
All the hunger and thirst of Me.
Me was eager and overbold,
I was careful, and staid, and cold.
So the conquering power was I—
Me is silently weeping by.

—YVONNE WEBB.

by a ragged, smoke-blackened tarpaulin. It needed only a glance to identify the grub. They all recognised Dawson Annie's flour bag, bacon, and her favorite brand of baking powder.

A rifle scabbard projected from beneath the lashed tarpaulin, with the rifle still in it. All wondered, at the time, why the grub-thief hadn't taken the weapon with him. It was only afterwards, when they examined his effects, that they found he had no shells.

The dogs, gaunt, exhausted, lay sprawled on their bellies in the snow. Each man who loved dogs cursed as he went by. The grub-thief, breaking trail for his pursuers, had killed his team on the home stretch. They would never run again.

Because their man had left his rifle behind him, Sanderson came to within a hundred yards before he halted his

team. The others ranged up alongside. With rifles grasped in their left hands, they spread apart, advancing in skirmish line.

To their disgust, the grub-thief did not show fight. In silence they closed in about him.

They searched him for concealed weapons, but he was unarmed. All replaced their mittens, lowered the rifles to the ground and leaned upon them. They stood in a circle, looking down at him. His wolfskin parka was ragged, with the hair worn off in many places. His moosehide mukluks were patched, the sinew stitches showing the cunning craftsmanship of the Inuit squaws. He was a white man. His features were wasted and thin, with a black ragged beard.

He looked into their faces once, scanning each in turn. Then he lowered his head again and looked through his legs at the long slopes and valleys below. His eyes were black and expressionless, like those of a crippled animal that has given up at last and holds no further hope.

"Well," said Sanderson, "I guess we'll have to hang him." "I've got a rope," said Joe Bemis, who was a great hand to think of things. He drew a coil of closely woven tent rope from his pocket. "It's light, but plenty strong."

Sanderson looked around him, though he knew that they were far above the timber line.

"The rafters of the ice house'll do," he said.

"Wait," said Joe Bemis, squinting at the sky. "There's a storm coming up. We'd best camp at the ice house. We can't camp with a dead man."

"We'll bury him first, then," said Sanderson.

"But we can't bury him proper before dark," objected Bemis. "And all he'll be blowing over in fifteen minutes. Listen to her now!"

THE wind was meaning in the higher crags, though the slope was protected somewhat. It was going to be a dark, wild night, plainly enough. There would be no burying until morning. A fire had to be built to thaw out the frozen ground under the snow. Rocks had to be piled loose and piled up. Otherwise the wolves from the Porcupine, ranging over the Pass into the Yukon Basin, would have made short work of the grub-thief's body.

"You're a nuisance, fellow," said Ailin Bill. "What's your name?"

"For hanging purposes," said the grub-thief, shivering. "John Doe."

"Where'd you come from?"

"The Yukon River."

Even Sanderson grinned at this, because the Yukon River is two thousand miles long.

"Well," said Sanderson, "let's take our outfits up to the ice house. We'll make camp and hang him in the morning. Shoot the pilgrim's dogs. Bemis, they'll never live through the storm."

"If I've got to shoot his dogs," said Bemis, "don't you ask me to haul on the rope in the morning. I'll have done my share."

They took all their outfits up to the ice house and dug through the drifts. It was cold as a tomb inside, but previous mushers had left fuel behind. They built up a fire and chinked up the cracks in the wall where the moss had fallen out. They spread their blankets on the floor, leaving the single bunk for the grub-thief.

"He's only got one more night," said Sanderson. "Let him sleep comfortable. Leave that space beside the stove for Annie."

The prisoner sat shivering on the edge of the bunk, even after the cabin was warm. He stopped shivering for

a minute, and everybody stood and listened, too, when they heard Bemis shooting. They counted the shots. There were seven. When the seventh shot echoed against the wind, the prisoner started shivering again and hid his face in his hands. Somehow or other, when a man's dogs are gone he feels that he's finished too.

"Well," growled Ailin Bill, "you stole grub. You've been long enough in the North to know what that means. You can take a man's squaw, and he'll get over it. There's plenty of squaws. You can steal his dust; and what of it? There's gold creaks left. But when you steal his grub you take his last hope."

"You haven't heard me complain," said the prisoner, his teeth chattering. "I'm just scared, that's all. I've never been hung before."

JOE BEMIS came up, mad and scowling. He took the rope out of his mackinaw pocket and threw it into the corner.

"I brought his blankets," he said. "I left the grub on the sled. Annie can pick it up when she comes by. She'll be here any minute now. It'll be a joke on her. She'll think the show's over, hearing the shots."

They spread out the grub and put the coffee-pot on. The prisoner wouldn't touch any food, though they knew he was near starving. He'd

Strange Meeting in the Yukon

been pressed so hard since the midnight before that he hadn't had a chance to eat any of Annie's grub, after all. He just shook his head when they told him to sit in.

Dawson Annie rolled in when the coffee had come to a boil. They heard her outside, snuffing her dogs affectionately as she turned them loose and fed them. When she came in the door and kicked it shut behind her the room seemed brighter. A big, fine, upstanding woman, pretty as a picture and hard as nails.

"Well, boys," she said, "I got here at last. My sled like to fell apart on me, but I got it fixed."

She came forward to the box stove, drawing off her mittens. She looked at the prisoner and her smile faded.

"So!" said Annie. "You haven't done the chore yet? What was that shoving in the canyon?"

"His dogs," said Sanderson. "They were done for."

Annie took off her parka, shook the snow from it, and hung it on a peg.

Everybody was dog-tired, so they ate in a hurry and lit their pipes for a last smoke before rolling in. Annie wouldn't eat anything, but she drank some coffee. Nobody paid any attention to the prisoner. He sat there, looking at Annie, watching her every move.

"Now, then," said Sanderson, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "two of us have got to guard this pilgrim

while the rest of us sleep. We'll draw straws for it. We'll leave Annie out."

"You'll deal Annie in," said Annie. "I'll take my turn with any man."

She insisted on it, though her cheeks were pale with weariness; and when the drawing came, as luck would have it, she drew one of the two short straws. Joe Bemis drew the other.

They gave the prisoner his blankets. He kept his parka on and turned the hood up over his ears. He covered his legs and hips with the blankets and turned his face to the wall. The others spread their outfits side by side and crawled in. Sanderson blew out the light.

There was one cross-legged chair, with a rawhide bottom. Annie sat in it, facing the fire. Bemis sat on the floor beside her.

FOR a while those on the floor tossed restlessly. But, one by one, they fell asleep. The prisoner lay quiet.

"Joe," said Annie, speaking softly on account of the sleepers, "no use both of us sitting up. I'll hold it down till midnight and you can take it from then on. I'll wake you up."

Because the stretch from midnight on was the longest and worst, Joe had

no qualms about calling her. "Jake," he agreed.

He spread his blankets in the space beside the stove that they had left for Annie, and rolled in. Joe liked Annie. For a long time he lay in the shadow of the stove, his head pillowed on his arms, watching her.

The prisoner turned over, resting on his elbow; and the bunk made never a sound. The soft glow from the hearth was upon her as she turned her head to look at him. His eyes glistened in the shadow.

"Well, Annie," he said, "it's been a long trail."

"You're on the home stretch now," said Annie, nodding. "I'll watch you hang in the morning. Wait, Syd."

She said, "not yet. Some of the boys may not be asleep. That Joe Bemis, for instance. He's playing possum."

"I'm not playing possum," Joe denied. "My feet hurt. I'll be asleep in a minute. Go ahead and talk."

"It was twelve years ago, Syd," said Annie. "It seems much longer than that. I was twenty-two then, and still had faith and hope. Did you marry that girl over at Humboldt?"

"Yes," said the prisoner, "I married her. Then I quit her, too. I feel sorry for her. I'm just a bad egg, Annie. There was a boy, you know. Must be going on nine years old."

"Mine was a boy, too," said Annie. "It was quiet in the cabin for a

minute. Then the prisoner said: 'I didn't know there was a baby.'

"He'd have been going on twelve now," said Annie. "He died when he was three. . . . I heard in the camps that Blackie Trask had gone north. You changed your name up here, of course. I've looked for you from Ailin to Nome. Where've you been, Syd?"

"On the Kuskokwin," said the prisoner. "I went from bad to worse, and ended up with the Inuits, living with a squaw. Last winter on the Colleen. That's a terrible country, up there under the Ena-cotta." He shivered. "The North's broken me, Annie."

"SYD," she said, "the north has broken me, too. I can never go back. There's nothing to go back for. I've been looking for you. Men are given grubstakes here, but a woman has to pay her way. Nobody would marry me, of course. I wouldn't expect it. I've no heart left to offer a man. Just an empty body."

Joe Bemis opened his eyes. "I'll marry you, Annie," he said.

"Go to sleep, Joe," said Annie. She turned to the other man. "I've found you now, Syd. I knew it was you last night when I flashed the light on you. I saw your face."

"I knew you, too," said Syd. "I knew I was sunk. That's why I pushed my dogs so hard. These boys have been around a little. I might have talked my way out of it if I was caught. They might have listened to me. But not you, Annie."

"No," said Annie, "not me. I'll watch you hang in the morning. That'll make these last ten years worth while. . . . About that boy of yours—a little, dark-eyed lad, I suppose? With long lashes? Just like my boy's. That's what I hold against you mostly, Syd. On his account. He looked a father. He needed someone to look out for him. I cooked in the camps to earn money. Meanwhile, he died."

The sleepers snored. In the blackness of the night outside the drums and trumpets of the storm rolled on. The firelight faded and Annie piled on more fuel.

"Syd," she said, "why did you steal my grub?"

"I was in a hurry to get outside," said Syd. "I couldn't go out down river. I had an outfit but no grub. I couldn't get grub because I was swished in every camp from Forty Mile down. And the mounties want me on the Canadian side. The Inuits have a winter camp at the head of the Porcupine. I could join up with them if I could bring my share."

"I figured to take the grub on the Little Cultus and make a run for it. The boys probably wouldn't follow me beyond the pass. I could go down the Mackenzie and make it to Humboldt by spring."

"What for?" said Annie.

Please turn to Page 14



Illustrated
by . . .
Sherlock

To their disgust the grub-thief did not show fight. In silence they closed about him.

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WV, 6/10/34

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● C.L.W., of Brighton, has had these shoes—a pair of heavy tan Oxfords—for some four years. They have had regular use and regular cleaning with KIWI.

- They're well worn but they've
- worn well . . . thanks to Kiwi

KIWI
The Quality Boot Polish

BLACK
POLISH

TAN
POLISH



CRASH and CARRY

A Ten Minute Story By
Louis Arthur Cunningham



At the age of seven, George Wilkins took the kitchen clock apart and put it together again—almost—there were a few wheels left over. His mother said that he would be a mechanical genius, but his father said he'd be merely a mechanic, remembering what had happened to his car while in the repair shop the week before.

At fifteen George learned the saxophone—pretty well. His mother said he'd be a great band-leader; his father said he'd be murdered.

At twenty, George was working as an assistant in the East Street branch of the Corner Supply Stores, but the seeds of greatness were still in him and the light of genius still burned, however many bushels it might have been under.

George stood on the threshold of greatness. So he thought. Actually, he was standing on the threshold of J. K. McPeake's office. J.K. was the general manager of the Corner Stores. George knew him slightly. J.K. had brows like black moustaches. He wriggled them at George and said: "Well, come in, young fellow. What's on your mind? You work in the East Street branch, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, George Wilkins. Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. McPeake, how many dozens of good fresh eggs are smashed during a year in your stores?"

J.K. grunted and laid his hand on the typewritten sheet on his desk.

"Got the figures on it here." He scowled at the sheet. "And I notice that you've broken more than anybody else in the city."

"That day," said George calmly, though his heart thudded a little and his Adam's apple bobbed slightly, "is now over."

With these words, George unwrapped the oblong parcel he had in his hand and laid it on J.K.'s desk with the air of the magi bearing gifts.

"What's this?" J.K. reached out and picked up the black rubber box and opened it.

"It's the Wilkins Egg-Preserver, sir. It's made of rubber. It's inflated. The eggs fit snugly in the compartments and if, perchance, a careless hand should let it drop, no harm is done. I have here"—George produced a bag—"a dozen eggs. I put them in—so."

J.K. pulled out a cigar and bit the end of it while George set the eggs in their little nests and shut down the top.

GEORGE picked up the box, held it above his head and let it drop on J.K.'s desk. Something clutched at his heart in that moment and warned him, but it was too late. The box came down with a crash, fell open and strewn sticky whites and yellow yolks all over J.K.'s pad. Something was rotten. George's mouth hung open.

"Oh, Mr. McPeake, I'm sorry. It never went that way before. I assure you. It must have been—"

"You had better go," said J.K. in a low and level tone. "Quickly."

"But there's one thing more, Mr. McPeake—have you ever thought of giving a half-dozen tins of soup and a tin opener to all the new brides in your districts. It would be grand advertising and—"

"Go!" Mr. McPeake had arisen. There was some egg on his coat. There was a queer gleam in his eye. George left his egg-preserver and started for the door.

"One thing more, Wilkins," said Mr. McPeake in that same level tone. "If I have any further bad reports of you, out you go. Keep your mind on your work, that's what you're paid for."

George, silent and chagrined, went out into the street and walked listlessly towards the restaurant where he ate lunch.

He sat down at his favorite table and covered his face with his hands. He had looked forward to this day; had pictured a triumph. He had visioned J. K. McPeake patting him on the back, handing him a good cigar and saying: "My boy, I congratulate you; your fortune is made."

Ah well! George took his hands away and looked up. He sat up. Across from him, at another table, was a girl with soft brown eyes. They were looking into his with a wistful and concentrated expression.

From time to time, during the tasteless meal, George glanced at her and she at him. Nice looking girl, he decided. It seemed as if he had seen her before. Probably had and failed to notice her sufficiently to recall her now. His mind was filled with thoughts in which women had no place.

The egg-preserver had fallen down

on him, but there was still the Wilkins tractor-shovel, that masterpiece of mechanical genius which would revolutionise the fine art of excavation and make the name of George Wilkins known and honored wherever a sod was turned.

The tractor-shovel was his big bet. The plans and the model were finished now, safely locked up in the attic of his boarding house, that Mrs. Kelly had kindly lent him for a workshop. He had written to various engineering firms, describing his invention. It would only be a matter of days until something came of it.

The tractor-shovel cheered him up immensely and when the brown-eyed girl smiled at him as she was leaving the restaurant, he smiled back. Perhaps, he mused dreamily, when the royalties were pouring in, when he had a gleaming motor and servants and a swell apartment, he would look her up and tell her how, when he was in despair, when his faith in his great future had begun to be undermined, her smile had cheered him and given him new hope.

He would take her hand and smile gently. "Ah, those," he would say, "were dark days, before the Wilkins tractor-shovel—"

He looked at the clock and leapt for his hat. After all, a job was a job, while waiting for the shovel to make good. If he got back late it might get to J. K. McPeake's ears and all would not be well. Coupled with his record as champion egg-breaker of the Corner Supply Stores, a few more tardy-marks would do the trick.

He got there on time. He concentrated all afternoon on the ignoble task of selling bread, biscuits, fruit, potatoes and sugar. He was careful with the eggs. He didn't drop one. He would show J. K. McPeake that he was as great a man in the small things of life, in mental tasks like this, as in wondrous and mammoth inventions.

He could see the words, the printed page in his biography: "Even in the lowly capacity of grocer's assistant, George Wilkins showed genius. While his mind was busy with the intricate workings of his colossal machines, his hands were deftly employed in dispensing groceries. True greatness, this, for genius, as the great French philosopher says, is only an infinite capacity—"

"Fetch that basket of eggs, Wilkins." The voice of Mr. Gottlieb, the manager, broke in like a discord.

George moved mechanically, picked up the wire basket, turned and saw the brown eyes again. She had just come into the store; she was smiling at him. As a gentleman, he looked at her and smiled.

A CRATE of oranges in his path meant nothing at the moment. Politeness was the thing. He saw the smile in her eyes turn to a look of frozen horror when he tripped. In that dizzy moment, he did not again look at her and he thought, as he surveyed the yellow chaos, that he would never care to face an egg again.

Well, what was two weeks' notice? Probably, by that time, some big firm would have taken hold of the tractor-shovel and his name would be made. Doubtless there would be some letters for him at his boarding-house. This was all for the best. Sooner or later, he would have had to leave his lowly calling.

There were letters from all the people he had written to. He gathered them up from the hall table and started upstairs. On the landing he met her, and he knew at once where he had seen those eyes before. Right

here in Mrs. Kelly's. She had come, he decided, recently. He must have passed her on the stairs as he was doing now.

"Hello," she said in a low, full-toned voice. "I hope you didn't get into any trouble over the eggs. I felt guilty in a way, for distracting you. Or did I?"

"Why, no, I—"

"Meaning you don't hold it any more?"

"I don't. I've got the sack. But still"—he glanced at the letters in his hand—"there are other things."

"Your inventions?"

"How did you know about—?"

"Mrs. Kelly told me you were awfully clever and would be a great man some day. It's thrilling. What are you working on now, Mr. Wilkins?" George lapped up the awe and admiration in her eyes.

"Oh, just a little toy," he said airily. "Tell you about it some time, Miss—"

"My name is Kitty Lee. I just came here last week. Oh, will you really tell me about your inventions?"

"Of course I will," beamed George. "And soon. Good-bye, Miss Lee."

That, he mused, as he turned to watch her go into the living-room, was a face that had smashed a thousand eggs—and why not?

The letters—he sat on his bed while he read them, and let them fall to the floor, one by one—seemed all to be written by the same fellow, for they all said, unmistakably, the same thing—no.

George felt weak, felt a hollowness in his chest. He stood up after a moment, his jaw set grimly. It was a hard and bitter struggle, this attempt to climb the heights of greatness. It was a man's fight. You had to do it alone. You had to face defeat, discouragement, despair. You had to have the courage of a lion, the strength of steel.

HOW many other great men, he thought, had stood, like himself, in moments like this, filled with darkness, with no single ray of hope, and vowed to the gods that they would not give in, that they would fight while in them remained an ounce of strength wherewith to struggle, a drop of blood to shed.

But he could not go near the tractor-shovel to-night. He felt, towards it, something of that same emotion that had turned him against the egg-preserver. He shouldn't, he knew. The tractor-shovel was in a class by itself. It was superb. Lazy and patient were the hours he had spent on it, and it was a joy, a triumph.

Why, just to watch it work—the neat model he had made—to see it scoop up stones and sand and nails and bolts from the table was a delight, an ecstasy that in itself was the reward of labor and the laurel of his genius.

Just wait. These arrogant engineers would be made to swallow their stupid words about freak inventions and the like. They would feel the flush of shame when, in all its mammoth magnificence, the Wilkins tractor-shovel rumbled upon the world.

George could see it—the first one—fresh from the factory, towering above the plummy men who, in awed silence, surrounded it. Beautiful in red and green paint, with his name in great, gold letters, across the world it would roll, scooping and lifting and dumping; through Europe, through Asia, into darkest Africa—

Please turn to Page 38

THE ORIGINAL WAVE FIXER



WELLA
WAVE FIXER

Used by hairdressers everywhere and pronounced the most successful of all, the Wella Wave Fixer produces soft, attractive, lasting waves at home. . . easily and at a trifling cost. Ask to see the original Wella Wave Fixer.

And, with the ingenious little Wella End Curler, ringlets, tight rolls, or end curls are just as easy to make. It's the simplest and most convenient appliance to preserve the well-groomed appearance of your hair.



WELLA
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OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES, CHEMISTS, AND HAIRDRESSERS.

SPRING RACING Fever Grips OUR LOWER

His Trials and Tribulations As a Famous Jockey

We jockeys are very busy round about this time, what with the Epsom and Metrop. and the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. I've been wasting. I am perhaps one of the biggest wasters in the game.

Complete with spurs, whip, and battery I weigh just on 12-stone, and even when I empty all the loose change out of my pockets I still weigh 10-stone 9, so you can see that when they asked me to ride Chatham in the Epsom I had to refuse.

I DON'T mind taking off a bit of weight, but when you get to the stage where you have to stand twice in the same place before you can be seen it's time to take a pull, as we say in the jockeys' room.

Talk about taking a pull, I shall never forget the day I was instructed by the owner to be sure and run into fourth place, as he particularly wanted me to observe the action of the horses in front.

Well, I did my best. I managed to have the horse side-on when the barrier went up, and I went wide out on the turn, and then tried to get myself sandwiched between a couple of other horses, but it was no use. My mount hit the front, and was leading by four lengths coming into the straight.

I stood up in the stirrups and hauled on the reins until the horse's front feet were right off the ground. It made no difference. He passed the post two lengths in front of the field, on his hind legs.

When I dismounted I found that his mouth was stretched so much that in races afterwards we had to use a barrel stave for a bit. The owner was very annoyed, and so were eight other owners who were friends of his.

The trouble with me is that I am too good. I simply must go with a horse. After all, what's the use of going without the horse? Put me on a horse and—Bling!—I'm off!

Then I have to be legged on again!

SISTER JOCELYN (she's growing a moustache, by the way), admits that I am the best rider at present engaged in the racing game, and she ought to know. She has had a vast experience on the turf. Anyone who has ever taken any notice of her tips in this paper (and there must be a few because we received an indignant letter from a reader in Alice Springs the other day) will realise

that what Jockeyin doesn't know about horses is known only to the horse itself. She it was who tipped for the Epsom, Persian, which lost at the astounding price of 33 to 11. She has not stopped talking about it yet.

She agrees with me in regard to hurdle races. My idea is that all hurdles should be suspended at least 10 feet above the course in order to avoid the bother of going around them, or, failing that, all hurdles to have collapsible gates in them.

Race Reform

OTHER reforms I would suggest would be:

(1) A rail for each horse engaged in the race. There is so much advantage in being in on the rails that it seems unfair to let one horse have all the rail. There would be no necessity to build rails right around the course. Each jockey could carry his own rail.

(2) All horses to be fitted with brakes.

(3) Jockeys to be allowed to carry extra weight in lucky charms instead of lead.

(4) Weighing-in to be done in camera, the jockey to weigh himself privately.

These suggestions I intend to submit to the racing committee after the spring meeting, and they should be received with enthusiasm as I have a very good name with the committee.

I have only once been before the stewards, and that was due to a misunderstanding. I was on the favorite which went out at 3 to 1 on.

By dint of sterling horsemanship I just managed to beat the ambulance home, and get off the course before the next race started.

I was brought before the stewards who at first were inclined to be antagonistic. "Gentlemen," I said, "I had two pounds ten on the winner, and I

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's
Foremost
Humorist
Illustrated
By WEP



ask you what you would have done in similar circumstances?"

There were murmurs of "Good lad!" and "Hear! Hear!" and one or two patted me on the back.

"But what about the poor blooming punter?" asked one dihard.

BY DINT of sterling horsemanship I just managed to beat the ambulance home, and get off the course before the next race started.

"But what a chuck-in for the book-makers!" I retorted.

This carried the day, and I was dismissed without a stain on my character.

I know what you are all waiting for. You want to know the winner of the Caulfield Cup? Kuvera, girls. Paste it in your beret. And don't say I never told you!

FORCING Principle and OVERCALL

By ELY CULBERTSON, World's Champion Contract Bridge Player

In a previous article I discussed the forcing principle and listed eight bids which constituted absolute demands on a partner to respond. So far, however, I have analysed but four of these bids. I will therefore take up the fifth and sixth in this article.

THE first and most important of these is the overcall in a suit which has been bid by the opponents. This is the only bid which is available to a defensive player through which he can compel his partner to keep the bidding open until a game is reached.

South West
1 S 2 S
This bid serves as a gigantic takeout double with the exception that it compels the partner to keep the bidding open, not only for one round, but as long as is necessary to reach game.

It naturally follows that the requirements for such a bid must be tremendous, and, as a matter of fact, they are. An overcall in the opponents' bid suit may be made on a hand strong enough to justify an opening two-bid or on a tremendous freak including at least 4 honor tricks. For example:

Two spades should be bid over one spade, holding either of the following hands:
1. S—
H—K Q J 2
D—A K 10 8 3
C—A Q J 2
2. S—5
H—A K J 9 5
D—A K Q 10 4 3
C—2

In the first example it will be noted that a void in spades is held, and in the second that a singleton spade is held.

As a usual thing, the immediate overcall by the side who has not opened the bidding shows no losers in that suit, but, exceptionally, the bid may be made with a singleton. In fact, the only absolute requirement is that the hand be

strong enough to practically guarantee a game at partner's best suit.

Partner's responses to this bid are the same as his responses to a takeout double, with the one exception that a no-trump response does not necessarily affirm one honor trick; in fact, if no other bid is available, a two no-trump response may be made with nothing more than a fair secondary stopper in the bid suit.

When the overcall in the opponents' bid suit is made by the side which has opened the bidding, it is used instead of a forcing takeout or forcing rebid. For example:

South West North
1 H 1 S 2 S
South's three-spade bid is forcing to game, shows no losers in spades, and invites partner to bid a slam if he has any justification for doing so.

There is one other forcing bid available to the side which has not opened the bidding. This bid is the no-trump overcall of an opening pre-emptive bid of four or five. This is the only effective defence which has been devised against opening pre-emptive bids. Example:

South West
4 S 4 NT
The four no-trump bid shows a hand something like this:
S—5, H—A Q 10 3, D—A Q J 9 5
C—K Q J

Partner is compelled to bid his best suit, and cannot under any circumstances pass. As will be seen, the requirements for this bid are almost as strong as the requirements for an immediate overcall in opponents' bid suit.

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NOW, you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, and you of dandruff or any other hair trouble you suffer from within 30 days it COSTS YOU NOTHING!—not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated, it places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

What I Discovered About Hair

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried! I know you have not used the RIGHT method! My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything; but now I have a thick, lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

Tonics Will Never Grow Hair

THEY never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment! It's a new way—entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight!

Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers", but accept my great offer and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

It Does Not Matter

IT does not matter how long-standing your hair or scalp trouble may be, it does not matter what you have tried—I, Kelso Murchison, am prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt, and without you risking one penny, that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR—if you send the coupon below NOW!

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"You asked me to report in one month on your treatment for the hair. The month isn't quite up yet, but it isn't necessary to wait that long. I could have told you after my application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different 'restorers' in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week. Well, I can beat that really, as it cured my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I might mention that I never use your treatment a very fair go either."

E. J. REYNOLDS, M. N.Z.

WONDERFUL RESULTS!
"I have been using your hair treatment for one month, with wonderful results. My hair is no longer thin and scraggy. It has stopped falling out, and all the dandruff has disappeared, also the itchy scalp. Where it used to be short and thin, it has grown much longer and thicker. My hair seems as though it has new life in it, thanks to you. I think your course wonderful, and so easy to do."

MISS M. DAUMANN, M. N.S.W.

NEVER THOUGHT HAIR WOULD GROW AGAIN.

"My hair is growing very nicely on top of my head, and it also starting to grow on the sides. I had thought that my hair would never grow again, but you have proved this to be a fallacy. I never realised how badly I must have suffered from dandruff, but now, thanks to you, all signs of it have disappeared."

L. ROBERTS, N. N.S.W.

HAIR HAS IMPROVED WONDERFULLY.

"After following your course of natural hair growing for 30 days my hair has improved wonderfully. I have not only noticed it, but others ask me what I have been doing to my hair."

H. KEARNEY, G. N.S.W.

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(Signed) J. KELSO MURCHISON.

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Enclose 4d in stamps for postage of proof.

6/19/34.



Mr. W. H. WHIDDON, who guarantees the value of the Golden Box Prizes

Mr. W. H. Whiddon, former Director of the New South Wales State Lottery, is now Honorary Director of the New South Wales Golden Box, and has given his positive opinion that the £5000 Double he is offering in connection with the Golden Box is the best lottery value obtainable in the world to-day.

The New South Wales State Lottery offers a first prize valued at £5000 for 5/3.

The New South Wales Golden Box offers a first prize valued at £4000 for 1/-. Compare this value.

With Mr. Whiddon's special £5000 Double readers can obtain for 1/6 a fifth Lottery Share and a Golden Box ticket.

"The £5000 Double is the greatest lottery value in the world"

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W. H. WHIDDON.

Altogether there are over 2000 prizes in the Golden Box, and Mr. Whiddon personally guarantees the value of every prize. He is acting in an honorary capacity, and every penny of profit will benefit the babies in St. Margaret's Hospital, where over 10,000 little Australians have been born.

The Golden Box will be closed as soon as filled. It will be drawn in the Sydney Town Hall under the supervision of the Police, the press and the public.

You may win prizes valued at £5000 for 1/6. Don't miss this special offer of Mr. Whiddon's. It may be withdrawn at any time, and only one will be allowed to each household. Compare the value.

**A Fifth Share in a State Lottery Ticket that can win £5000 and
A Free Ticket in the New South Wales Golden Box that can
win the Prize Valued at £4000**

Prizes Valued at £5000 for 1/6

FREE TICKETS

Mr. Whiddon is giving the ticket in the Golden Box absolutely free to those who complete the coupon and send it in with a postal note for 1/6 for a fifth share. This means that for the price of a share only, viz. 1/6, readers will obtain both a share (usual price, 1/6) and a Golden Box ticket (usual price, 1/-). These two tickets can win the prizes valued at £5000 — prize valued at £1000 in the State Lottery and prize valued at £4000 in the Golden Box.

These tickets are being given by Mr. Whiddon in an effort to help St. Margaret's Hospital, and only one can be given to each household. They are available only by post.



To **Win with Whiddon**
POST TO-DAY

Mr. W. H. WHIDDON,
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Desk WW4, Box 3370pp, G.P.O., Sydney.

I want to win prizes valued at £5000 for 1/6. Here is a postal note for 1/6 and stamped addressed envelope. Please send me your £5000 Double—Fifth Lottery Share and Golden Box ticket.

PRIZES VALUED AT
£5000

NAME
STREET
TOWN

∴ Spring Study of a Sleepy King ∴



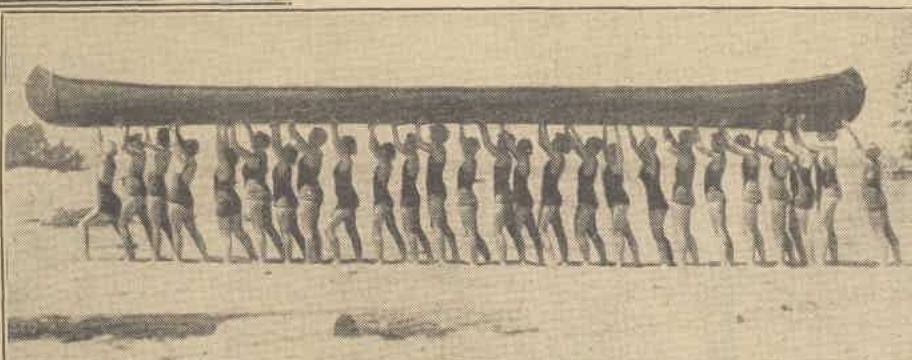
"THIS spring weather is very enervating, is it not?" says the lion at the Zoo, and in yawning he helps one to realise why the lion is the king of beasts.



FOR NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS this wonderful grape vine, at Hampton Court Palace, England, has borne fruit. Luscious bunches from its branches have adorned the tables of British aristocracy for 165 years. Now the grapes are being sold to visitors to Hampton Court at six shillings a pound.



FRANK DORRABNDT, one of the most famous of Alaska's flying heroes, who told friends recently that they wouldn't see him again, and then flew away. He has not been heard of since.



ABOVE: Twenty-six girls carrying home their war canoe after competing in water sports on Lake Sebago, America. There is no chance of "padding your own canoe" with a craft like this. Canoes of this type were used by American Indian warriors.



RIGHT: Mickey Norman, of New Jersey, is only three years old, but has been smoking cigars for nearly two years. His father must be a tobaccoist.



THESE GIRLS are playing a new game, a cross between football and basketball, which is being tried out in England. Hasna is its name, and it is very strenuous. The feet are not allowed to touch the ball. Tackling is permitted, but from the front only. A player may be pushed in the face, but not behind the back.



ABOVE: A real live "Beloved Vagabond," but he has nothing to do with the new Thring show. This vagabond is Karl Lindear, of California, who is tramping the world with his four vagabond dog companions.



LEFT: The man in the hat is shovelling shrimps if you please. Millions of them. San Francisco. Bay provides one of the largest shrimp beds in the world. Fifty or so Chinese control the industry.



IT DOESN'T MATTER what they do in America, a pretty girl in shorts must always be in the picture. Here we see a champion bull, having just carried off prizes in a cattle show, being crowned by the inevitable pretty girl. If you study the expression of the bull you will gather what he thinks about it.

BLUE

The Dominant
Colour for Spring



22/6

There is real economy in the versatility of this OPERA court, in fine blue kid. Morning, noon, or night, it is smartly correct. Price, 22/6. Post Free.

Also in Black Kid, 21/-
Brown Kid, 22/6
White Buck, 21/-
Black Patent, 21/-

Ever popular, the season has opened with the vogue for black and white greater than ever. Here is a smart design with the snap and sparkle that is youth and spring. Black patent and white Buckskin. Price, 21/-. Post Free.

Also in All Brown Kid, 22/6; All Black Kid, 25/-; All Blue Kid, 22/6; All Red Kid, 22/6.

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opposite Anthony Hardware,
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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Adventures of an Australian in Strange Days and Ways!

Don't judge a book by its cover, says the old rede, but old redes were made to be broken. A book comes to you in a cover of molten gold. Thereon is depicted a pirate sloop of scarlet, flying the sinister crescent ensign, and ploughing a silvered moonlit track through the Golden Horn. At once your mind makes a rough stab at its contents. Here is a romantic book, says your guess. A glamorous book. Swashbucklers. Dogs of infidels. Stamboul by moonlight. I'm going to like this book, says your guess... What's its name? "Mezzomorto," by Vivian Crockett. Ah!...

AFTER that you are as good as lost to sight, though, let us hope, to memory dear, for the rest of the evening. For the fascinations of "Mezzomorto" are more powerful than the call to contract bridge or the urge to do a "Stitch in Time." And you entirely forget to feel grateful for its ripping cover.

Small blame to you, either, for you can play bridge or darn socks daily. There's always another rubber round the corner, and though a stitch in time saves nine, somehow the other eight always eventually gate-crash the darning basket. But how often do you get a book which takes you to the threshold of a Great Adventure, much less pushes you clean off the deep-end? No wonder it's midnight before you come up for air, and how relieved you are that the electric light is still burning, though heaven knows the silence of the house is eerie enough. Yes, that was a priceless plot!

MR. BRETT LESSLIE, with whom you have gone glamorously adventuring into past centuries and remote lands, is an Australian of the third generation. In him the conquering pioneer spirit of his grandfather and the simple, prosperous contentment of his father have, as it were, petered out. His homeland stirs in him neither love nor understanding. Spiritually he is a child of the Old World.

As he grows older and visits Europe his aversion to Australia strengthens. In thrill to ancestral memories, he is repelled by what seems to him its unfriendly landscape. Sometimes he feels

there might be in its strange heart "a place spirit, hostile, perhaps, to the intrusion in its domain of such human spirits as his."

He marries a provincial English girl, a tourist whom he meets at Flemington on a Melbourne Cup day. The marriage, which proves childless, hardens the anti-Australian mould of his mind. It does not bring any sense of fulfilment.

From uncongenial reality he turns to a dream life. Saturated in the history, legends, myths and traditions of Europe, he identifies himself in his long reveries with the heroes of his imagination. In his dreams he is a corsair, a swaggering soldier, a bravo, a Great Adventurer. Thus, in his thwarted middle age he is weary of his maladjusted life and ready to die of sheer boredom.

In this state he goes to Vienna and consults Dr. Ladislas Baroczi, famous

for his astro-physical research work. To him Lesslie bares his soul. "If only I could live my romances!" is the burden of his plaint.

BAROCZI has often speculated as to whether a great Adventure "seems romantic to the hero when he is in the middle of it, or whether romance belongs only to a completed story and is the pleasure of retrospect." Lesslie has no such hesitations about the glory of romance. He will throw away his life if it remains barren of romance. So Baroczi proposes a Great Experiment. He can, he says, put Lesslie into a certain psychological state and then throw him under the illusion of being a personage in a romance. He can then experience all the sensations of all or any of his dream heroes—sensations of splendid conquests, of adventures in barbaric lands, of strange rituals and absorbing passions. He can run the whole gamut of deep excitements.

Lesslie eagerly implors him to try the experiment. Baroczi warns him that the sensations thus induced may become actual and affect his real life, but such warning leaves him cold.

So the experiments begin—and where they end the reader must discover. The way leads through barbaric splendours and squallors into a strange haven.

Mr. Crockett, whose previous book, "Messalina," gave him a high place among the world's authors, is an Australian. The book, which is excellently printed, is published by P. R. Stephenson. Price 7/6. The jacket is by Mr. Adrian Feint.—ALICE JACKSON.

SHORT... REVIEWS

"CAPPY RICKS COMES BACK." Peter B. Kyne. Once again the volatile little character, "Cappy," is with us, and lovers of Mr. Kyne's books will rejoice for all the characters created by him "Cappy" is by far the best known. Matt Peasley, the breezy son-in-law, John P. Skinner, and the go-getter, Bill Peck, are all here for our amusement. This revival suffers the fate of most revivals in being simply an echo of a former success, and so is inclined to be a little tiresome. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7/6.)

"THE WORLD WENT MAD." John Brophy. In a series of interesting episodes, and in his own inimitable style, Mr. Brophy has given us a picture of England during the years of the war. The characterisation is particularly good, but one fails to find the connection with many of the incidents recounted. Bartholomew Crellin, an iron founder, and his family are the central figures, and there are others that one hopes are not truly representative of society at that period. (Cape. 7/6. Our copy, Swains.)

"DARK BACKGROUND." Dorothy Canyngham. Anna Carruthers ran away from Angus Heath to her grandparents because she thought his career as a novelist was being prejudiced by her presence near him. When she reached the home of her grandparents in Cornwall and found that there was hereditary madness in her stock, she made a firm resolve never to marry and hand the taint down to succeeding generations. Angus, however, had made his fortune and set out in search of the girl. He found her, but had a narrow escape of his life from a mad member of her family. Investigation showed that Anna had escaped the family taint, and she was finally able to marry her lover without fear. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

HORROR Holbrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is the perfection of flavor. As a rule, it is the world's greatest appetizer.***

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Figure Beauty...

Even the average figure, lovely as it is, needs the gentle restraint that a Berlei True-to-Type Foundation alone can give. For this is the one way to preserve lovely figure lines, and retain a youthful silhouette in spite of time.

A Berlei beneath—
FOR THOSE OCCASIONS WHEN YOU MUST LOOK YOUR BEST

Women find it a joy to wear, this Tea-Rose Failla Corsette, (6591). The boned inner belt prevents waistline "bulges"; the lace baserose top (not lined for strength) gives a beautiful uplift line. Busts 30-35 inches.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted
by
L. W.
LOWER



"Well, I was nursin' 'im all the way."
"Yeah, an' yer had him jolly near asleep at the finish!"



Garrotter: I'll take the next client, Steve. I want a break in me new books.

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"I got me own views on these 'ere city girls."
"Where'd yer get 'em, Dave? Bet yer not game to show 'em to Sarah."



"The doctor said your complaint is hereditary."
"He's mad. Didn't you tell him I'm an orphan?"



"Aw, go on, George, turn it inside out."



"Did it in 82, eh? That's excellent for a beginner."
"Too right!—an' to-morrow I'll try the second hole."



WEIGHT goes with Appetite

If you want your child to eat more, to gain and grow strong, begin this very night with the famous "Calfig" treatment. A sluggish appetite means a sluggish colon. Correct this condition called stasis, and see how quickly a listless, drooping boy or girl begins to eat — and gain. The only "medicine" such children need is pure, wholesome "California Syrup of Figs."

Why Doctors say:
Use a LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

Hospitals and doctors prefer to use liquid laxatives. For children, they insist on laxatives in liquid form. Do you know why? A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement because its action can be controlled, because the dose can be regulated to a drop. Consequently it does not weaken a child's bowels. It does not form a laxative habit.

Why not rely on "California Syrup of Figs" to keep your children's bowels regular and comfortable? The pleasant taste of California figs, combined with cassia and mint in this delightful preparation, make it the ideal laxative for any child.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 — or 24 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Calfig."

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PLIGHTY WIFE: Don't be rude—I'll go where my fancy takes me!
Jealous Husband: Well, you'd better not let me catch you with him, that's all.

"WOULD you say that old Angus should be classed as a typical Scotsman?"
"Well, I never like to express an opinion on things like that, but I do know that he has saved all his toys for his second childhood."

TEACHER (developing class intelligence): Let us construct copybook headings. Here is one: "Don't play with matches. Remember the great fire of London." Now, who can give an example on the same lines?
Tommy: I can, sir.
Teacher: Yes, what is it?
Tommy: Don't spill on the footpath. Remember the flood.

MUCH-TRAVELLED GUEST: Yes, I have been to the place where Homer was born.
Daughter: Let me see. Who was Homer?
Young Brother: Why, don't you know? Homer was the chap who wrote "The Khayyam."

"YOU say that your wife has received an anonymous letter informing her of something you did before your marriage. Well, the best thing you can do is to confess."
"I know; but she won't let me read the letter, and I don't know what to confess."

Enjoy the flavour-laden goodness, the appetising refreshment of this delicious tea. A stimulating beverage that satisfies the most critical palate.

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Goldenia Tea

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than ever !*



● THE JANTZEN FORMAL "Three Suits in One"

The shoulder straps of the Jantzen Formal or the Bra-Lift Formal can be adjusted to form three different attractive backs. They adapt themselves to the height of the figure, too, thus ensuring a comfortable fit for all types.

Jantzen
The World's Favourite
Swimming Suit.

Made in Australia

Of course you've always worn a Jantzen—smart people do! This year you'll probably want one of each of the new designs—they are so delightful and the ideas embodied so practical! For instance, the Bra-Lift comes this season, if you like, with the Adjustable (Three Suits in One!) Shoulder Straps of the Formal. And the chic Basque Kerchief, completely new, is in two pieces: smart trunks and a sun-tanning top which can be worn with shorts or slacks at anytime! Then there is the Cordaire, with a skirt which comes off, leaving a smart one-piece suit for extra speed in the water and extra comfort when worn with slacks or a beach skirt.

Men, too, like the new men's Jantzens. The Topper and Sun Suit have detachable tops; the Twosome, Racing and Speed suits each have special features. Jantzens for men and women alike have that well-tailored smartness that distinguishes them from any other suit. When you visit your favourite store to see them, remember to look at the new colors: Island Green, Capri Blue, Pagan Brown and Navy. Remember, too, that Jantzen prices are surprisingly low!

● Above, left, is the Bra-Lift Formal, with "uplift" cut and Adjustable Straps that form three back designs.

● The man is wearing the Twosome, with its new striped top, and contrasting solid color trunks.

● The girl talking to him is standing up to show us the smartly piped back of her Jantzen Criss Cross.

● At the right, the Beach Suit with new lines in its contrasting straps, making it more graceful than ever.

Jantzen (Aust.) Ltd., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

ON THE BEACH YOUR ONE GARMENT MUST BE PERFECT, SO GET A JANTZEN

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So They Say

New Writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters "New Writer."

BORROWED BOOKS

HOW many readers have lent a much valued and treasured book, only to have it returned in a condition excluding it entirely from one's bookcase?

A spirit of vandalism appears to run riot with many people when reading a borrowed book. Not only are the pages severely ear-marked, the covers strained back and soiled, but the book is often regarded as common property and usually does the rounds of the family, not to mention various friends. By the time it is returned (if ever) it is but a sorry shade of its former self.

Most people like to share a good book, but too seldom is the spirit of generosity reciprocated, in the care taken of the volume.

£1 for this letter to Miss J. Williams, Commerce House, Adelaide.

GIFTS TO CHILDREN

THIS is a subject that should be regarded as an art. To make a success of it one should have studied the child thoroughly. The parents, too, should be considered. If they have special ideas your gift should avoid suggesting that you regard them as "fads and fancies."

On the other hand, if you know they wish to encourage the child along some line of thought such as music, art, engineering, and so on, then, provided the idea is not repellent to the child, choose the present accordingly.

It is equally objectionable for the child to receive a gift which gives the parents withold as to give the child something it dislikes and the parents like. After all, it is the giver who really gains the goodwill or otherwise of a gift.

C. G. C. Christie, 10 Vernon St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

DOCTOR, LET US SMOKE

DOCTORS and dentists would confer a boon on patients by providing a waiting-room for smokers of both sexes. One shared on each floor by the occupants of professional chambers would suffice.

Doctors surely would find their patients less trying if they permitted them to smoke before entering the consulting-room. The profession admits that a smoke will soothe the nerves.

Rose Ross, 471 Nicholson St., North Carlton, N.S.W.

THE ARGUMENTATIVE SEX

IT is interesting to note that when a man bursts into print on this page, he does so, in the majority of cases, to express an opinion in conflict to the view put forward by a woman writer. Why is this so? Do we men, in our conceit, imagine that we can accept the opportunity courteously offered us, and step masterfully into the columns of a woman's paper and be accepted as critics? Or are we just prompted by love of argument?

Any subject of a controversial nature must, according to the rules, have two sound, sane and logical lines of argument and, of course, two groups of followers.

The reason I favor for men always opposing women in argument is simply that man loves to put woman in the wrong. And I would suggest, too, that women still thrive on the honorable and ancient game of putting man in his place.

I wonder what you women think of it?

J. K. Evans, 23 Tait St., Five Dock, Sydney.

WANTED, FRESH AIR

I'm sure most readers will agree with me that a tram journey is not something to look forward to. I wonder why so many people rush to sit by the doors and then close them tightly throughout the journey. By the time a compartment is full and several are standing the air we breathe is not healthy.

I find men are the biggest offenders; men with their heavy and often dirty and smelly clothes. Why?

Fresh air costs nothing; let's have plenty.

Mrs. M. Brinson, 35 Rickard St., Five Dock, N.S.W.

"Lazy Speech" Is Not Limited To Australians

IN reply to Miss B. Noel, yes, most moderns would appear mentally lazy, but not only Australians. But your "too thrilling," etc., are the milder sins against originality.

What about the "herd" mind? When people are too lazy to be original about homes, wearing apparel, etc., certainly more words are not worth any exertion.

Someone popular uses a word, the rest seize it and make it run the gamut of all known and unknown forces of speech until the sound of another forces itself on someone's subconscious mind and is likewise done to death. And this form of wit came from the truly civilised part of the globe.

Mrs. Merlin Merchant, Iona, Murray St., Cootamundra, N.S.W.

It's Just Habit

RE Miss B. Noel's par on the speech of Australians. I think it is just habit, which makes most of us use the expressions "wfully nice," etc. Let us look on it as one of the inevitable features of modern life, when most people have not the time to express themselves properly.

It is not ignorance. If the same people were to write a letter it would no doubt be perfect, the reason being that they had more time to think out what they wanted to say.

Miss K. Cross, Graceville Avenue, Graceville, Brisbane.

We Ignore the Facts

PERMIT me the space of a few lines to correct an erroneous impression contained in an article entitled "Canadian Speech" in your issue of the 22nd instant on page 19.

The error lies not so much in the part referring to speech (which is rather exaggerated) as in that referring to the climate. Cold, sunless, and damp! That is too much to escape contradiction.

Most Australians have a vague idea that Canada is a land of eternal snow, but, as one who has travelled and recently returned from a five-year sojourn in British Columbia, I have no hesitation in saying that its climate is most exhilarating and equal with the best in the world. Sunshine there is in plenty.

As for speech—well, we Australians are prone to hide our heads for facts which are not invisible (or inaudible) to wandering strangers; generally speaking, of course.

S. Bruce Scott, 40 Central Avenue, Mosman, N.S.W.

Centenary Must Be Festive, Expense Does Not Count

RE MISS DAHLSTROM'S letter of 15/9/34, one cannot help thinking that Miss Dahlstrom has missed the spirit of the Centenary celebrations. It is a time of carnival and rejoicing. The street decorations are well-designed to lend the city an air of jolly festivity. They serve the same purpose as the ribbons and streamers we decorate our homes with at Christmas, or other festival time. We do not regard them as a permanent improvement to the beauty of our home, but they signify a desire to give our visitors a gay welcome, and help us to laugh.

Flag-makers, carpenters, electricians, painters, and many others are employed in the manufacture and erection of the decorations. The money spent on them probably creates as much employment as would the same amount spent in any other direction; but, even if this were not so there are moments when we should say, "Hang the expense; let's enjoy ourselves."

J. K. Holbrook, 42 Albion Rd., Glen Iris, S.E.6, Vic.

WEIGHT OF BREAD

THESE days full weight in bread is taken on the baker's word but there was a period when customers could demand to have bread weighed before they ate.

At the Richmond (Vic.) Court in 1882, 12 bakers were fined for having sold bread without having weighed it in the presence of the purchaser.

Kathleen Ferguson, 59 Smith St., Fitzroy, N.6, Melbourne.

Decorations Are Tawdry

I THOROUGHLY endorse the letter of Miss G. Dahlstrom regarding this subject.

Our big beautiful buildings are nearly all terribly dirty, and look as though more than a hundred years of neglect and dirt had collected round and about them. In the daytime the "lollypops" certainly look very tawdry and unnecessary, as though we were trying to "show-off" before H.R.H. Prince Henry.

There is no need to be other than natural in this city of ours. Illuminations could be placed in many other places where the expense would not be nearly so great and leave money for what is needed, a general clean-up.

Miss Ethel Blake, care Mrs. Watson, 4 Mary St., Hawthorn, Vic.

Class Distinction Is Another Form of Snobbery

GRACIOUS R. listed (8/9/34), what an outburst of baffled snobbery! And I had no idea Tasmania was so progressive. Imagine it—social equality! But it sounds too good to be true and it is. Every town in the Commonwealth is burdened with foolish chiques, who attempt to appear socially superior to their neighbors. Fortunately—and your letter is an admission of this fact—they find it extremely hard work.

Australian tolerance and intelligence are world-famous. Attempts to drag her people back to the level of narrow-minded English conservatism are futile. Class distinction, R. listed, is not necessary for the obtaining of those advantages which you enumerated. You are quite at liberty to withdraw, with a few companions, into splendid isolation. But whether those boring people will admit your superiority.

Anyway, Communistic enthusiasts are being sent to Russia, so we ought to make it our business to despise admirers of the class distinctions of England to that country.

J. M. Marlagh, care Brassall P.O., Ipswich, Qld.

Confers an Advantage

CHEERS to R. listed for his or her clear and concise remarks on the above subject which are very much needed.

Items 1, 2, and 3 are quite true, and have a great bearing on everyday life, inasmuch as casual acquaintances cannot be taken at "face value" under existing conditions. For example, servants or employees being allowed to address their employers by their Christian or forenames is quite usual in our immediate neighborhood. Even children are not corrected when they copy their elders.

L. Peniston, Taramba, via Lowood, Qld.

Sign of Ill-Breeding

I VENTURE to state in opposition to R. listed (8/9/34), that snobbery is a sign of ill-breeding, and that is probably the reason that Royalty and the aristocracy are so gracious to humble folk.

It has always seemed to me that those people who are so desperately eager to reach the "upper ten" are the ones who practise snobbery. Personally I think there is hardly a worse fault. Many of the best people will never be anything but poor. On the other hand, there are quite a few people who are well off who are lacking in the very first courtesies.

Moreover, referring to the last part of R. listed's letter, the average person does not care for more than one or two very intimate friends. I think we should try and make as many friends as possible, despite all the proverbs. We can never have too many friends.

We should try and make our friends among those who suit our personal standards. It is always wise to look up to people, but, if you want to be happy in yourself, never look down on them. Life is far too short.

B. E. May, 1296 Rocky Pt. Rd., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Who Is To Decide?

R. LISTED'S letter (8/9/34) arouses my curiosity. Who, I ask, is to have the task of erecting class-barriers, and what is to be their standard?

And those who have great possessions, regardless of character or intelligence, to be given first place? Shall culture be the criterion? Are those with social accomplishments to lead the van? When I think of so-called "society," with its petty foibles and empty vanities—I beg you, let us not fall so low!

As for keeping up appearances—the argument is pitifully superficial. Let us be ourselves, and not try to appear as we are not. Sincere folk appreciate sincerity in others. Class distinctions only foster hypocrisy.

Again, I am sorry our intellectual friend is obliged to endure the conversations of the unlettered. Yet, even in a man who has difficulty with the aspirate, one who sees below the surface may find both character and intelligence, while there are those in high places with some superficial character, but not an original idea.

It is all a question of values. The only standard worth considering is that of character, and which of us shall presume to stand aside, and award the laurels there?

Mrs. W. R. Elen, Crowson St., Milthorpe, N.S.W.

EXCELLENT INFLUENCE

THAT the modern business girl has had a mollifying influence on hard business men was a subject I have discussed recently.

To me it appears that the daily march into the city of hundreds of young girls has had a marked influence on the business men of to-day. They now speak in lower tones, and more politely, and wear less than they used to do. I do not wish to infer, of course, that all business houses were dens of profanity but I do say that Miss Suburbia has improved the moral tone of the business men of to-day.

But does the same Miss Suburbia profit of this improved tone of her employer or does she still relieve her nerves by a sparkling vocabulary of reproach? What do readers think?

A. McCarthy, View St., Paddington, Brisbane.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T STRUGGLE to address, say, a Frenchman, as M'sieur Mr. is quite correct and sounds much better, unless your French is very good.

MEN AS SHOPPERS

IT is often stated that woman is a bad shopper. Now let us fire a broadside at the man.

His efforts, it is well known, are laughable to a degree. Any wife will tell you that no husband has the faintest glimmering of the art of buying. He is patently deceived. Or, if not deceived, he is bullied. He may be a Caesar in his own home, but as soon as he enters a shop he becomes as weak as wax.

The plain truth is that man is a rank bad shopper. He winks under the basilisk eye of the shop assistant, selects the first thing that is offered him. Grabs his parcel and makes a dash for the street. All of which proves the modern woman's statement: "Men must be taught shopping."

W. Williams, 6 Copley St., Rhodes, N.S.W.

CAMP CHAPERONS

NOW the summer is coming, everyone is preparing for their holidays. Lots of people go camping. Should young boys and girls go together without some responsible person for a chaperon?

As this seems to be practised a good bit at most seaside towns, I would like to know what others think on the subject. I think they should have some older person with them.

Miss Hilda Westaway, Meridan Plains, Landsdowne, N.C. Line, Qld.

SPECTACULAR WEDDINGS

SURELY that striking article in The Australian Women's Weekly (22/9/34), ought to appeal to all right-minded people. Marriage is a sacrament, performed in the House of God, and by a Minister of God, and its solemnity should never be lost sight of. A quiet wedding, simple frocks, and a gathering of relatives only, on the "day of days" would be an idea of the correct happy beginning to a future happy life.

No doubt a girl has every right to please herself, and have what she wants on the most important day of her life. But does she please herself? Or is it the thought of what her friends will say if she departs from the beaten track, which induces her to decide on a spectacular wedding with its accompanying fashion parade. I am inclined to think the latter is more often the case.

Miss Agnes Robinson, Clontarf, Camberwell, E.6, Vic.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



GARY COOPER.

PORTRAYER OF "HE-MAN" IN PICTURES, WAS IN A PICTURE WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD WHEN HE WAS IN HIS TEENS AND EVEN TODAY IS KEENLY INTERESTED IN SEWING AND EMBROIDERY.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY ONCE SPENT 2 DAYS COMPOSING A PAGE OF POETRY WHICH HE SOLD TO A NATIONAL HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR \$7.50.

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MUSIC of the WEEK

Grand Opera Returns to Australia

GRAND opera made a spectacular return to the Australian stage last Saturday night. Although it cannot be fairly said that the Royal Grand Opera Company's presentation of "Aida" is the finest Melbourne has ever had, the gala performance at the Apollo Theatre undoubtedly reached exceptional heights and proved that at least one Italian opera loves nothing when translated into English.

Principals, rightly ranked among the world's best, and a large well-balanced local chorus, sang gloriously.

Making her first opera appearance in her native land, Florence Austral gave a moving and memorable portrayal of the unhappy slave, "Aida." Apart from anything else, Australia should be grateful to Sir Benjamin Fuller for the opportunity of hearing and seeing this supreme soprano in the roles which made her famous.

In mighty ensembles she showed heroic supremacy contrasting with a soliloquising softness. At other times special ovations were accorded her after the aria, "Ritorna Vincitor," and for her perfect pathos and splendid savagery.

Sublime though Austral was, the success of Muriel Brunskill was almost as great. Here is a contralto with tone vibrantly beautiful.

As Royal Amneris listening and lamenting outside the hall of the judgment, she wrung from a critical audience the only cheers of the entire night.

Another newcomer, Walter Widdop, lacks the smoothly gracious style of the Italian tenors, and his Radames was a stocky, unromantic figure. The aftermath of influenza caused him distress in the aria, "Heavenly Aida," and during part of the Nile scene, but generally his voice rang with yeoman vitality.



SIR BENJAMIN FULLER

Norman Allin sang the commanding measures allotted to the high priest Ramphis impressively, and Frederick Collier stood out as the best King of Egypt seen here for a long time. The Amosaro of Appleton Moore, whose voice is big and musical, suffered in comparison with the work of earlier Ethiopians.

Sotto voce choruses by the priests, the welcome home scenes at the gate of Thebes, and sweet singing by the hand-maidens of Amneris were highlights of ensemble work never bettered in Australia.

Some weaknesses showed in an orchestra collected only a fortnight before, and the competent Maurice de Abrahams has yet to adjust the orchestral dynamics to the limited scale imposed by a small theatre.

The increased challenge to dramatic efficiency was accepted with enthusiasm, proving that opera and credibility are incompatible only when the libretto is poor and the performers lack initiative and stage sense.

If future productions maintain the same standard as "Aida" the artistic success of the season is assured.

Philip Hargrave's Future

ADMIRATION is tinged with misgiving when listening to the arduous recitals being given in Melbourne by eleven-year-old Philip Hargrave. While proving himself a prodigy of exceptional promise, Philip's work suggests that the time has come for a temporary cessation of the fatigues and temptations inseparable from concert giving. Let him go abroad by all means, but for his future's sake, the proposed concert tours should be cancelled.

The boy's fortissimos, conscientiously applied, give a fictitious air of maturity to his playing, out of keeping with the charm and simplicity of his natural touch. The artificial amplification of tone required in large halls may do Philip incalculable harm if continued. Until his muscular powers are greater, public appearances should be far less frequent. Study under a great master is the immediate need.

Philip Hargrave is announced to make "positively his farewell appearance in Melbourne" this Saturday at the King's Theatre.

Centenary Songs

THEIR words and music still a secret, songs that won prizes in the Centenary Council's competitions are to be sung first at musical festivals during the celebrations. They are "Land of Ours" by Margaret Sutherland, and "Australia, Happy Isle" by Landley Evans. The songs have been arranged for choirs of mixed voices and two-part children's choirs.

The honorary choral secretary for the Centenary music committee (Mr. M. J. Pettigrove) reports that 3350 singers have pledged support for the massed choir events. Efforts are being made to arrange a combined rehearsal at one of the city churches on Thursday evening, October 11. The Centenary choir will appear during the day time on Sunday, October 14 (Melbourne Cricket Ground), November 4 (Como Park), and November 11 (Shrine of Remembrance). Professor Bernard Heinze has suggested that women should wear white, and the men blue or dark grey suits.

Russian National Choir Concert

THE Russian National Choir, conducted by Peter Golliffe, will give a concert of Russian folksongs and several melodies of the Russian Church at the Assembly Hall on October 20. The choir comprises 25 members, of whom eleven are original members of the famous Don Cossack Choir. The principal items will be "Credo," by Tchaikovsky, 1871; "David's Psalm by Gounod, 'Oh, Lord, Inspire my Prayer,' by Archangeloksky, and 'Monotonous Bells,' and the lyric tenor, Mr. Stephen Arzenoff, will sing a solo.

Associated artists will be the well-known pianist Alexander Sverjensky and a musical trio. Mr. Sverjensky will play "The Lark," by Glinka-Balashov, "Elegy" and "Humoresque" by Rachmaninoff, "Nocturne" and "Etude Pastorale" by Scriabin. Tickets are available at Patine's and at Nicholson's.



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(Sgd.) Mrs. M. LEES.
35 Robinson Street, Chatswood, N.S.W.

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FINAL STAGE... in Amazing FILM QUEST



ABOVE: MR. D. J. HILL, one of the twelve finalists in the Screen Quest competition and winner of the third Eisteddfod prize. Mr. Hill is a member of the Independent Theatre group and has had considerable experience as an amateur.

—Women's Weekly photo.

LEFT: MISS JEAN ELWING, one of the twelve finalists in the Screen Quest competition and winner of the second Eisteddfod prize. Miss Elwing is well known for her Little Theatre work and has just secured her first professional engagement with J. C. Williamson. She is understudying Sydney Bush and Isabelle Mahon in "Sirteen."

—Women's Weekly photo.

NAMES of Winners NEXT WEEK State Theatre Function

The last stage in the great State-wide search for film talent conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in co-operation with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy has now been reached.

Unprecedented interest was aroused by this competition. From over a thousand competitors tested throughout the State by experienced judges, twelve were selected for screen tests. These tests have now been developed and final judgment will be passed on them this week by Mr. Ken Hall, general manager of Cinesound.

COMPETITORS and the public who attended the judging at the Savoy Theatre will remember that Mr. Hall unfortunately became suddenly ill as he was addressing the audience.

On the advice of his doctor Mr. Hall went for a sea trip from which he returned early this week, and, we are happy to add, completely recovered. As soon as possible he will pass final judgment, and the results will be announced in next issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The twelve finalists who were given tests were the Misses Jan Daly, Jean Elwing, T. Krag-Christensen, Heather McCulloch, Elaine Hamill, Aileen Britton, and Messrs. Richard Francis, T. Farley, D. J. Hill, Morris Dunkley, T. C. Brooks, and Summer Locke-Elliott.

Naturally they and their friends and the thousands of people throughout the State who have been keenly interested in the competition are most anxious to know the results of the contest, and will welcome the news that they have only one more week to wait before knowing the final results.

All of them, however, are to be heartily congratulated on the amount of success they have attained in being selected as the twelve most talented people from over a thousand, all of whom manifested ability above the average. Each, too, has had the benefit of a screen test, which is far too expensive a matter for many people to arrange privately. As mentioned before, each test costs approximately £25.

INDEED, everyone who entered this competition has benefited from the experience, and the many grateful let-

ters received show how warmly competitors have appreciated the opportunity which the quest provided. The Australian Women's Weekly takes this opportunity of thanking the many writers of letters of appreciation concerning the quest.

NAMES of the winners will be announced in next issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, and on the evening of Friday, October 11, an historic function has been arranged at the State Theatre, when the Lord Mayor (Alderman A. L. Parker) has graciously consented to present the cash prizes of £50 each to the two winners.

All the twelve who reached the last stage of the competition will appear on the stage when the public will have an opportunity of congratulating them and showing their appreciation of their talent. The ceremony will take place during the interval, about 9.20 p.m., and will be broadcast through 2UW. The programme at the State for that evening will include "Chu Chin Chow" and a "Cup of Kindness."

THE twelve finalists were invited to be the guests of honor at the "Strike Me Lucky" Ball, when the six Eisteddfod prizes were donated to the winners as follows: First: Miss Jan Daly and Mr. Richard Francis; second: Miss Jean Elwing and Mr. T. Farley; third: Miss T. Krag-Christensen and Mr. D. J. Hill. An extra prize for a country candidate who successfully passed the tests was given to Mr. T. C. Brooks, of Newcastle.



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MANICURING long jewel or ordinary shape 2/-

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A recent portrait of Gary Cooper.

GARY COOPER'S *Honeymoon*

Gary Cooper, who used to seem marked out for bachelorhood, is now numbered among the benedicts and finds himself well content

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

NOT far from Hollywood, twelve miles to be exact, but spiritually quite remote from the cameras and microphones of the studios, is the honeymoon headquarters of Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw.

Here, in the rambling two-storey Monterey house, tucked away amid the shadows of the Sierra Madre, the newly-weds enjoy their post-nuptial holiday until Cooper returns to Paramount to star in "Here Is My Heart."

IT was mid-afternoon when the writer drew up at the Rancho Cooper. Through the panelled window one could see and hear Gary. Sitting before an ample fireplace, on a couch that is as big as two beds, the star was at one of his fond pastimes of strumming sentimental ditties from his guitar.

Sandra sat beside him, conspicuously absorbed in a copy of a current novel.

The newly-weds were reluctant to discuss their marriage.

"Besides," said Gary, "I'm not an interview on the subject of what I think of marriage sound to be very embarrassing for me? In my bachelor days I craved most acutely about matrimony being puritanic."

"And now, Sandra here and I are devoted to each other. She even remembers where I threw my hat last night!"

Sandra, slender, brunette, and radiant, gave silent approval. "Biff," a full-sized English bulldog, ambled up, tossing me an indifferent glance as he sprawled on the thick rug before the fireplace.

"YOU see," Gary continued, "after all my peculiar philosophy of love and marriage before I met Sandra, I find myself now retracing those old thoughts, and I believe I'll have to swallow them whole."

"For one who had such firmly pessimistic convictions on that topic, and no reserve about voicing them, this

business of retraction can be a bit galling. But somehow it isn't."

"I hope this isn't premature comment, but I'm as sure as anybody can be that the few short months of happiness Sandra and I have enjoyed since our wedding is an indication of many joyous years ahead."

"I used to have some very peculiar ideas about love. My philosophy said there was no such thing as far as I was concerned. It came and stayed or went its own sweet way."

"But I had knocked around too long to have any hopes about love. Others find it yes—that much I told myself. How about me? . . . Why don't you try? . . . I've asked myself those questions. But there was always the same empty answer."

"Where bachelors get all those notions, I don't know. Probably from observation. I've seen enough couples who made the mistake of marrying. And they were people who got along splendidly during their courtship, too. You gather what I mean."

Loss of Freedom?

"THEN, too, I nursed a strange theory that matrimony simply cuts one's liberties right in half. A complicated civilisation, I thought, had already reduced freedom of the individual to a minimum."

"But that was another half-baked surmise that exploded after Sandra and I discussed our plans."

"We appreciate the perils of this Love,

Honor, and Obedience, because both of us happen to be individuals, with our own highly cultivated hobbies and pastimes, and we possess a profound appreciation of each other's little wishes and short-comings."

"I guess we just happen to be fortunate that this blending of our personalities took place."

"But if it hadn't occurred, Sandra and I had discussed equally effective plans for our happiness. And predominant in our marriage was the stipulation that we would not become so domesticated that we'd carry the label, and thus completely lose our perspective of how the other half of the world lives, and hence, how to live ourselves."

"Altogether, I can't see, at this time, anything but the good bargain we've made."

THAT remark gave signal that the interview was over, and Biff, the English Bull, made it much plainer by whining and brushing his master's leg. The writer had broken in on the Cooper's daily horseback ride, but Biff wasn't to be denied his customary treat.

Following the daily horseback jaunt and just before dinner, master and dog stage their daily wrestle, rolling all over each other, sometimes for an hour, until Henry, the Chinese cook, warns Gary that the dinner is growing cold, and threatens to "quit quickie" unless Cooper gets to the table without delay.

The sun was now slanting low over the Sierra razorback, and was splashing the ranch with pastel shades. The sound of bird life ebbed, and over in the shadow two shrilling crickets rose to herald the approach of night. The roar of a distant locomotive rode down the wind, increased, then subsided, and from staidward came the neigh of "Winnie" and "Bet," the newly-weds' spirited and dappled mounts.

The Star's Home

INSIDE the house are displayed the numerous pieces of headgear and trophies from Gary's African expedition of three years ago. Upstairs, over the living-room, is the star's art studio, where he now spends less time than he used to, indulging in his hobby of sketching.

To the right of this gallery is Sandra's boudoir suite, Spanish in design and appointments. It is the suite that Gary furnished piecemeal and secretly, while denying rumors of his engagement to Sandra.

This is the sequestered scene from which Gary will depart and return every day to take part in the extravaganza of humanity that is Hollywood.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ THE BATTLE

Charles Boyer, Merle Oberon, John Loder (Leon Garganoff; Gaumont-British.)

CLAUDE FARRERE'S novel, on which this film is founded, provides a strongly dramatic story of conflict between the passion of patriotism absorbing the Japanese naval hero and the love for his wife which he sacrifices to it. Long ago a silent film version was made with the late Sessue Hayakawa in the leading role. Here we see the young French actor, Charles Boyer, in the part of the Marquis Yorisaka, with Merle Oberon as his Japanese wife and John Loder as the English naval attaché from whom the Marquis wished to learn naval secrets he would not divulge. Betty Stockfield has a charming subsidiary role as a wealthy English visitor to the port of Nagasaki, from which the Japanese fleet sets out for its encounter with the enemy and to which it returns in triumph.

Boyer's feat of characterisation, assisted by very clever make-up, is remarkable. He is a true descendant of the Samurai, representative of the noblest qualities of a proud and subtle people, for whom patriotism transcends all else. And Merle Oberon also triumphs as the modest little wife, schooled to obedience, even to adopting for her husband's sake the European clothes and customs she does not care for.

The scenes afloat, made in co-operation with the Japanese navy, and the domestic interiors are full of exact and fascinating detail. The battle itself has been rightly described as terrific, and the personal drama is revealed with most telling restraint. This is a production in the grand manner.—Prince Edward.

★★ SORRELL AND SON

H. B. Warner, Hugh Williams, Winifred Shotter. (B.D.F.)

WARWICK DEERING'S well-known novel was made six years ago into a silent film in Hollywood with H. B. Warner in the leading role. Now Warner plays his original part in the talkie version made in England. He gives a distinguished performance. We follow the fortunes of this ex-army officer, who cannot find work after the war, with a sympathy that sometimes becomes acute. We see him pocketing his pride, doing menial and heavy tasks so that he can educate his son, and we share his satisfaction at the end in that son's brilliant prospects as a surgeon.

Unlike most films, this one has a good deal of the real thing as its background. The inn where Sorrell has a job as hall porter is actually the Lygon Arms in the Cotswold Village of Broadway. Margot Graham, as Sorrell's faithful wife, and Hugh Williams, as his grown-up son, very staccato in speech, give excellent support. The end is perhaps a little long drawn out. That is due mainly to the not-so-convincing character of the girl novelist, capably played by Winifred Shotter.—Lyceum.

★★ CHU CHIN CHOW

George Robey, Anna May Wong, Fritz Kortner. (Gaumont-British.)

LAVISH spectacle embellishes this film, which is based on Oscar Asche's record-breaking stage version of an Arabian Nights' tale. Unusual care has been taken, too, with the Oriental settings and with the dresses of a tremendous cast, though one feels that more brilliant pictorial effects might have been got in certain sequences out of this excellent and profuse material. The high lights are supplied by the scenes where jets of fountains spring up round the dancing girls at the bidding of the rod, and where the bogus Chu Chin Chow pitches in death down the staircase, clattering the huge gong after him.

The story moves at a good pace. Keeping the musical comedy tradition, the actors, with the exception of Anna May Wong, employ the idiom of the west rather than of the East. George Robey gives a characteristic performance as Ali Baba, and Fritz Kortner acts with abundant relish as the villainous Abu Hassan. We rejoiced in the bored Caliph of that good actor, Francis Sullivan, whose detached attitude gingers up the entertainment remarkably. The music used in that of the stage version. It has the advantage of Malcolm McEachern's deep bass, as Abdullah, and of Frank Cochrane's rendering of the haunting "Cobbler's Song."—State.

★★ CHANGE OF HEART

Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Ginger Rogers, James Dunn. (Fox.)

READERS of The Australian Women's Weekly will be interested to compare this film adaptation with the novel of Kathleen Norris's novel, running through several issues of the paper. Janet Gaynor, in this picture, as in "Carolina" recently, plays a more grown-up part than heretofore, but she is a no less winsome little person. It is a

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

pity that her voice, no longer high, still remains so toneless.

The adventures of the four young students who fly from California to New York, hoping to carve out careers for themselves in that great and daunting city, make up a simple and moving story, full of disappointments to begin with and plenty of natural comedy.

The down town lodgings near the Elevated, where the quartet foregather at first, after their wondering passage of the streets, and the scenes on Coney Island are very realistic. The main interest, however, for Gaynor-Farrell devotees will be the scenes where she nurses him through the fever largely caused by unrequited love for Ginger Rogers, and where Miss Rogers fails to win him back.—Regent.

★ THE MERRY FRINKS

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee. (Warner Bros.)

THE fun is fast and furious in this film, which is a scream in both senses of the word. It is well cast, right down to the small parts. Aline MacMahon, as the mother who likes being a doormat, stands out in amiable contrast to her selfish and repellent family. Thoroughgoing as her comedy is, it has a note of pathos. Uncle Newton (Guy Kibbee), on the other hand, when he dies from a surfeit of his own horrible cookery, extorts no sympathetic tear, though he is almost lovable in comparison with his venomous egotist of a sister-in-law (Helen Lowell).

The moral effect of the Frinks upon their audiences should be altogether salutary. But let us hope that their lamentable manners will set no fashion here.—Capitol.

★ FUGITIVE LOVERS

Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton. (M-G-M.)

IN its main idea this story of a break from gaol and the final capture of the prisoner after several very narrow shaves reminds one of Galsworthy's "Escape." There are the further points of resemblance that the escaping man assists a girl, and that his chivalry is his undoing. But the end of the law's relentless pursuit over the wild and lonely country of Dartmoor is the return of the captive to Princeton. Here authority turns benevolent and grants a pardon. A much happier ending, though perhaps not quite so inevitable.

We are somewhat reassured to learn that Montgomery's crime was the killing of a man in self defence merely. But we feel that Madge Evans' trust in him was a little too precipitate, even though she was rendered desperate by the peering attentions of the odious theatre owner (Nat Pendleton). Another reflection called up by various pictures involving cross-country bus routes in the United States is that this mode of travelling may be interesting, and seems indeed more than likely to be exciting, but it can hardly be comfortable, particularly when you run into bad weather. The breathlessness of the adventure is kept up very well, and Ted Healy supplies some humorous patter in the earlier stages.—St. James.

★ YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING

May Robson, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker. (M-G-M.)

MAY ROBSON can represent before how well she can express the character of a domineering old woman who sacrifices family affection to her love of money. Here her miserliness subserves at first the determination to build up a fortune for her boy. But by the time he has grown to manhood the passion for gold overmasters her. The son (Richard Bakewell) must play his part in the piling up of wealth, though his ambitions point elsewhere.

This concentration of purpose is partly the outcome of bitterness against the man (Lewis Stone), who had filleted her years ago. But natural feeling in the end is too strong for the old woman, tough as she is. It is a pleasantly romantic tale in which Jean Parker, as Stone's daughter, the fresh young Juliet to Bakewell's Romeo, plays a reconciling part. Miss Robson, acting forcefully all through, is at her best in the later scenes.—Liberty.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, October 6, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

Window Witchery

LET us dwell a little on the Eyes of the Home...let us make them as pleasingly charming as we possibly can—yes, and make them beam and twinkle and smile at every passer-by

By Our Home Decorator

WHETHER you live in a tiny room, a small flat or cottage, in a more pretentious house, you can give to your windows the beauty that comes more from artistry of arrangement than from money. Anyone, well-endowed with this world's goods, can go into a shop and buy the most elaborate window draperies, but such do not always spell charm. Very often the reverse.

CURTAINS can alter the whole complexion of a window—and even a room. For instance, did you know that you can give an appearance of added size to a window by fixing the curtain-rods beyond the window-frame on either side?

Again, a short window can be given length and in turn increase the apparent height of a room by long curtains.

In both cases, to conceal the deception, curtains of opaque material must be used; net or mesh is unsuitable. I am not, of course, referring to the small glass or screen curtains.

And before I go further, here is another little discovery which the mention of glass curtains has brought to mind: Plain glass windows are easily frosted by the application of strong Epsom salts. The salts should be dissolved in a little hot water and smeared over the glass while still hot. In mid-summer this helps to diffuse the strong light, and this is pleasing and sometimes advantageous to the complexion!

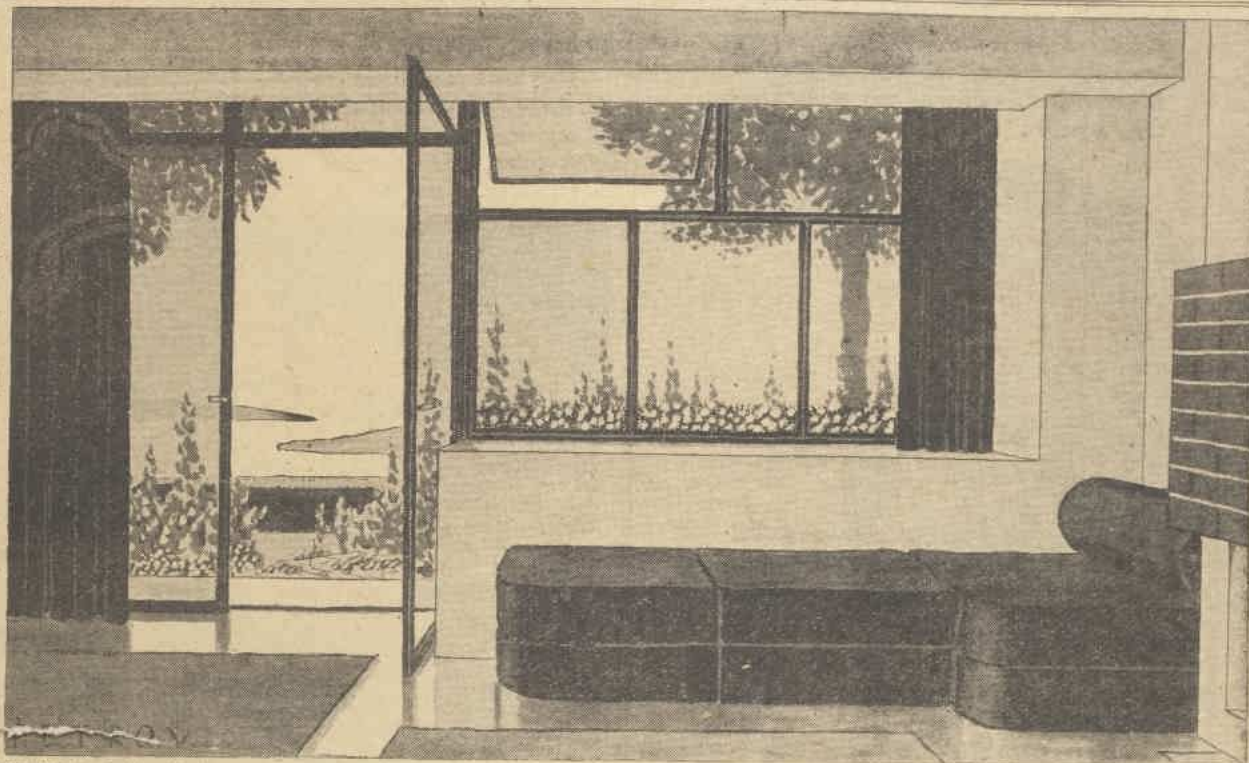
Those of us who can are fast discarding winter's heavy hangings, and in their place entrain-



ing draperies, light and colorful, go up, many smartly conforming to fashion's latest dictates, such as spots, stripes, plaid, etc.

For window charm, however, one has not always to bend at the knee to fashion. Simple voiles, nets and organdies, burlaps and other weaves, costing so little, can be attractively treated or given joyous touches of hand embroidery that turn them into unusually charming window draperies.

Furthermore, and as we all know, it is possible to change the face of a room with new curtains, cushions, and the



introduction of other dainty accessories, where it is not possible to buy new furniture.

Here's another point: We buy expensive, fadeless curtains, and no matter how tired we grow of them, we hate to discard even if it is within our means to do so. On the other hand, had we purchased cheaper materials, we could readily afford to substitute new ones for them when they become faded and a little forlorn-looking, and so satisfy that craving for change and color.

I think we have here in Australia a regular fetish for glass or screen curtains. I suppose there are scores of reasons, but if you asked the average housewife why, she would say: "Privacy"; "It is fashionable, I suppose," or, maybe, she might answer you with: "I think my windows would be terribly bare without them."

Would you be surprised to know that many of the homes, and more than half the hotels in England, know not glass curtained windows!

The modern trend is to take full advantage of light, not to shut off the view, unless obnoxious to the eye.

Windows of the Future

You have read about the windows of the future—and these have been a feature of recent overseas Home Exhibitions—windows extending from floor to ceiling, and where possible the whole outside length of the room.

A modification of this idea is presented for your study above.

Here Petrov, our artist, has pictured a room overlooking the garden, and Nature's undying beauty of land and sea.

When necessary, the opaque, but lightweight curtains, fashioned of a coarse material, can be drawn.

Here, in such a spot, one lives amid the glory of garden, even a ledge outside the window carries a galaxy of plants abroad.

I saw the other day, a very attractive window treatment where the curtains themselves hung quite simply, reaching to a rather low, wide ledge, which was adapted to form a window seat. This was fitted with a mattress cushion, covered in silk similar to the curtains—a rather delightful notion, and one which would add to the effect of space in a small room by suggesting the presence of a bay window.

Half-way screening curtains in a deep shade of ecru, sometimes finished with a one-inch border of colored ribbon to tone with the room, present a more cheerful aspect than the chimney-pots and uninteresting backyards of a congested area.

A happy variation for winter months



is effected by net curtains in a soft saffron shade, when the dull light penetrates saffron-tinged, as it were, sunshine filtering through.

Windows which require large curtains can be dealt with cheaply if hesalan is employed. It takes dye remarkably well. It hangs beautifully, and in its natural color has a silky sheen which is somewhat sacrificed in the dyeing.

A boiling dye should be used to color it, and the most successful colors to dye it in are green, orange, any shade of brown, and blue.

If the dyeing is carefully done it thickens up a little and assumes more of the texture of burlap.

The general effect is enhanced by bold

WINDOWS PLANNED with forethought so that the beauty of garden and nature's handiwork may not be cut off by brick and plaster. The simple opaque draperies, fashioned of lightweight but coarse material, can be drawn when necessary. Two other points are worthy of mention: The unusual treatment of the fireplace—horizontal lines in white and vertical in black subtract from the ordinary cross-cross joining of brick-work; and the modern divan, which can be dissected, and pushed to any desired vantage point.



embroidery designs, preferably carried out in colorful wools.

Hollyhock Transfer for Quick Stitchery

I MENTIONED previously about the beauty to be given windows by hand-embroidery.

At the bottom of this page you are given an idea for net curtains, and dressing-table runner to match, simply darned in prettily-colored wools.

Our hollyhock transfer is available for this—two rows for 6d.—enough for this fascinating set.

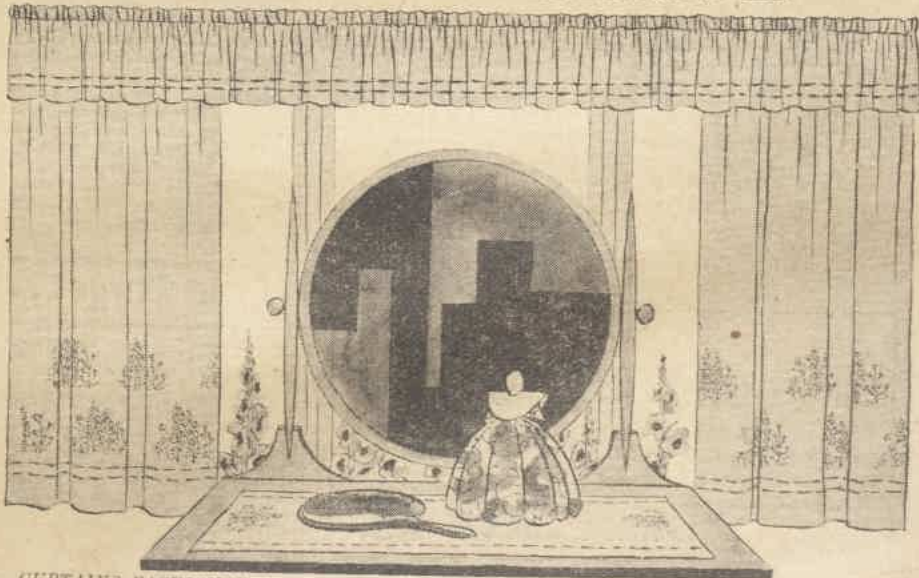
Choose an ecru net and make the runner to fit your dressing-table, and then iron off on each end a spray from

the transfer. At the same time iron off the sprays on to the curtains, two rows in alternate fashion, as illustrated.

Scraps of wool can be utilised for the filling in of the sprays—bright reds and greens, vivid yellows, soft browns and greys—any colors to harmonise with the room. You can well imagine the effect; the sketch cannot by any means convey the joyousness and sweet simplicity of the real thing.

Run two or three rows of darning in the desired color immediately above the hem all round the runner, and above the horns of the curtains and dainty valance as shown.

Remember, the transfer costs you only 6d., post free.—E.G.



CURTAINS FASHIONED from ecru net are gay with hollyhocks. Our hollyhock transfer containing two rows, sufficient to decorate curtains and dressing table runner in simple darning stitch, using pretty scraps of wool, can be had on application for 6d., post free. See story.

Spring Specials at Creed's

Creed's garments are styled from the very latest Paris designs, made in Creed's own factories and available to you at manufacturer's prices. Come in and see them!



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CREED'S
SPECIALISE
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Creed's are showing a wonderful range of Ensembles, consisting of smart printed marocain frock and plain coat. A big range of wanted colourings. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. These are particularly attractive and remarkable value.

SPECIAL
35/-

Art Marocain SWAGGER COAT SPECIAL

A big range of styles to choose from, and every wanted colouring. Sizes—S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. These are particularly attractive and remarkable value.

SPECIAL 16/11

CREED'S, 430 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY

Here Is Concentrated Artistry!

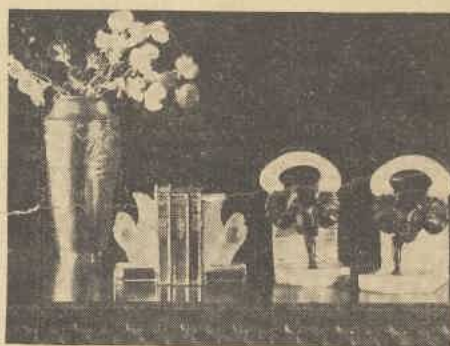
All sorts, shapes and sizes in
fascinating book ends . . .

JUST as books fill our leisure hours with glamour and romance, and give us the material with which to build our castles in Spain, book-ends fill the odd corners of our rooms with color and charm and provide a perfect foil for the rich leather bindings and the gay, printed jackets alike.

Here are a few selected at random Some are lovely with the beauty that comes of simplicity of line, others are colorful and gay, while the intricate carving on one pair brings with it a breath of the Orient. Each has its own appeal to one of the many and varied sides of our natures.



THESE DOGS of English pottery, with their quaintly surprised expressions may not claim a very illustrious pedigree, but at least they are very engaging, and are only 5/6. For a very especial corner, these dainty little ladies, with their old-world charm and grace, are very lovely. Their gowns are in soft, delicate shades, and show to advantage against the greeny hue of their alabaster base. 24/12/6.



FROM CZECHO SLOVAKIA comes this beautiful pair of White Doves. Of clear and frosted crystal, their charm lies in their clear-cut lines and simplicity, whilst in direct contrast to their seeming fragility is the pair of Elephants' heads in ivory, marble and ebony effect. The former for the boudoir at £2/5/-, and the latter for the den at 32/6, have an appeal of their own.



FROM THE arid areas of Australia comes the wood to make these beautiful book-ends—the desert Acacia tree. This wood has extraordinary figuring, and the golden and dark brown colorings blend perfectly. Grown, cut, made and polished here, they are all Australian, and make delightful souvenirs for our friends overseas. This pair is priced at 19/6.

Don't Forget . .

The annual dance of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children's nursing staff will be held at the Wentworth on October 19.

A few weeks ago the Australian Composers and Writers Association formed a dramatic section to present Australian plays, and five have been put into rehearsal. A mystery drama, "Murdered!" will be produced at St. James Hall on October 23. It was written by J. W. Heming, and is being produced by Donald Lowen.

In connection with the Picton Lakes Village Queen of Charity competition, a picnic dance will be held in the Memorial Hall, Hagley St., Manly, for Miss Manly (Miss Jean Wilson), on October 4. On the same date there will be a dance in Prescott's Hall, Balmain, for Miss Western Suburbs (Miss Connie McDowell).

A course in Leadership Training, arranged by the committee of Youth Movement, is at present being held at the Y.W.C.A.

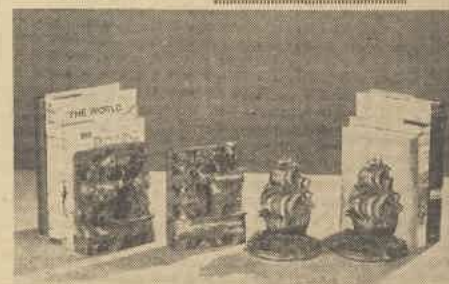


"THE SEA CHILDREN" is the name given to this delightful pair of book-ends, which have been turned to bring into relief the hand carved effect. Made of Breiby English pottery in old ivory tones, they are very lovely, and are priced at 32/-.



IS THERE a man who has not at one time in his early youth known the great ambition to be a clown? The blaring bands and the gaiety of the sawdust ring are suggested by this pair of gaily colored tumbling clowns. Made of porcelain in green, white and orange, and priced at 32/-, they are ideal for the boy's room, to hold his treasured books.

Photos by courtesy
of Grace Bros.



THE INTRICATE flower carvings on this pair of soapstone book-ends from China make one wonder anew at the patience and skill of the Chinese. They are hand-carved, and are the natural color of the soapstone, and are but 16/-. The Spanish Galleons of old, in bronze, seem fitting objects to hold together the books of bold adventures in distant lands, that most of us shyly read. They are Australian made, and are 10/6.

Janet CAYNOR
Charles FARRELL

Tender, romantic, sometimes hilarious—spiced delightfully with lovers' quarrels. A story of youth 'gainst a background of towering skyscrapers.



"CHANGE OF HEART"

FOX

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

TAILORED . . . and So DELIGHTFULLY COOL!



EXPERTLY-CUT paper patterns which will enable you to make these perfectly-fitting scanties with matching brassiere yourself are obtainable in sizes from 32 to 40-inch bust, and cost 1/1 post free. Quote No. W.W. 217 (left) and No. W.W. 218 (right) when ordering.

Girl's Pretty Dressing-Gown

Make it from the expertly-cut pattern, which costs 9d. post free. DON'T think you should be a "born dressmaker" to make this smart and comfy-fitting dressing gown—it's easy!

Designed for art. silk with a bold



WITH THE PATTERN (ask for WW232, 9d. post free), and some bold-patterned material—there are rolls and rolls of enchanting fabrics in the stores to choose from.

pattern, the revers are faced with plain material matching the collar; lap-over fastening is held with a narrow belt. Pattern for 12-14 years.

Material required, 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

These Lace-trimmed Scanties with matching Brassiere are designed to please every girl who adores dainty lingerie. Send for the Patterns!

Whispers of summer, of enduring sunshine, and long, warm evenings brought them to you. And they'll be a welcome addition to a little bride's trousseau, or to your summer wardrobe.

TAILORED so as to fit to the figure without ugly wrinkles, and form-fitting so as to blend with modern evelte lines, these undies are cool and comfortable.

The first set (illustrated immediately on your left) shows scanties with soft godets of soft lace and a shaped waistband—just the thing to wear under a very pretty evening gown. The brassiere is entirely of lace or brocade, with a narrow lace edging where the shoulder straps join.

Material for 36-inch bust: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Sizes obtainable, 32 to 40 inch bust. Ask for W.W. 217.

The second is a very neat style made

more charming with an effective lace inlay along the top of the brassiere and having the same design carried out at the sides of the scanties and along the V-shaped waistband.

Note the pin tucks and the side fastenings on the brassiere. The scanties are shaped up each side of the leg.

Material required for 36 inch bust: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and three yards lace. Sizes obtainable are from 32 to 40 inch bust. Ask for W.W. 218. Patterns for these two sets are only 1/1 each. Send in to our office for them! Be sure to quote the correct pattern number when ordering.

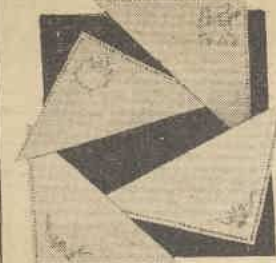
MAKE A . . . PERSONAL GIFT With These Fine Colored Linen Handkerchiefs

THEY are of the best quality linen, with neat, fine hems. In one corner of each is traced, ready for your working, a dainty design.

Linen handkerchiefs are always acceptable, because they look so good and give such loyal service. After each wash they come out looking just as fresh.

Moreover, these are made up in cellophane packets, each containing four handkerchiefs—one rose, one green, one blue, and one lemon.

Send in 3/6, which includes postage, and we will forward you a packet immediately.



FOUR pastel-colored linen handkerchiefs in a cellophane case, each traced in one corner for delicate embroidery for 3/6.

Distinction—attained with Hand-Beaded Neckwear!



Hand-made collars and jabots, beaded or embroidered with sequins, are very much worn on the Continent and by the smartest Americans. They give just that touch of distinction to the plain frock.



THE DARK plain frock can be raised from oblivion to distinction with just such a collar as this smiling girl is wearing.

HERE in this picture your attention will be drawn to the novel design of the collar worn by the smiling young girl.

Scintillating, it gleams against the darkness of the frock. It is drawn high across the throat, and pinned. This smartest accessory is completely covered with beads, cleverly arranged as to give a unique zig-zag effect.

The fan-shaped jabot, being held for your inspection, is another attractive piece, but, alas, its beauty cannot be fully conveyed by this picture.

These were made by a clever little

French designer, Mme. Louise Lamoureux. I was so taken with their beauty that I thought I would pass this newest and smartest French idea on to you. Just in case you felt like beading one for yourself.

Beaded Wedding Gown

INCIDENTALLY, hand-beading has never been more arrestingly displayed than in an all-over beaded wedding gown of heavy white crepe designed also by Mme. Lamoureux. I saw it before it was worn in a Cinesound fashion parade. This dazzling frock, the only one of its kind in Australia, has now gone to Melbourne for exhibition purposes.



Buy Wholesale

From the Largest Direct Radio House in Australia

RELIANCE HAS SET THE WHOLE RADIO WORLD TALKING!

The extraordinary quality of the RELIANCE GRANDE Series is freely recognised, and the astoundingly low prices are a source of wonderment. But, after all, it is just a matter of plain commonsense. You buy direct from the RELIANCE factory at WHOLESALE PRICE. You save two profits and secure a really high-grade set, many pounds lower in price than you could hope for through the ordinary retail channels.

There is a RELIANCE Model for every purse. High-grade quality sets may be purchased at Reliance Wholesale Prices—ranging from £7/16/8.

3 SPECIALS!

S.T.C. 5-valve Superheterodyne	£15 10 0
(Normal retail value, £30)	
S.T.C. 7-valve Superheterodyne	£19 15 0
(Normal retail value, £33/15/-)	
ALSO 7-valve All-wave Model	£18 10 0

WE FINANCE OUR OWN TERMS AND ARRANGE PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOU!

PHONE: B2223, BW6407.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

Reliance
RADIO CO. (A'SIA)
Radio Manufacturers & Wholesale Merchants

RELIANCE HOUSE
(Opposite Wynyard Street)
45 YORK STREET
SYDNEY

THE "VULCAN" 5 VALVE SUPERHET

Reliance Wholesale Price **£11'16'8**

Normal Retail Price for this Set is £15/10/6.

PRESTO!
Pain
vanishes
instantly



Here's instant relief from racking pains. "Presto" will banish the headaches and backaches women find unbearable, and amazingly relieve the aches of sciatica and lumbago. You can take "Presto" Powders with absolute safety, they will not affect the heart or cause indigestion. "Presto," which is scientifically prepared to a new, improved, A.P.C. Formula, "acts like magic."

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

PRESTO HEADACHE POWDERS & TABLETS
MAGIC PAIN RELIEF



P.A. 10.



A £100 prize in 3 successive Lotteries!

TO have a ticket which wins £100 prize means that the marble is one of the first twenty-four drawn from 100,000.

Truth in Advertising

Lucky Fred has won £100 in THREE SUCCESSIVE LOTTERIES:—

223rd Lottery, £100, 46735

224th Lottery, £100, 44528

225th Lottery, £100, 90649

In the last two Lotteries Fred won TWO £50's, FIVE £40's, and TWO £20's, as well as the £100's.

This is really phenomenal luck. He is right in among the BIG money, and soon his turn—and your turn, perhaps—for the FIRST PRIZE may come.

Now's the time to follow Fred!

SPECIAL OFFER

4 ONE-FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6.

A great idea! Four numbers to look for on the result slip! Four chances to win £1000!

BRANCH AT BARRACK ST.

Big prizes are sold every day in Lucky Fred's shop, at Barrack Street, where clients may call in and receive their shares from tickets bought by Lucky Fred himself.

GOOD LUCK COUPON

HOW TO SEND IN:

FOR A FIFTH SHARE, SEND 1/6.
FOR FOUR FIFTH SHARES, IN DIFFERENT TICKETS, SEND 5/6.

Simply buy your Postal Note, attach this coupon and be sure to send a self-addressed envelope, bearing your own name and address.

Your shares will be sent by return mail in the very next State Lottery to be drawn. If to-day's your lucky day, then £1000 is yours next week. You know the address—

Lucky Fred

Desk W.,
BOX 3908TT, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

**Good cooks
salute you—**



if you use
**FOUNTAIN
BAKING POWDER**



LET'S CULTIVATE ... GERANIUMS

Massed in garden bed or colorfully blooming from hanging basket or window-box, what could be more beautiful?... Says the OLD GARDENER.

GERANIUMS are an old-fashioned favorite, and at one time held first place in every garden. And here the Old Gardener discusses their merits and tells how to grow them. He also gives advice on the making of a compost heap—of special importance in that it utilises all refuse.

I WAS remarking as I came along to-day, Miss, how bare your garden is of geraniums. Years ago, when I was quite small, gardens were never without geraniums and pelargoniums—they were the recognised background to a garden.

These flowers make a simply magnificent show, especially if planted systematically. Moreover, they show to great advantage in pot plants, roof gardens, window-boxes, hanging baskets.

They are quite easy to grow. I have seen them growing in all kinds of places where one would think no plant could live.

Train them up fences, over old stumps and rough places. Rockeries look well with them trailing in careless fashion.

In ordinary garden work, massed in beds, they make a grand display. Surely there is nothing more beautiful than a carpet of ivy-leaved geranium with standard roses flowering above them? Keep the colors separate, and try to have the same color of rose as of geranium. A pink bed of radiance with pink carpet of geranium, and so on, for example.

Remember, geraniums will not produce the best bloom in the shady areas, so your plan is to keep them well out in the open.

Quick Growers

YES, they grow very quickly from cuttings, and from seed, as well. You ask where the seed can be found? These dry flowers all have seed in them, and if planted immediately they are gathered, the seed will germinate in a few days. The seed pod has a beak-like formation, and the common name of the pelargonium or geranium is "Stork's Bill," so-called because of the peculiar shape of the seed pod. It is shaped like the "Pelargos" or stork.

There are a number of varieties to choose from. The fancy or ladies' pelargonium, the decorative, the large-flowered Zonal or bedding variety, the ivy-leaved, the variegated leaved, and the hybrid.

Any class of soil will grow the geranium, but they revel in well-decayed manure. And, of course, a liberal supply of water is necessary, although I have seen the hardier kind growing well in drought-stricken areas.

GERANIUMS do better if systematically pruned after each flowering season. Remember, they give all their flowers on new wood, so cut them back hard each year.

Some varieties are subject to rust, so it is as well to spray them during the summer with lime sulphur, using the strength one in fifty.

If sprayed at intervals of from two to three weeks, all fungus disease will be prevented. If rust appears at any time, remove the leaves and burn immediately.

How to Make a Compost Heap

I SEE you have no compost heap anywhere in your garden, Miss. This is most essential to both vegetable and flower gardening. It is a great pity that gardeners do not take more interest in it.

A heap or pit can be made quite easily and is of special value in so much as it utilises all vegetable and animal manure or refuse. Otherwise, this valuable material is wasted.

The idea of compost is to bring about the fermentation of easily-decomposed vegetable matter in the presence of earth and loam. Leaves, bush scrapings, weeds, old vegetable tops, garden refuse, are all suitable material for the compost. Waste none of these.

Make a heap with alternate layers of earth, refuse, and lime. Continue building in this manner until the heap is three or four feet high. The heap should be kept moist, and for this purpose a hole is made in the top, and all waste water from the house should be added by pouring down this opening on the top. When the heap is completed, a layer of earth is placed over

it to about three inches. This imprisons all the ammonia caused through decomposition.

The heap is left for about twelve weeks. Then should be opened up, thoroughly turned, and the same process of covering gone over again. In another twelve weeks the heap will be ready for use.



IT IS TULIP TIME in the beautiful garden of Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott Waine, of Warrawee, and here our photographer has caught the son of the house, little John, picking the wonderful blooms. The bulbs were brought from Holland and were grown with striking success.

Real NEWS for all who want a clear unblemished skin

The NEW REXONA SOAP

MEDICATED with Cadyl,
the new compound of medications, to
clear, soothe, and stimulate the skin.

Dull skins need its CORRECTION
Normal skins need its PROTECTION

Your old favourite, now made finer still — that's the news for the thousands of Rexona users all over Australia — thrilling news for every woman who cares about her skin! See how this New Rexona Soap clears and freshens your skin and you will realise that Cadyl, the new compound of medications, makes the New Rexona Soap the only soap for the girl who wants a clear, smooth skin.



A VITAL CONTRIBUTION TO SKIN HEALTH

The introduction of the new compound medication, Cadyl, into Rexona Soap, marks a very definite advance in skin care. Only after months of patient research was it made possible for you to give your skin the benefit of this healing, soothing medication. There is only one soap that can give your skin and hair this valuable treatment. The Cadyl formula is closely guarded, but its benefit is yours each time you use the New Rexona Soap.



GLEAMING NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR

Give your hair the same medicated care you give your skin—shampoo regularly with the New Rexona Soap. The medicated lather cleanses, soothes, and stimulates your whole scalp. Regular shampooing with the New Rexona Soap gives your hair the silky gleam of perfect health.

THE END OF UGLY BLEMISHES

The medicated Rexona lather does far more than merely cleanse the surface of your skin, it penetrates deep into the pores. Here, in the very breeding ground of unsightly skin flaws—pimples and blackheads—the new compound medication, Cadyl, with the other Rexona medications, purifies and cleanses, soothing and healing every imperfection. The clogging impurities, embedded dust and germs, that give rise to skin blemishes, are gently drawn away, and once again the skin regains the fresh, clear bloom that only healthy pores can give.

EVERY SKIN IS BETTER FOR THIS PROTECTION.

Every time the Rexona lather touches your skin it helps to correct any present fault, and to protect against blemishes in the future.

THESE REVITALISING
MEDICATIONS IN THE
NEW REXONA SOAP MAKE
ALL THE DIFFERENCE TO
YOUR SKIN.

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and
soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and
revive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine
pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to
stimulate and strengthen vital
tissues. 8.127.15

REXONA SOAP & OINTMENT —THE COMPLETE SKIN TREATMENT

Pimples and blackheads quickly yield to the clearing, freshening medications in Rexona Soap, but very stubborn skin conditions usually need further treatment. It is for these obstinate cases that Rexona Ointment is so very valuable. First wash the affected skin with Rexona Soap and hot water, dry thoroughly, and then smear on Rexona Ointment.

Baby's own Soap

This New Rexona Soap, with its comforting, soothing medications, is ideal for baby's tender skin—protects from chafing, soreness, irritation.



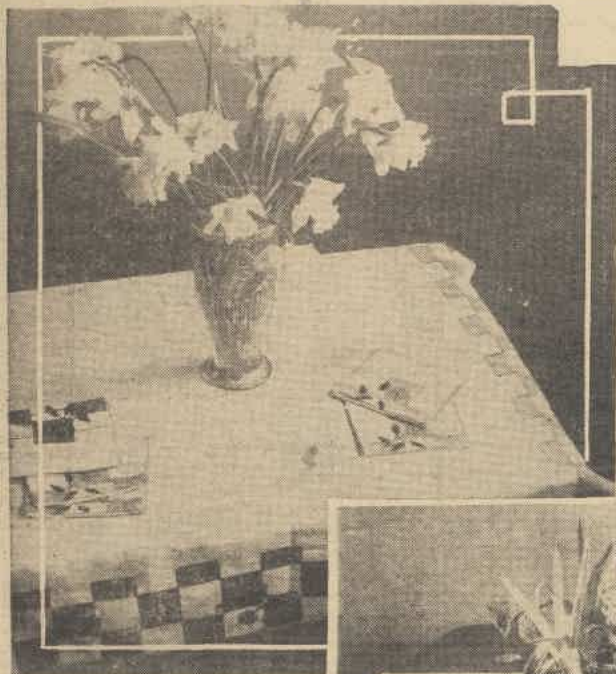
THE NEW Rexona MEDICATED skin and facial SOAP

9d containing Cadyl, the
new compound of
medications.
PER TABLET
IN CITY AND SUBURBS
AT YOUR CHEMIST'S
OR STORE—NOW!
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

CRITERION

NIGHTLY AT 8.
MATINEES, WED. & SAT. AT 2.
England's Reigning Troump
"SIXTEEN"
With the English Artist
JANE WOOD

YOUR TABLE LINEN IS MOST Important



It's the foundation for an attractive and inviting meal, and makes the simplest table appointments look twice as nice . .

A well-turned-out table is every housewife's aim. And the keeping of the cloth spruce—or individual table mats dainty and new-looking—is not the least important. For how much more appetising



WITH A YARD or two of linen and scraps of colorful washable cretonne a delightful cloth can be evolved by your own hands. This handsome cloth is made of fine quality natural-colored linen, with appliqued checks round the edge in cream and blue cretonne, patterned in orange tinted flowers.

—Women's Weekly photo.

CRYSTAL AND FINE LACE, coupled with artistic arrangement, make this table exquisite, showing what beautiful effects individual mats may obtain. The oblong mats are of all-over lace, joined to a border of creamy linen with hemstitching.

"THE SENIOR STORE"
"Truth in Advertising" — Business Integrity

ANTHONY HORDERNS' Second BUILDING-ALTERATION SALE NOW ON

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS!

ANTHONY HORDERN AND SONS, LTD.

Phone: M 2401 SYDNEY Postal Address: Day and Night Box 27120, G.P.O.

do you find your meal when the table appointments and the general attractiveness of the setting appeal to you!

THERE is no definite rule to guide you in choosing a cloth for your table, for all sorts of cloths are used nowadays, and it's just a matter for one's personal taste which you have.

The linen cloth to cover completely the table has never given way entirely to the little individual cloths or mats, which are charming on a polished dining-table or lacquered table for the breakfast-room.

Nowadays, colored tablecloths with sets of table napkins to match are greatly used. It is best to buy good-quality material, and get a guarantee that it will launder well without the colors washing out or running, as with cheap cloths.

Then take note of the size. A cloth that is too small for the table looks ridiculous and skimpy. A cloth, on the other hand, that is too large is uncomfortable, and gets in the way of the diners.

Simple Care Saves Much

ABOVE all, see that it is clean, and well pressed! To prevent it from being crumpled, fold it carefully after each meal, and keep in a special drawer. Ordinary care will keep it clean for the week.

Remember, too, to preserve the table itself. Use an undercloth of felt; even an old carefully laundered white blanket or an old tablecloth will do.

Then keep table linen in a special linen cupboard, with each kind in its own pile. If it is sent to a laundry carefully examine and check each item before putting it away. And put the newly-returned linen at the bottom of the pile, so that each gets its turn.

It's a good idea to put lavender bags in the linen cupboard, as are most old-fashioned ideas, for the lavender imparts to the linen a faint, but very delicate and refreshing perfume.

Under individual table mats raffia, felt, or cork mats should be used to save the table. And it is advisable in order to keep your linen or lace mats fresh and dainty looking, to put them in a box, or rolled lightly and placed in a cardboard or metal tube.

POULTRY, BIRDS, &c.

A BARGAIN in day-old chicks, with a reputation of 15 years' standing. Black Orpingtons, 6/- per doz., 45/- per 100; White Leghorns, 6/- per doz., 40/- per 100, plus freight. Eggs hatched, 6/- per 100. Chicks are not sexed. "Tyroel Hatchery," 269 Connell's Pt. Rd., Hurstville, L.W.3453.

HALT FADING YOUTH AND ATTAIN FEMININE BEAUTY



Photo: KATHLEEN COURT

DON'T let that reflection in the mirror spoil your enjoyment of life. It is every woman's right to be lovely, and you can so easily change that worn, hard look to one of soft contours and youthful attraction.

As a preliminary, cleanse your face thoroughly with my cleansing cream, then wash with warm water and Paris Soap, dry and pat in vigorously my Astringent Skin Tonic, beginning at the base of the throat and working upwards. This will make the muscles firm, overcome any possibility of sagging or deep lines at the side of the mouth and it will leave the pores closed and fine.

If you want that modern semi-mat finish to your skin, use a heavier Cream Base, try my new Panochrome Make-up Cream. Then, with a "down" puff, lightly dust with Seventeen Peach Tan Powder. This will give your face a soft, delicate, youthful bloom, taking years from your age. A touch of Seventeen Rouge should follow, and lastly, a careful application of Rose Petal American Indelible Lipstick. Result: a changed and far, far younger-looking woman.

Did you know too, that Kathleen Court Cosmetics for the brows and lashes is even tearproof, while the new and fascinating Kathleen Court Gold or Silver Flecked Eye-Shadow, though inconspicuous, gives vivacity and brightness to the eyes?

All good chemists and stores can supply the famous Kathleen Court Beauty Aids.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES
FOR
CLEVER SLOGANS
A PRIZE FOR EVERY COMPETITOR

PICK-ME-UP "TANGLEGRAM" COMPETITION

Here's a jolly competition that will interest you and maybe help you to win £50 cash. You don't have to pay for this Tanglegram—you've only got to solve it.

The tangled sentence below in telegraphic form, when deciphered represents a sentence embodying a well-known slogan of 8 words. A little thought and care in disentangling the various letters and words will help you to find the slogan. Everybody has an equal chance—all words are simple and there is only one correct solution.

ACE	UP	KEEP	STILL
AS	MICE	DREAM	HE
CUFF	KEN		

The first correct word has four letters and begins with the letter "P." Now get busy and send along your solution. Disentangle the words and place them in their proper sequence.

Having found your solution write out a slogan (not more than 15 words) which in your judgment effectively describes all Pick-Me-Up Food Products. Here is an example: "In Pick-Me-Up Food Products You Get The Best For The Least."

Every competitor, in order to be eligible for a cash prize must send in one slogan in addition to the solution of the Tanglegram.

NOTE PRIZE LIST—

FIRST PRIZE, £50 cash
Second Prize, £15 cash Third Prize, £5 cash
30 Prizes of 10/- each 60 Prizes of 5/- each

Every Competitor, irrespective as to whether the Solution is correct or not, will receive a prize.

The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct solution of the Tanglegram and whose other slogan is judged the best. The rest of the prizes will be awarded in order of merit. In the event of a tie for any prize, the prize money allocated for such prize, will be divided.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. No entrance fee is required but competitors must forward with each entry a label from a bottle of Pick-Me-Up Sauce.
2. All solutions and slogans must be clearly and legibly written or typed on white paper and the name and address of the competitor shown on the top right hand corner of sheet.
3. Competitors may send in any number of entries, provided each entry is accompanied by a label as above mentioned.
4. The Directors of the Pick-Me-Up Confectionery Co. Ltd., together with Mr. W. O. Richards, Advertising Counsel, will be sole adjudicators and their decision will be final and conclusive.
5. This Competition positively closes on Saturday, November 17, 1934, and no entries will be received after that date. All entries must be posted to:

PICK-ME-UP CONFECTIONERY CO. LTD.,

60 Alice St., Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., with the word "COMPETITION" plainly marked on outside of envelope.

6. THIS IS IMPORTANT. The list of prizewinners will not be announced in the newspapers, but each entrant who forwards a stamped addressed envelope with his or her entry, will receive the complete list of cash prizewinners.

IF YOU WANT CASH FOR CHRISTMAS FORWARD YOUR ENTRY WITHOUT DELAY

THE HUB

£10,000 Importation of SPRING FABRICS



Sensational Value!

PRINTED CRUISE CLOTH

Guaranteed Fadeless!

Fadeless Printed Cruise Cloth. Double width. Featuring a weighty linen like wash fabric in the newest multi-colour florals; also new treatments in spot effects and new checks. Usually 2/11. HUB PRICE, Yard

1/11

Free Cutting Out by Experts

We are Selling Agents for both Australian Home Journal Patterns and Weldon's Patterns, and expert cutters are available to help you to cut-out from Weldon's Patterns.

Pique Voiles

Pique Voiles. Double width. All British weaves, guaranteed fast to washing and sunlight. Exclusive novelty printings in checks, spots, florals, and diagonals on White, Tinted, and Dark grounds. Usually 1/11.

HUB PRICE, yard

1/6 1/2

Pioneer Cloth

36in. Pioneer Cloth. British heavy pinhead weave. Fadeless dye. Serviceable for Frocks, Uniforms, Furnishings, etc. Selected shades of Sky, Pink, Grey, Lemon, Sage, Royal, Brown, Red, Nigger, Nil, Jade, Bottle, Apricot, Rose, Navy, White, and Black. Usually 1/6 1/2.

HUB PRICE, yard

1/2 1/2

Ptd. Haircords

Printed Haircords. Double width. Wear and washing guaranteed. Floral and geometrical designs. Grounds of White, Sage, Red, Nil, Apricot, Lemon, and Pink. Usually 1/6 1/2.

HUB PRICE, yard

12 3/4

Pique Crepe

Pique Crepe. 36in. Rich appearance. Smart for Frocks, Coats, Ensembles. Selected shades of Pink, Nil, Salmon, Red, Grey, Sage, Brown, Lido, Navy, Black, and White. Usually 4/11.

HUB PRICE, yard

2/11

Ptd. Flat Crepe

Printed Flat Crepes. Double width. Just landed and specially selected by our London buyer as the latest fashion trend in prints. Novel treatments in spots, checks, motifs, on White, Sage, Brown, Navy, Green, and Black grounds. Usually 6/11.

HUB PRICE, yard

4/11

Check Taffeta

Check Taffeta. 27in. Woven checks in fine, small, and medium block checks, also broken checks in Red, Green, Sage, Brown, Navy, and Black. Usually 1/11.

HUB PRICE, yard

1/1

Ptd. Morocain

Printed Crepe Morocain. Double width. A weighty Morocain weave in a varied colourful range of spots, diagonals, geometricals, and florals, on grounds of Nil, White, Pink, Sage, Jade, Red, Lemon, Navy, and Black. Usually 2/6.

HUB PRICE, yard

1/6 1/2

The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST. SYDNEY

2GB HIGHLIGHTS

REVOLUTION IN RADIO

IT'S a long way back to radio's beginning. Do you remember it? That first gramophone with the cylindrical records and the big tin horn. Remember, too, how you listened entranced to Harry Lauder singing "Stop Your Ticking, Jock," or perhaps it was Peter Dawson singing "Ho, Jolly Jenkins." The invention of the radio valve out-moded all that. Now radio is being revolutionised by the new wide range vertical cut system of musical reproduction.

Of course, it is of amazing interest to technicians, but to you, the listeners, it means this: the thrill put back into radio transmissions—and not the thrill of novelty, but of perfection. You've heard boasts of three dimensional sound reproduction, of stereoscopic radio. Here it is at last! Music that will amaze you by its tonal fidelity, played with a flesh and blood realism and of a magnitude that it would be impossible to produce from any one studio. Over 100 American stations have installed the necessary Western Electric apparatus, and subscribe to the World Broadcasting System Library. 2GB, through the initiative of its managing director, Mr. A. E. Bennett, will be not only the first station in Australia, but the first station in the world outside America, to bring you these vivid programmes. Listen in to 2GB for further announcements!

"FRANK AND ARCHIE"

A HOLLYWOOD party was the origin of that quaint session from 2GB, "The Hon. Archie and his Japanese Servant, Frank," at 10.45 a.m. daily.

One night Eddie Holden was invited to a party given by his Hollywood landlord. Among the guests was Reginald Sharland, not long back from Australia, where he had starred in "The Girl Friend." During the course of the party Holden and Sharland started some impromptu clowning—Holden, in his crisp Japanese dialect as his favorite character, Frank Watanabe, and Sharland in his cultured English role of the Hon. Archie. It proved a tremendous hit, and it dawned on the pair that they had accidentally "found something."

PSYCHOLOGY TALKS

A STUDENT failed twice in his yearly University examinations. He had brains and the will to win, but nevertheless he failed. Worried by his failure, he consulted the Institute of Industrial

Particulars of the special Australian Women's Weekly Sessions on 2GB will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Psychology. It was soon diagnosed as a case of too many distractions in the way of friends and outings. The feeling that he was a failure disappeared, and he has since made good. In his final talk from 2GB on Sunday night, at 7.40, Dr. A. H. Martin asks, "Why not a Worry Clinic?"

PLAGUED BY LOVE

COMPLAIN as he might of the humiliation to which love exposes its victims, Robert Burns was always a willing enough victim. At one time he had to choose between two different species of error and misconduct, a married woman in Maastricht and a grass widow in Edinburgh. He ended by choosing them both. Yet out of the turbulence of his life came the world's greatest love songs.

Dorothy Jordan will give a talk, "The Loves of Robert Burns," on Friday, October 12, at 11.15 a.m.

A ROYAL BLUESTOCKING

THE people thought her not a trifle mad. Yet of this woman the Empress Eugenie of France said: "The Empress Elizabeth was quite an exceptional woman. A dazzling beauty, extraordinarily charming—an exquisitely delicate spirit. And what a fine mind! Far too beautiful and wise for this world which didn't deserve her."

Every Court she held proved that. She could talk with every guest on his special subject, so that distinguished savants said they would not have expected such knowledge in a highly intellectual man, let alone in a woman and an empress.

She was a Bavarian princess, and until she came to the Hapsburg Court of

LIFE-SIZE DOLL

UNBREAKABLE. About 27 inches high. Reproduction of a French Creation in fine, fast colours on silk that won't wear. Intended to be stuffed. Grandson's Model Doll never fails to please. Will outlast a dozen expensive dolls. Price only 2/6 quoted and for the next 30 days one Baby Doll given free. Anglo-American Publishing Coy., 22 Pitt St. Box 1161111, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

her husband (Francis Joseph of Austria), she had led a healthy out-of-door life.

The superficialities and formality of Court life drove her to the companionship of books and art. She studied languages, became a sculptress and artist in water-color. Her story will be told by Rose Dornbush in her talk, "The Empress Elizabeth of Austria," on Tuesday, October 9, at 12.15, from 2GB.

THE GORGEOUS EAST

ROUND about the year 800 A.D., China was ruled from the city of Chang-an by Ming Huang, the glorious Empress. Art, music, and poetry flourished as never before. History contains no brighter names than those of the two superb poets, Li Po and Tu Fu. But the Emperor in his later years was himself ruled by his young and very lovely mistress, Tai Chen, who, not satisfied with the love of her ageing Emperor, conceived a passion for the ambitious Turkish general, An Lu-shan. Encouraged by her love, he decided to make himself Emperor, and led a rebellion. He was defeated, but Tai Chen, although she took the side of the Emperor, was executed by the people. Legend goes on to tell how when a messenger from the Emperor came to the Island of the Blest seeking his dead mistress, she went back to him half a hairpin which they had years before broken, each taking half, as a pledge of love, and from that the Emperor knew that her love for him would outlast the world. On Wednesday, October 10, Heather Kinnaird sings "An Eastern



MISS KATHLEEN JORDAN

who conducts the song and story session each day at 4.15 specialising in the private lives of radio artists.

Romance," featuring one of the poems of Tu Fu, "The Emperor," set to music by Bantock, the English composer, who lived for many years in the East.

2GB BRIDGE CLUB

WHEN Dorothy Jordan and her 2GB Bridge Club hold a bridge party it is as likely as not that the tickets are all sold out days before the event. That's nothing to hold against Dorothy Jordan, but liking to make amends to those who were disappointed last time, she has decided to hold a special bridge party on Melbourne Cup day, November 6, at the Carlton Hotel. Make sure of your bookings this time by ringing 2GB.



"I COULD NOT STAND THE CHILDREN'S NOISE!"

Every mother owes it to her children to preserve, even under trying conditions, the evenness of temper and ready sympathy that they expect. When you feel tired, depressed and "nervy," turn to the natural restorative properties of Clements Tonic.

Newtown, N.S.W.

"I have three children going to school. My husband is away working on a boat, and I felt they were too much for me; in fact, I could not stand their noise at play and was often bad tempered and irritable with them when there was really no need to be. But since taking your Tonic I am a different woman and can join in and enjoy their fun and play. I am sure if other women knew what a boon Clements Tonic is to tired mothers many homes would be happier."

(Mrs.) R.W.S.

Prices in all capital cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all chemists and stores.

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NOW A BUNDLE OF ENERGY

Was a Sickly, Anaemic Girl

"You can imagine what my little daughter went through, when I tell you that she has been suffering from headaches, dizziness, pains in the back and nervous spells for the last three years," states Mrs. E. S., of Newcastle, N.S.W. "She was so weak at times that she could not go to school, and never had enough energy to go out and play. I simply could not get her to eat. Her colour was very pale, and, indeed, she was a very sick child."

"I was strongly advised to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I did, and the results have been really remarkable. After three bottles of these pills my daughter is a different girl. She eats well, and can now go to school regularly. She does not complain of headaches and does not have dizzy turns. Her skin is very clear, and she has plenty of colour in her cheeks. Since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills we cannot keep her indoors. She is a bundle of energy and wants to be always out playing with her little friends."

Start your pale, ailing daughter on Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day, and do not forget that they are most strengthening for yourself. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.

CATARRH

relieved at once!

Just a little Tiger Salve in your nostrils is a really amazing remedy for the worst case of Catarrh.

All Chemists and Stores, 4/- for 10.

TIGER SALVE

CLEVER IDEAS

WHEN MAKING marmalade jam, remove one cup of the water in which the fruit has been soaking and replace it with a cup of fresh water just before putting the jam on to cook. This will eliminate that bitterness which so often spoils this jam.—*Esther, Ballarat, Vic.*

FEW PEOPLE realise that while a thermos flask will keep tea, coffee, and milk, etc., practically boiling hot for many hours it will keep them equally as cold. With hot weather coming on it is as well to recall this. For picnics, iced fruit drinks or soft drinks carried in a thermos flask are always a success.—*C.G.C.C.*

AN IDEAL ash-tray can be made from the lid of a Piccaninny Wax medium-size tin which has a cavity on top, by the addition of a little lacquer.—*Ray Gibson, 292 Sydney Rd., Balgownie, N.S.W.*

NOW WE are well in the last quarter of the year our thoughts will soon turn towards that all important event—Christmas—and here is a little idea for an inexpensive gift that looks attractive. Procure two small glass or china dishes. Fill one with sweets—home-made for preference—Invert other dish for cover. Stand dishes in centre of colored handkerchief, and tie four ends with contrasting ribbon, and

add a little sprig of holly.—*Irene, Merthyr Rd., Brisbane.*

WHEN MENDING a stocking of delicate material, such as lisle or silk, place the stocking over a glass tumbler. You will find that the transparent glass will show up the threads of the tear, or break, and they will then be easily picked up with a fine steel crochet hook.—*Mrs. V. Cantwell, care Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 125 Oxford St., London, W.1.*

A LAMB'S fry will be much more tender if each piece is dipped in milk, and then placed straight into boiling fat and cooked slowly.—*Mrs. F. Wall, South St., Toowoomba, Qld.*

TO COOK sago, so as each grain is separate and not one solid jelly mass, pour it into boiling water, instead of cold, then cook. You will find such an improvement. Rice should also be cooked this way.—*Miss M.D., Laidley, Qld.*

CHARCOAL FOR the larder. A saucer of charcoal in the larder will prevent odors of certain foods from tainting other food, especially milk and butter. Meat and fish and poultry can be kept fresh in hot weather by being sprinkled with a little powdered charcoal. This washes away easily just before cooking.—*"Truro," Geelong, Vic.*

TO REMOVE ink stains mix mustard to a thick paste, spread over stains and leave for 24 hours. Sponge off with cold water and the stains will be gone. This will not harm colored goods.—*"Peter Pan," Fairfield, Qld.*

EMERGENCY COAT and frock hangers can be made at a moment's notice by rolling tightly an ordinary newspaper, tying it securely in middle, leaving a loop by which to hang it. Bend the newspaper slightly at both ends. This is an excellent idea on a holiday if the everyday coat-hanger is forgotten in the last moment rush.—*W.A.B., Ballarat, Vic.*

WASHING UP ... In the Very Best Way

Follow a method in your washing-up, and you'll do it with almost mechanical ease.

In washing-up, as in other household duties, you must be methodical, must have a definite plan. Then you'll see how much more pleasant this irksome task can become.

TAKE the dirty dishes from the table, and pack them in the kitchen. This is a much quicker process than packing them up on the dining-table—as one sees in some homes. Next, you should sort them into different piles; for example, china, glassware, knives, silver, pots and pans should all be grouped together.

All scraps should be scraped off and then thrown away, and it is a good plan



to run cold water over the dishes so that the washing-up water will be as clean as possible.

The washing-up water itself should be very hot, with some washing soap-powder added.

Wash the glass first, after it the knives (see that the knives do not have their handles in the water), then the silver.

Change the water and wash the china. This will be quicker in the long run. Place it on the plate rack or the draining board to drain.

The saucepans, of course, are washed last. Use soap-powder with the hot water. You'll need a cleanser and a pot scourer. Keep renewing the wire scourer frequently, and keep a good supply of dry dishcloths and tea-towels ready. Wash the cloths out afterwards, or boil them, and hang them up to dry.

It is an excellent plan to have a small shelf, by the sink on which to keep a soap dish, a jar of soda, and various packets of soap powders, cleansers, and scouring mixtures. Have only those which you are actually using there; the reserve stock should be stored away from the steam.

The mop, which should have a brush on one side and a mop on the other, may hang on a hook beside the sink. A mop is more handy and easier to keep clean than a washing-up cloth.

Why Look Passe?

COSMETIC SURGERY

cannot actually make you younger, but it does make you look and feel younger. All facial imperfections—Sagging Cheeks or Necks, Nose to Mouth Lines, Wrinkled Eyelids, Drooping Eyebrows, Unshapely Noses, Ears or Lips, can be permanently corrected. Cosmetic Surgery does not involve any surgical operation. No risk. No pain.



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The cleaner that's safest and surest—SCRUBB'S! It cleans and polishes the porcelain of the bathroom and kitchen... simplifies washing up... cleans the silver... freshens carpets and curtains, and whitens linens and laces. There's a use for it in every room!

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"... AFTER THAT SKIN TREATMENT WITH OLIVE OIL, NURSE, KEEP TO PALMOLIVE FOR SAFETY"



MEDICAL men advise to-day, as for many years they have advised, that Olive Oil alone is safe to use upon the sensitive skin of new-born babies.

Olive Oil, so safe for babies, fulfils the two most important functions of all modern beauty treatment. It cleanses—gently, safely. It nourishes—and so helps to prevent dryness and resist the coming of wrinkles.

Remember, into each cube of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of Olive Oil. Nature's greatest beauty aid.



Famous beauty specialists all over the world, therefore, advise regular use of Palmolive Soap—because of its rich content of pure olive oil.

There is nothing so beneficial to complexions as the gentle lather of Palmolive. No matter how sensitive your skin, no matter what the climatic conditions may be, you can use this bland and lovely soap with safety at all times.

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DRESS & SILK FABRICS & MANCHESTER GOODS

Only 2 days remain in which to take advantage of the special Bargain prices prevailing in our Dress Goods and Manchester Sections! Now, then, is the time to choose fabrics for smart summer wardrobes—to stock up on Manchester Goods—to replenish your Linen Cupboard—at a considerable saving! Here are typical bargains.

28" SILK SPONGE CLOTH

USUALLY
1/6¹/₂ YD

Surely the lowest price ever for this popular fabric! Silk Sponge Cloth, in a fine colour range, which includes White, Pinks, Greens, Blue, Red, Saxe, Brown, Mauve, Lemon, etc. The ideal fabric for all out-o'-door wear—Sports Frocks, Cruise Suits, or Beach wear. Why not secure a length or two—now, at this special reduction? Usually 1/0¹/₂ yard.

SPECIAL AT, yard

8³/₄ YARD

27" PRINTED COTTON VOILE

USUALLY
11³/₄ YD

And here's another wonderful fabric-value at Half-Price! Fresh, cool Printed Cotton Voile, in neat printed designs, specially suitable for Children's and Maids' wear. Your choice of light or dark shades—all fast colours. A Frock length at this special price will cost but a trifle. See them to-morrow! Usually 11³/₄ yard. SPECIAL AT, yard

5¹/₂ YARD

36" Special Quality CHIFFON VOILE

USUALLY
1/6¹/₂

An almost endless variety of designs and colours in this Chiffon Voile, offers inspiration galore for dainty Spring and Summer frocks. Choose from over 100 different printed effects—all guaranteed fast colours! Designs also include a range of smart Polka Spots on White grounds. At Half-Price this Special Offer creates one of the fabric sensations of the season! Usually 1/6¹/₂ yard. SPECIAL AT, yard

8¹/₂ YARD

100 Pairs FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS FOR DOUBLE BEDS

Better Value than ever in these days of rising cotton prices! Made from Finlay's smooth, evenly woven Plain Sheet of pure White bleach. Will launder soft and firm. Famous for its long, satisfying wear. For Double Beds. Size 80in. x 90in. Usually 13/11 pair. SPECIAL AT, pair

USUALLY
13/11 PR



9/6

50 only! HAND-MADE SUPPER SETS

Your guests will admire the beauty of the daintily coloured hand-embroidered designs. Size is 36in. x 36in. and there are four pretty serviettes to match. Usually 18/9 set. SPECIAL PRICE, set ..



USUALLY
18/9

6/11

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THE FOOD ... WE EAT

Food influences not only the physical and mental parts of our make-up, but will influence our character, personality, and, in fact, all our thoughts and actions.

"OUR health mentally and physically is controlled by the food we eat," stated Sister Peniston, well-known dietitian, at a luncheon tendered her at David Jones' last week.

Are we a healthy people? About 150,000 patients pass through our hospitals yearly, and as our population in this State is little more than 2½ millions, about one in eighteen receives hospital treatment at a cost to the community of £1,500,000. Fees to doctors, nurses, and dentists in private practice, not to mention the undertakers, must also amount to a considerable sum. The Commonwealth and State expenditure on charitable relief in New South Wales, including hospitals and pensions, is more than £3 for every man, woman, and child in the community.

Our invalid pensioners, in comparison, are increasing at an alarming rate. Our taxpayers number 297,000, and our pensioners 255,000. At the present rate of increase in sickness and disability, it



SCIENTISTS, engaged in food research work declare that disability and disease, to a great extent, originate in factory or kitchen.

would seem the pensioners will soon equal in numbers the taxpayers.

Truly an amazing state of affairs, with very little prospect of improvement, due to the apathy of the general public in regard to their health. It is really the last thing they consider—and only when force of circumstances compels them to do so. Those who study the disastrous effects of so-called food and wrong mixtures that are poured into the stomach realise that this state of costly inefficiency is almost entirely due to ignorance of nature's needs.

Natural Facilities—Ours

Living in a wonderful climate, with every natural facility to enable us to enjoy good health, it behoves us to rear men and women who will be a credit to our country—not a burden and a disgrace.

This can be done if they are educated to know what to eat and how to eat it. Simple and natural food is all that is required, and because of this simple truth, which is such a mighty factor in the progress of a nation, it is almost ignored.

Eating to live under our present civilisation is very difficult, unless you know how, but if one lives to eat it's a case of an early grave via the dining-table.

USING LAUNDRY WATER OVER AGAIN

THE British Laundries' Research Association are now carrying out the final experiments by which they hope to save at least thirty per cent of the water usually employed for washing purposes and then thrown out.

In the case of drought their research work will reap great national benefits. During the recent water shortage prevalent in London, Sir Charles Dooch has made extensive inquiries into the amount of water wasted by laundries. Most of the bigger laundries around London have already sunk their own artesian wells, so that they are independent of the London supply.

It is hoped by the new process to clarify the rinse water so that it is made fit for further use again and again. This process will bring laundries into line with dry-cleaners, who clarify the spirit after each use.

Mr. Stark, of the National Federation of Laundries, gave a piece of information in which every woman will be interested. Are chemicals used for domestic laundry? No. Laundries catering for domestic work, as distinct from hotel trade, most certainly use soap. You can believe this with perfect faith, because soap has proved to be far cheaper than chemicals.

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

Professor Dakin has discovered where pillchards breed, in Sydney Harbor, and says a fishing industry here would thrive vastly?

The Chief Justice, Mr. F. R. Jordan, makes a hobby of languages and his library shelves are laden with French and Italian classics?

Impressive Function

MRS. de MERRAULT, formerly of Darling Point, writes about a gorgeous reception given by the British Empire League at the Imperial Institute. Margaret Baxter, who was so well known in Sydney, is on the council, and, of course, was present.

Indian princes who were present and ablaze with jewels added a touch of Eastern splendour to the function.

Mrs. de Merrault's party included Lady Newnes, Colonel and Mrs. Profeit, Mrs. Parr, Major Evans Jackson, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Rosemary Haslam, from India, who was presented at court by Lady Newnes, and Mrs. de Merrault's son, Lieut. Edward de Merrault.

Where All Roads Lead

MISS KATHLEEN GADEN is going to Melbourne, where she will doubtless have a wonderful time, as the British Delegation for the Overseas League are to foregather for a conference there—at the moment when all roads will lead to Melbourne. Mrs. David Scotland, who also belongs to the League will help Miss Gaden, who is the honorary corresponding secretary of the Sydney branch of this large society.

Members of the Overseas League will be given the opportunity to meet many of the visitors in the Carlton Hotel at a late afternoon party over which Sir Keith Smith will preside, and at which many distinguished citizens, including Sir Kelson and Lady King, have promised to be present on October 8. Miss Gaden will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Parrin Webb for the celebrations.

May Not Return

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS JACKSON are being entertained prior to leaving Australia, probably for good. After visiting Mrs. Jackson's married daughter in New Zealand they will travel via the Panama Canal to England. Mr. Jackson, who has always been so interested in the Little Theatre movement in Sydney, is now just as keen about the talkies.

He has written a play about Parnell and Kitty O'Shea, and the Irish situation of their day, which he hopes will be produced as a talkie. As Parnell was six feet two, George Arliss will not be the interpreter.

Engagement Announced

AN engagement just announced is that of Bertha Engels, who some years ago came to Sydney from Russia, to Dr. T. Bolger. Like her sister, Mrs. Victor Trikojus, who is a very fine pianist, Miss Engels is also talented. Her specialty is Maori songs, which she broadcasts from time to time. One of Dr. Bolger's chief interests outside his work is yachting.

Nervous Debutantes

WRITES Muriel Segal:—
A very well-known society woman told me a pathetic story lately of the dreadful attacks of nerves suffered by some of the debutantes she had presented during her many years in London society. During the last season, she said, a very beautiful young society girl entered the throne room, and just as she reached Her Majesty to make her curtsy she suddenly became so ill that the ushers had to hurry her off the scenes.

Next day, she received the kindest personal letter from Her Majesty saying that there was no need at all for her to feel uncomfortable, that she quite understood and, in fact, the same thing had happened so often since Her Majesty had held Courts that she had quite lost count of the numerous occasions. Her Majesty added a gracious message of sympathy.

I hear debutantes often become too ill to go through the presentation ceremony and ushers are always prepared for the emergency of a fainting deb.

Secretary Resigns

WHEN a band of young women graduates left the University about thirty-five years ago there were hardly any clubs for women, certainly no intellectual ones. So the little coterie, including Mary Booth, Elsie Sutherland, and Edith Fry founded a club on the lines of the Lyceum in London. Every member had to justify her existence, professionally or artistically. Lady Beaumont was president and Miss Sutherland secretary.

After a lifetime of strenuous and congenial life, for there are now nearly 1000 members, Miss Sutherland is resigning. At the University she distinguished herself in English, usually winning the essay prizes. She has received several offers to join the staff of American Universities, but preferred to continue her work at the club. She is the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Sutherland.

be allowed to stay that she won. Her long schoolgirl plaits were advanced as a final objection—but Olivia had come armed with hairpins, and soon disposed of them in the most grown-up manner

Conquering Another World

PORTIA HOLMAN, who until recently was on the staff of St. Andrew's College, Edinburgh, working with Professor Julian Huxley, is now back at Cambridge, where she was a student, studying for yet another degree. Portia is already a B.A. of Sydney and an M.A. of Cambridge, and was one of three psychologists a year or so ago to be invited to Russia to lecture.

Now she is taking a course in Medicine so that she may become a still more able psychologist. Mrs. Holman, who is now settled into a flat at the bottom of Macleay St., formerly the home of Dr. Maclean, has an extra flat upstairs for her overflow possessions.



Unrehearsed Debut

AT least one of the pretty little dancers at the Dante Alighieri Ball made an unrehearsed debut. She was Olivia Fiaschi, and she looked a picture in pink muslin with her fair hair wound in plaits round her head.

Olivia, it seems, drove into town with her mother and sister, Elissa, but as she is only 15 her mother had no intention of allowing her to stay on to the dance.

Olivia, however, pleaded so eloquently

Romantic Wedding

A FEW weeks ago Lieut. T. F. Percival, R.A.N., who had left H.M.A.S. Canberra to do a course of flying in Victoria, was suddenly recalled to enter the Intelligence Department of the Penguin, Sydney. Before he left Melbourne he married Miss Joy Taylor, daughter of Mr. J. Taylor, of St. Kilda Rd., so that he is starting his new job while on his honeymoon. The young couple are boarding at Kirribilli while looking around for a home. The bride made her first appearance in naval circles at a party on the Penguin last week.

Off to the East

ALTHOUGH he makes frequent trips to the East, Professor Sadler, Professor of Oriental History at Sydney University, is keen to take another one this year, and has obtained leave for a year. He leaves for his trip in the near future, and everyone is wondering what will happen to his home in Warrawee. It has a perfect Japanese garden containing edible bamboos, irises growing in a stream, and a Japanese tea-house. At the end of every year it is the professor's custom to invite all his students to spend the afternoon at his home.

Wedding Plans

NAOMI WILLIAMS has fixed the date of her wedding to Wynne Reilly for November 21. The ceremony will take place during the afternoon at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and will be followed by a cocktail party. The bridesmaids, Mollie Brearley, Lois Basil-Jones, and Pauline Watson, who will wear apple-green frocks, are old schoolfellows (Aschant) of the bride.

Naomi and Wynne will stay at Cliff-ford, Wyld St., until they find a home of their own. Yet even that may be temporary, for there is a chance that they may finally live in Melbourne.

Home For Xmas

MR. OSWALD CHEEKE is leaving London at the end of the month, so he will arrive in Sydney in good time for Christmas. He is at present staying at Folkestone, and often sees Lady Cooper, who, although she is 82, is still enjoying life. Lady Cooper is an aunt of Miss Wentworth, and was a contemporary of the late Mrs. Cheeke, Oswald's mother. The late Sir William Cooper built Woollahra House, where Mrs. Cheeke was born. Subsequently Oswald and his mother rented a house in the grounds when they returned after many years' absence in England.

Minding Her Friend's Home

MRS. DOWELL O'REILLY and her artist son will spend the summer months in Leura, and while they are away Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Swainson and Peter will move to their beautiful home, The Crescent, at Vaucluse, which is complete with swimming bath and its own boat. Mrs. Swainson entered St. Luke's this week, but hopes to be out again very shortly.

Have You Noticed—

That Kath Rutherford, who could not be induced to play when at school, now excels most of her friends in tennis?

Major Royce Shannon's interest in films nowadays?

Mrs. B. E. Minns' marvellous Persian shawl?

Mrs. Scott Waine wearing, with striking success, a spray of tulips extending from shoulder to waist-line?

In and Out of Society :: By WEP





if FATHER DID THE WASHING



MODERNISE YOUR LAUNDRY
for 10/- DEPOSIT
5/- A MONTH

every laundry would be a model of efficiency—completely mechanised. There would be no smoking copper... no washing-boards, no clothes strainers, no early rising—and many "wash-house" relics would disappear.

However, custom or tradition dictates that washing and laundering the family linen is one of the functions of womenfolk, and this probably explains why there are still thousands of laundries in the Sydney metropolitan area which cannot boast either labor-saving appliances or up-to-date conveniences.

But a big change has come over things, and, since the beginning of the year, hundreds of women have taken advantage of the gas company's laundry modernising offer. This provides that, for a deposit of 10/- and monthly payments of 5/-, the company will demolish the old fuel copper and instal a spick and span gas copper. Therefore, any woman who wants to enjoy 1934 comfort and convenience on washing day—wants to get away from the humdrum and drudgery of the old-fashioned method—and enjoy more leisure and pleasure—should take advantage of this modernising scheme right away.

Write or phone for illustrated literature or ask us to send an expert to give you free advice.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms

Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station) Phone 11437

GAS COSTS LESS THAN A HA'PENNY A UNIT



"ISN'T IT NICE?" This beautiful sewing-machine must be won by someone. See below.

PRIZES for ALL in This Unique BALLOT

Readers who wish to participate in the ballot being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly, with an all-British Jones sewing machine for a prize, should remember that all coupons and letters should reach this office by October 10, the closing date of the ballot.

Remember that composition and literary style will not be taken into consideration, and the prize will be awarded for the letter offering the most helpful suggestions irrespective of whether it is in criticism or praise of The Australian Women's Weekly.

MANY valuable and much appreciated suggestions have already been made by readers, and they will all be taken into consideration by the management.

The Australian Women's Weekly has set out to ascertain from its readers what features of the paper make the most appeal, in what direction they think the paper could be improved, what features they consider should be eliminated or given less space, and which should be enlarged.

In addition to the gift machine for the best letter received by October 10, The Australian Women's Weekly has arranged a special consolation prize for every reader who enters the ballot.

The consolation prize is a £2 discount provided by this paper to every entrant who wishes to purchase a sewing-machine of this particular make and model. The discount will, of course, be only available for a limited period, but will be allowed just the same if the machine is purchased on Pincock's very easy terms of £1 deposit and 3/8 a week.

ALL you have to do is to write a short letter to the Editor of this paper stating what features of the paper you like best, what features you think should be given more space, or less space, to, and making other suggestions for the improvement of the paper.

In addition to that, cut out the ballot paper on page 43 and mark the features from 1 to 6 in the order you like them best. You may mark more than six features if you wish, and if you like several features equally well, you may give them the same preference marks.

For instance, if the short stories and social columns equally please you, mark them all No. 1.

All that is asked is that you give us your real opinion on our paper.

The all-British Jones sewing machine, which is being given as a prize for this ballot is valued at £24/10/-, and may be inspected at the Pincock Sewing Machine Company's premises in 73 Drillett St., Sydney, opposite the entrance to the Town Hall.

It has always been the policy of this paper to encourage the purchase and use of Empire products in preference to goods imported from foreign countries.

The Jones sewing machine is an entirely Empire product. The machine itself is turned out by the leading sewing machine company of Great Britain, while the beautiful maple cabinet in which it is enclosed is a tribute to the handiwork of Australian tradesmen.

The all-British Jones sewing machines are officially used in all institutions under the control of the British Government in England, and the machine has been personally commended to the women of England by Her Majesty Queen Mary, and holds the Royal warrant of the British Crown.

RHEUMATISM, JOINT PAINS

Stabbing Pains in the Back, Lumbago

Be warned of serious

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Down-dragging weakness, awful backache, an agony to stoop or get straight again, sharp, shooting pains through the muscles—hour after hour of pain—no wonder these dreadful symptoms of kidney trouble line your face and make you feel and look too-old, worn-out and without energy for anything.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes your life a misery, although, perhaps, you do not know it, and only a remedy that acts directly through the kidneys can help you.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

Most confidently we suggest that if rheumatism, backache, or kidney weakness makes your life a misery, you cannot do better than to start at once with the tried and trusted remedy—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

In 24 hours from the very first dose you will see that this remedy does act directly on the kidneys—the seat of your trouble.

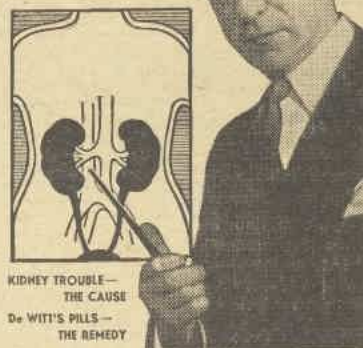
Years younger, pain-free, brighter and happier than ever—that is how you will feel after taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. The testimony of thousands who have tried and tested this famous remedy tells you so.

But prove this for yourself by getting a supply and taking this remedy regularly for a few days.

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS THIS WILL HELP YOU

Do not put off until to-morrow the health you can have to-day. Tried and trusted so many years, a safe, sure, family remedy, De Witt's Pills will not fail you.

Go to your chemist now. Ask him about De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. He can tell you they have been combined especially for the purpose of driving from the body pain-giving poisons, and to build up vigour and vitality. Buy a 3/6, or more economical 6/6, size box of "De Witt's" to-day. Definitely refuse any substitute, for we can honestly assure you that there is nothing "just as good" for kidney troubles as



KIDNEY TROUBLE—
THE CAUSE
De WITT'S PILLS—
THE REMEDY

Mr. Chas. Hayward, of 15, Lombard Street, Glebe Point, Sydney, New South Wales, writes:—
"A few years ago I suffered severely with rheumatism and kidney trouble. A friend advised me to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and I am very thankful to say that after taking only three bottles of this wonderful remedy I found complete relief."

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



A PAIR OF SMART PUNTERS—Misses Margaret Dare and Jean Kennedy. Miss Dare's frock was one of the new crepe weaves in tones of coffee and white. Note the interesting sleeves and neckline. Her hat, upturned at the back, has a quaint budgerigar mount. Miss Jean Kennedy added a polka dotted navy scarf to her pastel blue outfit. —Women's Weekly photo.

MY Dear Juliet,—
The Spring races have ushered in what will certainly be the most important social season in years. Never have I seen such a crowd as at the opening day.

Among the early arrivals were the Governor-General and Lady Isaacs, who entertained a luncheon party, including Sir Keise and Lady King, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, Mrs. Colin Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. George Main, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Brunton, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor White.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Philip Street, and Lady Street also entertained at luncheon, their guests including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayores, (Ald. and Mrs. A. L. Parker), Sir Thomas and Lady Bavin, General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter White, and a number of others.

AMONG the smartest of the well-dressed throng were Mrs. Tom Rolin, who chose a black and white satin gown and black picture hat; Lady McKelvey, who looked smart in a black and yellow check dress with a cartwheel hat of yellow straw, and Mrs. David Hill in a navy blue and white spotted silk dress with a small hat. Her daughter, Mrs.

Rupert Moses, of Singleton, who was with her, wore a pretty crepe frock of persimmon hue and a white Bangkok hat.

Mrs. James Ashton looked cool in a summery muslin of black and white. Mrs. Philip Parkinson wore a blue and white polka dotted silk with a swaggy coat of the same marine blue, and a posy of field flowers. Mrs. Ella Fielding Jones had on a pretty and unusual hat of folded grey ribbon which matched her gown of grey and dusty pink; she added a spray of mauve orchids. Mrs. J. J. Rouse looked very smart in a dress of sea blue and white with a French white carnation decorating the lapel of her coat. Mrs. R. A. Eakin wore a dusty pink crepe, her pink hat having a black bow.

Mrs. Warwick Fairfax's long navy coat was lined with white, and her gown was trimmed with narrow killings of white silk. Her fingernails were lacquered with the latest shade of Chinese vermilion. Mrs. H. S. Peakes was in a black and white coin-spotted tailored gown. Her friends from Melbourne were with her—Mrs. O'Dell Crowther and her daughter, Mrs. Haynes, who were leaving that night for their home. Mrs. Alan Potter wore a very attractive race-gown of white with a neck trim of sapphire blue velvet; cuffs of the same material ornamented her frock, and her hat was of velvet in the same bright hue, too. Mrs. Roy Buckland looked fascinating in an eau-de-nil silk with flowers made of the same silk, and her hat matched the outfit. Mrs. Hubert Fairfax chose a pussy

willow silk with brown flowers patterned on a white background.

Mrs. George Raynor's dress and hat were in matching coffee shades.

Mrs. Stuart Studdy's gown was patterned with a sprinkling of white daisies with yellow centres on a brown silk. Her cape sleeves were inset and finished with tiny embroidered daisies which looked quite original and delightful. Miss Liz Sheridan wore a tailor-made coat and skirt. Mrs. Rayner and her daughter, Owen, were there, the latter clad in a charming shade of blue. Miss Stella George was with them, wearing a Manila frock. Mrs. Gwen Wharton's frock was of cruiser blue, and she wore with it a small white hat trimmed with many shades of blue ribbon.

THE appearance of Mrs. B. E. Minns at the Society of Artists' conversations was warmly welcomed by her numerous friends. Mrs. Minns has been an invalid for many years and rarely makes a public appearance. She is now at a private hospital at Castlecrisp, and her health is improving.

EVERYTHING is set to give "GHT" a rousing welcome. The whole of Romanos has been booked for the welcome-home party and the elaborate preparations indicate that the evening, at which Joe Fallon is host, will make new party history.

THE premiere of "Sixteen" attracted a smart audience to the Criterion on Saturday. All the dresses worn by Jane Wood had unusual fashion interest, as one would expect, seeing Jane is impersonating a lady who holds a very important position in one of London's smarter frock shops. Particularly lovely is her green evening frock which is cut most cleverly, has shoulder straps of gardenias, is moulded to the knees, and flares into a short train.

ONE of the most popular items of the Ski Council's Ball at the Blaxland Galleries last week was when members of the band, dressed in ski-ing kit, slid down the staircase, ending at the bottom with a loud clatter and a very realistic fall. Unlike last year, however, when one bumped up against broken arms, legs, wrists, and other relics of Koschusko at nearly every turn, the only really noticeable invalid was Lewis McLeannan, whose foot was in plaster. Yet even this was not the result of winter sports, but of a mishap with an axe.

Stewart Jamieson, president of the council, was quite white, and Tom Mitchell, who hardly ever seems to stay put on his station in Victoria, but always to be taking his annual trip to the winter sports in Japan, rushing off to catch the snow in Switzerland, or merely trekking to Koschusko, was also, unlike last year, when he was present with a broken leg, well able to join the dancers. Tom's sister, Honor, now Mrs. Morton Lodge, who has also broken limbs at Koschusko, was not present this year, as she is still honeymooning down the South Coast.

The party was particularly cheery, as most of the dancers seemed to know one another. Others present included Mollie Brearley, Marjorie Simpson, Beatrice

In the... Bachelors' Gallery

JOHN MEEKS, tall and of medium coloring. Is staying with Lady Hordern while his cousin, Doreen Hordern, and his mother and sister, Beatrice, are abroad. In business with his father. In the middle twenties. An only son. Excels at tennis. Dances well. Very popular.

Pawitt, Janet Thatcher, Ann Gordon, and M. Pierre Mauret, lecturer in French at Sydney University.

ON Sunday last many of his friends came to Sydney for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Canon Howard Lea's ordination. Rev. Arthur Rix, rector of Balmaln, was present at the ordination itself, being a very young choir boy at the time.

Mr. Justice Street, and Rev. Terence Naughton, of Ryistone, Canon Leavers, of Dubbo, and Canon Robertson, of Canberra, were also present. Mrs. Parke Pope sent hundreds of daffodils for decoration from her home at Blackheath.

LESLIE EALES, daughter of Mrs. John Eales, is planning a trip to Queensland, which will last until nearly the end of November. She will return to Sydney just in time for the Prince's visit. Next year she may go even farther afield to England.

AS most of his students finished their examinations in August, Sir Henry Barraclough, Dean of the Faculty of Engineering at Sydney University, did not wait for the end of the year, but has left for England already.

TO celebrate the starting of the swimming season, a party of ten spent the holiday week-end in Mr. Webb's cottage on the Hill at Palm Beach, including Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Curlews, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland, Mr. Robert Broad, and Miss Margaret Copeland.

Parties for Miss Copeland, who will marry Mr. Broad shortly, are now being planned, although several dates are as yet uncertain, as Mrs. Alan Copeland is entering hospital on Friday for a minor operation. Mrs. R. Snelling and Mrs. Elaine Lane have arranged their party in her honor for October 19, at their beautiful home, Coombe Grange, Cronulla.

EVEN though it was their night out, or because of it, speeches were frequent in between dances at the ball of the U.A.P. Combined Younger Sets at the Empress Rooms on Saturday. The party was a large one, and the tables, decorated in competition for a prize, formed a charming background, as most of them were floral. A floral representation of the Harbor Bridge, by Mr. Packett, and a design of pink arm lilies, by Alison Benson, carried off the prizes.

Dancers included Miss Bonnie Hoggate, who conducted the Minister for Justice and Mrs. Martin on their tour of judging the tables; Sid Martin, president of the ball committee, who led the cheering when Mr. Hordfield, whose birthday was due in an hour or so, arrived; Mr. Eric Sodersteen, who recently returned from England and the Continent, swapped yarns of life abroad with his fellow architect Dick Simpson, and told of his plans for a new men's club in Sydney; John Cowper, a member of the family after whom the electorate is named, who has lately discovered he wants to do things politically; Mr. J. O'Rourke, who did not find even dancing in the heat quite so strenuous as training to be an international footballer, when everything, including his hours of sleep, were strictly regulated; and Miss Joyce Cocks, once lent by the Mitchell Library for political work; Betty Lancelotti, Captain and Mrs. J. Dennis, Alice Grace, Mr. Aubrey Halloran and Mr. Lionel Hurley, who worked very energetically all night.

MR. AND MRS. HAL CAPPER, who are down from Maitland, started Race Week on Saturday with a dinner party at the Australia, followed by a theatre and supper party of sixteen. Mrs. Capper wore a lovely model frock of green and two shades of pink, and a "looking-glass" buckle of green.

AS she has always been extremely enthusiastic about horses, her family formerly playing polo, for which they owned a string of ponies, and herself still owning racehorses, Mrs. W. Bell Allen is usually one of the "regulars" at Randwick.

This year, however, she is recovering from a bad bout of flu. After an illness protracted over six weeks, she is now in the convalescent stage.

STAYING with Mrs. Wilfrid Fairfax at present is a Queensland visitor, Miss Joan White, who is writing a book centred on Australian history. With her hostess she left Sydney last week for a short holiday at Bowral, and when she returns she will be the guest of Miss Mary Fairfax.

Jane Anne

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CHOOSE this all-British, summer-fashion fabric... Murralt. It's dainty, cool and serviceable. Murralt is offered in the most attractive colours. Smart spot and floral patterns... all the latest designs are there. Murralt, too, is guaranteed fadeless. Save money on your own frocks... on the children's clothing... make them with Murralt and enter for the free cruise for two persons... your draper has particulars.

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Lovely Society Girl Engaged to Famous Polo Player!

UNUSUAL interest attaches to the announcement made on Monday evening of the engagement of Miss Janet Thatcher, only child of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Thatcher, of St. Mervyns, Double Bay, to Mr. Geoffrey Ashton, third son of the Hon. James Ashton, M.L.C., and Mrs. Ashton, of Double Bay, and Markdale, Glen Innes.

Miss Thatcher, who is one of the most attractive and popular girls in Sydney society, was educated at Frencham, Mittagong, and after the completion of her education spent a couple of years in world travel with her parents. She is a prolific reader, and also keen on outdoor sport. She plays a good game of tennis, and is equally proficient in the saddle.

She is a true blonde in type, with vivid blue eyes, fair hair, and a dainty, slim figure.

She is probably the only girl in Sydney who has adopted the American style

of living in an exclusive flat within that of her parents.

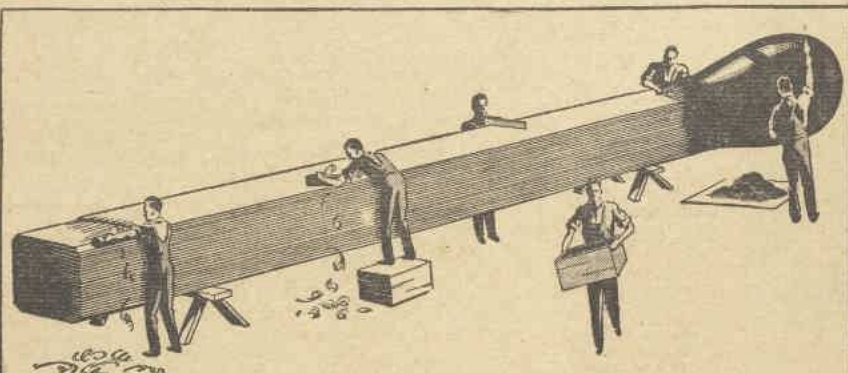
MR. GEOFFREY ASHTON is perhaps best known as a member of the Ashton brothers' famous polo team. The four Ashton brothers carried everything before them as polo players in Australia, and afterwards toured America and Great Britain, where their skill, and that of their Australian ponies, attracted world-wide attention.

The four Ashton brothers are undoubtedly Australia's most famous quartet of bachelors. Now that Cupid has taken the youngest captive, speculation is already rife as to when the others will follow his excellent lead!

Last polo season all eyes were on the eldest brother, James, and rumor frequently coupled his name with that of a beautiful brunette well known in social circles. However, to the disappointment of the romantically-minded, the rumors of a prospective engagement were not substantiated. Now that Geoff has taken the plunge—well, we shall see what we shall see!



AN EXCITING moment in the chukka. Mr. Geoffrey Ashton saves the day for his team.



Come and see Matches being made

IF you visit Melbourne for the Centenary Celebrations or Royal Show, enjoy a fascinating morning (or afternoon) in Bryant & May's Model factory, where millions of matches are made daily—there are few sights more interesting than the manufacture of these matches.

Come and see the peeling machines that veneer thousands of feet of Queensland logs. Come and marvel at the giant machines that, with wonderful efficiency, handle millions of matches in a series of operations, from dipping the wooden splints to packing the finished matches in their boxes. See the taper for Wax Vestas being woven at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and many other interesting operations.

Melbourne Show Week gives visitors an opportunity for visiting us, although we would remind you that we have the "Welcome" sign out all the year round, to city and country visitors alike. Come, then, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday of Show Week at 9.30 a.m. or 2 p.m. No invitation—other than this—is needed.

To reach us, take the PRAHRAN Electric Tram from the Princes Bridge Terminus, and ask the conductor to put you down at BRYANT & MAY'S, RICHMOND.

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MELBOURNE, VICTORIA



AN ATTRACTIVE outdoor study of Miss Janet Thatcher, who has just announced her engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Ashton. (See story.)
—Women's Weekly Photos.

"SIXTEEN" ... At the Criterion

(By ALICE JACKSON)

TWO clever young Australian girls, Isabelle Mahon and Sydney Bush, are given a fine opportunity in "Sixteen," the new Criterion play, and each of them very definitely makes good.

Sydney Bush is the stage name of the girl playing the part of the sixteen-year-old daughter and, in this play, she makes her first professional appearance.

The role is a difficult one. Irene, whom Miss Bush portrays, is a highly sensitive girl of 16, brought up to idealise the memory of her dead soldier father and adoring her mother, Jennifer Laurence (Jane Wood), on whom has fallen the burden of supporting the household.

The plot of the play centres round Irene's jealous reaction to the idea of her mother marrying a second time. It is no easy matter to sustain an audience's sympathy with the attitude of Irene and overacting or underacting on Miss Bush's part would have ruined the whole play. It is a tribute to her ability that she showed such a nice appreciation of the nuances of the role, and that her interpretation kept the audience's sympathy with her throughout the piece.

A rich vein of comedy is supplied by Isabelle Mahon as the enfant terrible of the family. There is no doubt whatever that this girl, who made her first professional appearance in "Gay Divorce," has outstanding ability, and must quickly rise to stardom.

PERFORMANCES of finished artistry were given by Miss Jane Wood, star of the piece. Miss Emma Temple (Jennifer's mother), whose return to the stage in this piece after a long absence was warmly welcomed. Miss Katie Towers in the delightful role of the trusted and quaint old family retainer, Mr. Harvey Adams as the lawyer who is to marry Jennifer, and Mr. Kenneth Brampton as the family doctor.

A minor flaw in the piece, for an Australian audience, is made when Sir John presents a bunch of arm lilies to Jennifer's mother and she exclaims at his extravagance. Arm lilies may be expensive in England, but in Australia the bunch presented by Sir John would cost about one shilling. Also, what was the fur of the coat which figured so prominently in the piece? It was referred to as mink on Saturday, but from the audience it looked suspiciously like squirrel.

HOST Holbrook says: A dainty delicacy is the Holbrook Stuffed Olive. The stones have been replaced with red pimentos.***



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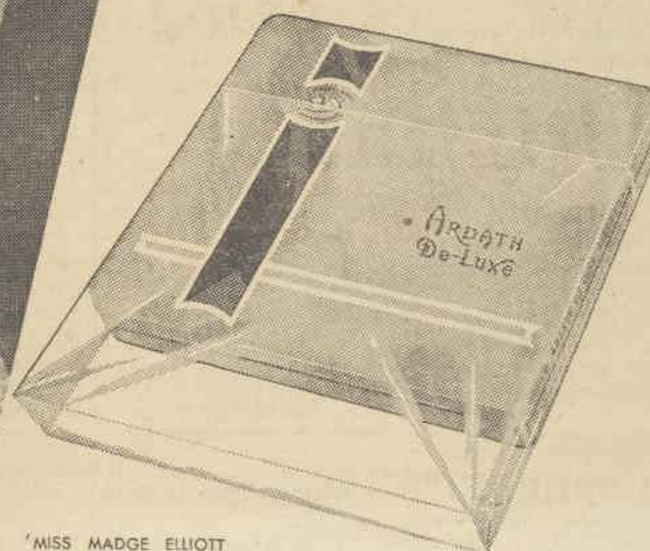


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Swiftly Society accepted Ardath de-Luxe... enthusiastically Society adopted it... charmed with its slim ivory-and-scarlet packing... delighted with the fresh-fragrant, mild and soothing qualities of the cigarette itself. No cigarette in recent years has leapt so swiftly into the limelight... has achieved success so spontaneous... so unreserved.

Kind to your throat... soothing to your nerves... this superb cigarette will give you keener satisfaction than you've ever known before.

Only the traditional English blend... an Ardath secret... supported by scrupulous care in manufacture could achieve such high endorsement.



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She Keeps Her Hold on Youth

She has vanquished Time. Aglow with health, still flowering with beauty, exultantly she greets each day.

How many women past the first golden score of years are so filled with joy of life? Four out of five, probably, are afflicted with Pyorrhea—that disease of the gums which marks its victim with the blighting touch of Age.

Pyorrhea begins with nothing more alarming than tenderness and bleeding of the gums. But as the disease progresses, the gums recede, the teeth decay or loosen, and Pyorrhea germs seeping into the system through the gums cause many ailments. Medical science has proved this in the greatest clinics of the world.

End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. Visit your Dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

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No man can think, write, or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth.—William Blake

"Where did you study art?" a young student asked of Whistler. Like a flash came the answer: "Wherever I happened to be."

A pride is a person defending an inner conflict by being censorious of another's conduct.—Canon E. W. Greensted, in A. J. Russell's "For Sinners Only."

HOT Holbrook says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Holbrook's Manhattan Olives are correct for the cocktail.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

Another Snake Yarn

A FRIEND had just moved into a new house when her husband had to leave hurriedly on a business trip to the country. On the husband's return a week later he found the house deserted. After a protracted wait he was informed by a neighbor that his wife had been living at her mother's place all the time he had been away because there was a snake at large in the house. The snake, he learned, could be seen through a displaced cover of a manhole in one of the bedrooms. Investigation proved that the "snake" that had caused all the trouble was nothing but an old stockwhip, a loop of which hung over the edge of the manhole. Certainly, it looked serpentine.—J.C.

Animated Lingerie

A TULLY (North Queensland) friend of mine was hanging out her washing when she found that the clothesline was not long enough to hold all the clothes. She was compelled, therefore, to place some of the garments on the grass, and included among them was a cotton singlet.

On coming out a few minutes later she was amazed to see the singlet leave the yard and tear along over a piece of ploughed ground! She gave a shout and then set off in pursuit of the fleeing garment.

Convulsed with laughter, her husband and some laborers watched her. She had to run fully a hundred yards before she came up to the singlet, to find that a large goanna had become caught in the armhole! She had a lively few minutes releasing the reptile.—V.P.

Very "Civil Servant"

IN a pillar-box in a busy street I inadvertently posted a letter without a stamp. Shortly afterwards I realised my mistake. I particularly wanted that

Women's Weekly Feature Session

Day Sessions by Dorothea Vantier.

FRIDAY.—11.45 a.m., featured talk and music. 3.30 p.m., "From Far and Near," news items from abroad.

SATURDAY.—9.15-9.45, Celebrity recital conducted by "Discobols."

SUNDAY.—9.15-9.45, "Billy Jones and Ernie Hart," world entertainers.

MONDAY.—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight," "From Far and Near."

TUESDAY.—11.45 a.m., So They Say topics. 3.30 p.m., musical personalities.

WEDNESDAY.—11.45 a.m., "What the World is Reading," 3.30 p.m., music and featured talk.

THURSDAY.—11.45 a.m., Highlights of The Australian Women's Weekly. 3.30 p.m., So They Say topics.

letter to make a good impression. So I retraced my steps to the letter-box and found it was not due to be cleared for four hours.

On a sheet from my notebook I scribbled a note to the postman asking him to affix a stamp to the letter to Mrs. Blank; I folded the note to enclose a shilling, addressed it "To Postman," and affixed it to the pillar-box door with some chewing-gum and left the rest to fate.

The addressee duly received that letter without postal tax to pay; and I not a job I might have missed had I been introduced with an irritating "Fourpence to pay, Madam."—F.C.M.

Ready Labelled

A FEW years ago I wanted a second-hand wristlet watch to use while on fishing expeditions. I went into a shop in Edward St., Brisbane, to inspect some watches. Several were produced but were not to my liking. I was just on the point of leaving the shop when the salesman said, "I've a good silver wristlet watch I'll let you have for £1, but it has initials on." When it was produced, to my amazement it bore my own initials, R.M.B. The salesman was also mystified, but the watch came into my possession as a curio, and I still have it.—R.M.B.

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A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



Is your wife only HALF PROTECTED?

IT is a good citizen who assures his life, but there are many good citizens who are not adequately assured; their families are only half protected.

For how much, then, should a man be assured? That depends on his obligations. He should aim to assure himself for enough to give his wife and family security and reasonable comfort after his death. The sum of £500 invested at 4 per cent. will give a widow an income of less than ten shillings a week. It is not enough, but a £500 policy is a good start for a man to make.

In 1907 a certain man, then aged 29, joined the A.M.P. Society and assured himself for £2,000. The premium was less than a pound a week. He died recently and (so extraordinarily satisfactory are A.M.P. bonuses) his wife received £3,500. Invested wisely, that sum will return her about £3 a week. Little enough, but a great comfort to a woman in distress.

A man should begin with a £500 policy and add other policies as his income increases; that way he peace of mind and security. The wise man will talk over this all-important question with an A.M.P. counsellor or, if he live far from an A.M.P. office, will ask that the book, "Investing in Happiness," be sent to him. The wise man will write at once.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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THE GREATEST MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE
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LOUISE MACK Advises ... ON Mothers IN OFFICES

ONCE there was the home woman who never did anything else but look after her home and family. Then there rose up the office woman who very efficiently left home work to some other paid woman and devoted herself to her business cares.

And now comes along the woman who stretches her energies over being a mother and a wife and a housekeeper at the same time as being an expert business woman and a highly successful entrepreneur.

ON the tombs of the Roman matrons before the Caesars a motto used to be engraved: "She spun wool, and kept at home."

In those far-off days, which yet possessed a sweet beauty and dignity of their own, no higher praise could be meted out to a woman than that classic motto.

But, after all, when all's said and done, is it such a very different thing that the woman of to-day does?

Looking into the past with a cool and critical eye, we find that the home-staying matron really ran a sort of immense emporium.

Nonetheless was it an emporium because it happened to be a palace or a mansion. That matron of yore had her work cut out, though she wasn't on any pay-sheet, and though her work didn't cease at five or half-past.

She had to superintend a hundred varied activities, and her work was never finished.

She had to study dyes and cosmetics as well as preserves and pickles. She had to know how to yard and how to spin, and long, long hours were demanded of her, that woman who kept at home.

Also, she had to ask her husband for every penny, even if it was her own money, because if she had had any money of her own she had to hand it all over to him, when he married her.

Yet the Romans considered their women were magnificently rewarded with that motto on their tombs: "She spun wool and kept at home."

I wonder what the women thought about it themselves.

Become Elastic

MRS. D. (Brisbane) has written telling me how successfully she carries out her home and office duties in spite of the warnings directed at her when she announced her intention of going into business.

"How would you advise a married woman with three children, and a not-too-successful husband, when chance offered her the opportunity of proving what she could do in the business world? Would you advise her to say No?"

"My friends and relatives all advised me to turn down the offer and stay at home at all costs, for the sake of the children. Now I am making a clear thousand a year. I pay wages to a capable housekeeper. I send my children to the best schools, my husband and I have plenty of nice clothes and nice food and as worry has completely disappeared we are both much happier and brighter, and fonder of each other than ever."

"Our week-ends, that used to be so dull and dragging, now pass in a flash, motoring, picnicking, surfing, and lovely new books to read. The knowledge that I have to go to work on Monday seems to make things all the better."

Very interesting is that peep into a modern office-mother's private life.

She has become elastic. She has learnt how to stretch herself out over home and children and office and business, and get the best out of each condition.

She doesn't stay at home, it's true. But she demonstrates that it is not necessary to stay at home in order to make the home successful and keep the home fires burning.

MOTHER'S organisation needs great care, and gets it. She makes pastry on Saturdays because "they" like it.

Mind you, there has undoubtedly entered into all modern relationships and activities a certain new hardness—or shall we say, toughness. That toughness is expected to-day, because it is being continually given in demonstrations by those who ask it from others.

The toughness of the energetic mother going off for the day to her business must be equalled by the toughness of the husband who performs innumerable domestic duties in his wife's absence. If he is out of work himself, knowing that mother can't get home till six, do all sorts of nice little things to help make their home life delightful.

It doesn't hurt children to shell peas and prepare the lettuce, and dust the lounge, and tidy the books and water the garden.

It hurts them much more to come home from school and put their poor little noses again into home-work and lesson books, instead of giving their brains a rest, and using their hands for a change.

Mother's Job

Meanwhile, what is Mother doing? Dressed in a neat black frock, with her hair carefully Marcelled, and her hands white and dainty, Mother is running a prosperous house and land agency in town.

Driving her own car, cheerily, Mother is running her customers out to inspect some house she is trying to sell them, or some land that they are nibbling at under her guidance. And how good she is with the nibblers, this office mother of ours!

Because she is a wife, she treats her customers like men of the world, and because she is a mother she treats them like children.

Coaxing, petting, but yet carefully accurate as most good business women. Mother enjoys herself and her work, knowing that she is putting her talent and energy into just as good use as the washing of pots and the scrubbing and polishing that old Mrs. Char delights in, though Mother can scrub, and Mrs. Char can't sell, and that difference means a thousand a year to Mother, and fifteen shillings a week to Mrs. Char. She, be it noted, is just as pleased with her fifteen shillings as Mother with her rising bank account.

A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY

Enjoy the reward
of a perfect complexion
with these creams

Nothing you have ever tried can bring the bloom of beauty to your skin more quickly and more surely than Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This wonderful cream goes deep into your pores, cleanses them of all impurities, and leaves your skin as fresh and lovely as a rose petal. Start using it today and see for yourself its amazing results, as thousands of other women have done. Equally essential are Vivatone, the exhilarating skin fresher, and Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream, the ideal foundation for your make-up.

Daggett & Ramsdell
Obtainable at all chemists
and leading stores at
REDUCED PRICES
Large tube 1/-, Jar 2/6 and 4/-



Miles of Smiles

A happy smile means glowing health—for a system clogged with poisons must subconsciously show misery even in a smile. Constipation more than anything else is the cause of most ill health. It results in an accumulation of poisons in the system, which sap the energy, dim the eye and mar the complexion.

Just as carbon in the cylinders of a motor slows down pace, so constipation slows down the pace of the human machine and results in an accumulation of Uric Acid—a potent enemy to health and happy smiles.

A small dose of CARLISTA every day will keep you free from Constipation and Uric Acid, and their attendant ills and sets you on the road to permanent, glowing good health. There are at least 64 average doses in every jar.

CARLISTA
is ideal in the treatment of
Biliousness, Liver, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis, Uric Acid, Indigestion, Flatulence, Acidity, Saltiness, Bad Skin, Eczema, Blisters, Pimples, etc.



CARLISTA
MINERAL
SPRING
SALTS

2/3
LARGE JAR

Obtainable at all chemists and stores
And at WASHINGTON H. SOUL, PATTERSON & CO. LTD.
160 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches

Postage extra
Write for Free Sample.

A REAL BATH!

THERE'S a thrilling difference in a bath with ordinary soap and a bath, aromatic and refreshing, with Wright's Coal Tar Soap! The antiseptic lather of 'Wright's' thoroughly cleanses the skin of all accumulated waste products, tones it up; leaves it satin-smooth.

10½d. per cake at all chemists and stores

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP



THICK RICH CREAM



...always ready to serve

IT'S NOW SO INEXPENSIVE

No matter what short notice you get, you can surprise and please your guests and make your humblest pudding or dessert delightfully attractive—simply by garnishing with Nestlé's Cream.

For Nestlé's Cream, although it contains no preservatives, keeps indefinitely unopened. It is always fresh, always ready to serve, and remarkably inexpensive.

You'll get a lot of satisfaction out of using Nestlé's Cream. A lot of compliments, too! Always keep a few tins in your pantry.

NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM

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The most comfortable corset I've ever worn



...that is what women invariably say about this Lady Ruth Back Lace Corset, No. 2020. It has the happy knack of taking inches off the hips, while it gives that supreme comfort for which Lady Ruth Corsets are famed. Sold by leading drapers everywhere. Sizes 24-36.



LADY RUTH CORSETS

But words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

—Byron.

There is no surer way of calling the worst out of anyone than that of taking their worst as being their true selves. No surer way of bringing out the best than by only accepting that as being true of them.—E. F. Benson, in "Rex."

IN Soft, APPEALING Mood . . . RE-ENTER Hairpin WORK!

...This youthful bed jacket, made in pale pink, is an interesting revival of an old fashion.

ASK grandmother to help you when you are making it. All you need is the pin—shaped like a large hairpin—and a medium bone crochet-hook. You make strips of the work and join together with the crochet-hook.

Materials: 7 skeins of 2-ply wool, pale pink, the pin, a medium bone crochet hook, enough pink ribbon to thread through the neck and tie in a bow. To fit a 34-inch bust.

The great advantage of this bed jacket is that it can be made to fit any size. Simply add or leave out a strip wherever necessary, for the width, and for the length make the strips to your measurements. 5 stitches go to the



A CLOSE-UP to show you how the strips are joined. Just make strips of the work according to directions, and join together with the crochet hook. The whole effect is very lacy.

inch, so it will be found quite simple to determine just how long to make each strip.

To do hairpin work you must be sure



IT'S JUST the thing to slip on when you're sitting up in bed—this pretty, cosy bed jacket. It lies at the neck with ribbon and falls softly and straight to the hips, with full three-quarter sleeves.

to work in the centre of the pin, and work firmly. Start by tying the wool around the pin. Turn the pin from right to left towards you once, with the crochet hook, put wool through once, then put hook through loop to left of work, and draw through. There are now 3 loops on the hook. Draw the wool through both and repeat from * Every knot counts one stitch.

TO MAKE THE JACKET.

Start by making 6 strips, each having 260 sts. to the strip. These strips go from the front over the shoulders and down the back. For centre back 3 strips, each having 125 sts.

Centre front 4 strips (2 for each side), each having 120 sts.

Side fronts and back 4 strips each, having 90 sts.

Under arm, 2 strips, 1 on each front only, each having 90 sts.

Sleeve:

3 strips, having 96 sts.

2 strips, having 84 sts.

2 strips, having 68 sts.

3 strips, having 52 sts., 2 on back, 1 on front.

2 strips, having 38 sts.

Repeat for the second sleeve.

To join the strips always commence at the bottom, and work up.

With the crochet hook pick up 3 loops of the first strip and draw through 10 3 loops from the 2nd strip, continue drawing through 3 loops at a time until the 2 strips are joined together, then start and join another strip.

Make up the jacket, then join the sleeves in the following manner: The first three in the centre from the top of the shoulder, first two one on either side. Second two one on either side, next three two on the back, and one on the front, next two one on either side. Tack the sleeves into the armholes, and machine round.

Work single crochet all round the jacket, finishing with a crochet edge. Repeat along lower edge of sleeves. Thread ribbon through neck, and tie in a bow.

NOTHING MORE Handy THAN THIS NOVELTY Knitting Bag!

It keeps knitting and crochet-work clean and wool or crochet thread secure—and so simple to make!

Knitting in trams and trains is always awkward. There's the ever-present danger that the wool will roll from your lap, under the seat, and out of the door. There's the need to watch that the knitting does not get dirty while uncovered. There's the need for adequate covering to carry it in. And here's the answer to all those problems in the shape of a quaint knitting-bag, complete with elastic pocket, and zip fastener.

FOR a bag this size, 14 inches long, you'll need 1 yard cretonne, 1 yard lining, two 14-inch long dowel sticks for the top, cardboard for bottom and sides; for the bottom, 6 by 14 inches; for the sides, a piece 6 by 8 inches; elastic for the top of the pocket, and zip fasteners, or, if you would prefer it, eight press studs.

Take a piece of cretonne 14 inches long (with turnings), and divide into three equal parts, allowing for turnings. Line the centre part with cardboard, exactly fitting the bag. Cover the cretonne with lining, machining on either side of the cardboard to hold it in place. Cut the lining 1 inch short at either end, so that the cretonne can be turned and machined on to the lining. Turn in all edges, and machine round.

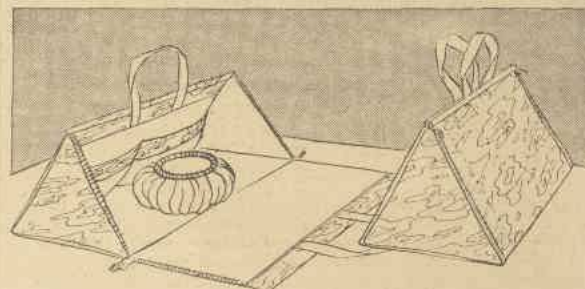
Now take a piece of cardboard 6 inches square, and cut diagonally, making two triangles. Cover these in the same way as before with cretonne and lining.

For the inside pocket, cut a strip of lining the length of the bag. Face the top with strip of cretonne, and sew to

the bag. Make two strips one inch wide and long enough for two handles, and attach to either end of the bag.

For the pocket to hold the ball of the wool or crochet thread, cut a strip of cretonne about 12 by 6 inches. Turn in the hem at top to allow a piece of elastic to be inserted, sufficient so that the ball of wool should be held in place. Gather bottom end with running thread and attach to the bottom of the bag.

Top sew the triangles for two sides of the bag, attaching them to either end of the bag, commencing at the bottom. Sew up one side and insert zippers as shown in the illustration.



TWO VIEWS of this unusual bag, specially designed to hold knitting and crocheting with the maximum of ease and the minimum of trouble. You'll find it very handy not only when working in trams, but also to carry down to the beach. Read how simple it is to make.

Our FASHION Service & FREE Pattern

PLEASE
NOTE:

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state the age of the child.



WW
737

SMART SIM-
PLICITY.

WW737.—
Slim, wear-
able, and
smart, be-
cause of its simpli-
city. The cape collar
is a substitute for
sleeves. Skirt fea-
tures pleats connect-
ing with the panels.
Material for 36-inch bust, 4
yards, 36 inches wide. Other
sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER
PATTERN, 1/1.

WW
744

SUMMER-WEIGHT COAT.

WW738.—Many of the new summer
coats are fascinating as in this design,
with the large square armholes and
scarf collar. Material for 36-inch
bust, 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other
sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PAT-
TERN, 1/1.



WW
738

ADLAIDE: Shell House,
All these patterns may
be obtained on personal
application, or by post,
at the prices indicated,
from The Australian
Women's Weekly—
North Terrace,
BRISBANE: Shell House,
Ann Street,
MELBOURNE: The Age
Chambers, 230 Collins
Street,
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt
Street,
SYDNEY: Martindale House, 321 Pitt Street.

MATRON'S MODEL.

WW739.—This matron chooses an
elbow length sleeve trimmed with
contrast to match the cowl yoke.
Skirt has a shaped panel each side
of the front and back. Material for
36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.
Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other
sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PAT-
TERN, 1/1.



WW 740

UNUSUAL SLEEVES

WW740.—Something for
sunny week-ends. The front
panel is eased under the
fastening; here the neck
is encircled with a roll
collar. Three-quarter
sleeves are gathered at the back.
Material for 36-inch bust, 4 1/2 yards, 36
inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40
inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BOY'S SOU-WESTER.

WW741.—Every little boy loves to
be the proud possessor of a sou-
wester. It is as essential as his
overall suit, and such a boon in the
hot weather. Pattern for 2, 4, and 6
years. PAPER PATTERN, with full
directions for making, 9d.

QUAINT SCARF EFFECT.

WW742.—Long-sleeved blouse which
has the scarf quaintly cut in one with
the front panel. Faggoting is neatly
used as a trimming. Material for 36-
inch bust, 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.
Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER
PATTERN, 9d.



WW
741



WW
742

CHIC FOR EVENING.

WW743.—An evening frock with a
personality. The circular sleeves are
cool and dressy. Skirt—which is cut
on the cross—has a low flare cut with
an upward point back and front.
Material for 36-inch bust, 5 yards, 36
inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40
inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

YOUTHFUL STYLE.

WW744.—This model favors pleats
in the low flounce of the skirt. The
neck is bordered with a contrast collar
and tie which conceals the fastening.

Material for 36-inch bust, 4 1/2 yards,
36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36
inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40
inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR A LITTLE BOY.

WW745.—Choose a heavyweight full
for this suit. Front and back material
fashioned with inverted pleats where
it joins the pointed yoke. Bloomer
pants are threaded with elastic above
the knees. Pattern for 2 and 4 years.
Material required, 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches
wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



Free
PATTERN

WW745

Free Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one
month from the date of issue only. To
obtain a free pattern of the garment
illustrated on the coupon and post
it, WITH ID. STAMP to cover the cost
of postage, clearly marking on the en-
velope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the
following addresses, but a penny stamp
must be forwarded for each coupon
enclosed:

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 4100X, G.P.O., Sydney.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 600P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.
ADLAIDE.—The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the
pattern, please turn to the top right-
hand corner of the front page to obtain
the address.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 6/10/34.

THE free pattern we have chosen this week is a dainty frock for
the schoolgirl. It is fashioned in a cool, crisp cotton material.
The two illustrations show the dainty effect that can be obtained
either with or without the sleeves.

Pattern is cut to fit a girl of 12 years. Material required,
2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting
out.

Backache



P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood
Stream) is a condition
brought about by the in-
complete functioning of the
liver, kidneys and bowels,
with the result that poisons
which should be eliminated
by these organs enter the
blood stream and are then
carried right through the
system, setting up RHEU-
MATISM, CONSTIPATION,
NEURITIS, LUMBAGO,
STOMACH DISORDERS,
DEPRESSION, BAD
BREATH, etc.

HERE IS THE REMEDY

A small dose of Schumann's Salts in a large glass of warm water taken first
thing in the morning will soon expel the poisons in the blood stream... and
have the kidneys, liver and bowels performing their normal functions.
Schumann's Salts are made from the active ingredients of the famous "Spas"
of Europe. They are a natural eliminant and have a soothing effect on
the system.

SUFFERERS FROM CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM,
NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, BAD BREATH
and all Uric Acid Complaints should immediately become regular Schumann
users and enjoy radiant health.

At all Chemists and Stores.



Schumann's Salts

PRICES: 2/9 and 1/6 per jar

PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE

CHAPTER XV.



"No, Madam!

**NO CHARGE AT ALL FOR
INSTALLING THE TELEPHONE**

AND

Nothing for Received Calls!

YOU PAY ONLY **£1-2-6**

QUARTERLY RENTAL

AND THEN

Only 1½d. for each OUTWARD LOCAL CALL

**THIS REDUCED TARIFF
FOR METROPOLITAN RESIDENCES**

Brings the TELEPHONE
Within the Reach of all

It gives comfort, convenience and security,
as well as adding pleasure to your home life.

ORDER A TELEPHONE TO-DAY!

Call BY 4443 or write to the Superintendent,
Telephone Branch, G.P.O., for full particulars.



This Advertisement is inserted by the
**AUSTRALIAN TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT
ASSOCIATION**



**Make it a
Centenary
honeymoon**

YOU'LL be proud, in later years, to say "We spent our honeymoon at the Centenary." Only once in a century does a great city and its attendant State enter upon such a programme of carnival and history! Delightful hotels... reasonable tariffs... comfort... culture... carnival... the Centenary offers them all! Special Excursion Fares.

**VICTORIAN AND MELBOURNE
CENTENARY**

THE day that they moved—a warm wet June day, with all the thick clothy new leaves on the park trees hanging limply, thickly beaded with crystal, and the sun smouldering somewhere out of sight behind heavy gray clouds. Chris wanted to celebrate with a dinner at Montibello's. But Fanny resolutely resisted. She reminded him that they would both be stiff and weary by the time the move was accomplished, and far more ready for scrambled eggs and tea in the privacy of home than for any public appearance or effort. Chris meekly agreed; he had come to agree in almost everything with Fanny.

"Hag-ridden, that's what I am!" Chris said, packing the books, roping the disreputable old suitcase that Fanny had brought home from the Salvage Shop; it had been abandoned there, full of handsome clothes, and she had gratefully annexed it.

They were moving in one tremendous taxi load. Beside their suitcases they had only the blankets Mama Behrmann had given them, the green lamp, the kitchen equipment and china from the "dine," and the books. Their only two bulky pieces of furniture, Fanny's chair—originally priced perhaps at one hundred dollars but bought by Fanny in East Twelfth Street for three—and their table, they had somewhat hysterically transferred to the new quarters by hand, under cover of the darkness of the night before.

This had been Fanny's inspiration. The regular charge for cheapest furniture load was ten dollars; the man said he would take half a load for them for seven. This was preposterous; there had been a dark hour when they had discussed the abandonment of these treasures. Then Fanny had said:

"It's fourteen blocks—awfully far. But if you could—could sort of—of push the chair, I'd take the table."

To this Chris's rather slower male mind had not immediately risen. He had looked at her blankly.

"How d'ye mean—push?"

"Just—just shove it, through the street, I mean. We could wait until to-night," Fanny had said, brightly casual. "That—that wouldn't cost anything, and we could take all the rest in a taxi for thirty cents."

"BUT good heavens. Fan—walk with a chair through the streets?"

"Well—" she had said temperately.

"I dare you to!" Chris had said, unconvinced. But after a moment he had begun to laugh.

And in the end, stealthily, like thieves, they had manoeuvred the chair downstairs, and while Fanny calmly, even defiantly, stood watch over it on the sidewalk, he had gone upstairs again for the table, and their old progress had begun. After two blocks of wheeling the great cumbersome shabby thing, Chris with great simplicity had inverted it, and balanced it on his head, and Fanny had instantly followed suit with the table, and they had strode along through the summer night conversing naturally enough under the interested glances of the step-lifters, the moving summer night crowds.

"By gum, Fan, you have no shame!" Chris had said.

Their new home, also on the far East Side, consisted of half a floor. The apartment was a "walk-up," and the "things" were on the top; they climbed three flights to reach it. There was one large room, filling the whole front of the house and facing east across a crowded street, a dark tinny bathroom, and a small central kitchen with the Black Hole of Calcutta behind it. The Black Hole had rated as a bedroom once, but some municipal regulation as to windows had destroyed its value along that line, and it was now a store room. The flat was called, on the dingy sign that swung down below in the street, between the delicatessen store and the shoe shop, "a modern three-room apartment, all conveniences." Fanny, however, by the time she found it, had known exactly what to expect as to blackness of old gas range in the kitchen, absence of ice box, dank formlessness of wallpapering—woodwork—smells. But she had also seen the unusual size of the front room, its possibilities when a couch was set up and a rug laid. Lighted by the green lamp—there was electric light, but its dangling raw bulbs seemed somehow to lessen rather than add to the brightness of the place—lighted by the table and chair and a couch, with the china set forth on the corner shelves and the books ranged neatly above the black fireplace opening, she had predicted that it would be charming.

The couch and rug and two other chairs were there when they arrived with their taxi-load of possessions late in the wet afternoon. Fanny had had to work that morning; she was "on call," like a trained nurse, at the

CHANGE of HEART

Continued from Page 5

broadcasting company, and this morning "Aunt Sally Lou," who talked about moths and gingerbread and children and company dinners and spare rooms for the "Homeships Inc.," every Thursday, had been ill. So Fanny had been sent Aunt Sally's notes the night before, and felt that she had done rather well in the long hour, introducing her singers, reading her little opening prayers, assuming something of "Aunt Sally Lou's" air of wisdom. It excited her pleasantly to go to the broadcasting station at all, the thought of moving later on in the day, into what she called a "practically ideal" home of her own, excited her, and the cool thick rain after days of wet heat was refreshing. Fanny fairly danced to the Varsi attic in a brief burst of sunshine at three o'clock, to find Chris in his shirt-sleeves, packing furiously. He had the afternoon off; Fanny's play had closed weeks ago; the afternoon, the evening were theirs, and they were both in wild spirits at getting away from Mrs. Varsi's.

"Good-bye, my doves!" Fanny said, at the high open window, looking out into the soft steady rain that throbbled with their pulsing voices. And when they reached the Avenue A apartment her first exclamation was one of delight at finding more doves, walking on the wet roof of the lower house next door. "Look, Chris, lean out here—you actually can see the river—quite a strip of it. And imagine—hot nights, we can be there in a second, right close to home! Chris, imagine this, in New York, for seventeen dollars!"

"It's wonderful when you get up to it. But, my God, those broken letter boxes and those smelly dark halls!" Chris was going to say. But he stopped on the first two words. It really was an attractive little domain to have all to themselves. Chris worked steadily, moving in his hands grimed, his dark hair stuck to his wet forehead, his old trousers marked with dust and plaster and ashes and rain.

They had opened wide the front windows, and the warm wet air came freshly in, laden with the murmur of the street below, and the sound of elevated trains rushing by, and of boat calls on the river. Whenever they passed them, Chris and Fanny lingered at the shabby, nicked old sills, and looked out at their view.

Chris went out for a broom, hooks, soap powder, matches. When he came back they screwed the hooks into the wall of the Black Hole and hung their clothes there. Fanny made rubbish and wrappings into a great bundle, and he carried it downstairs; she aligned the books in their places and set the strip of checked red cloth and the two blue glass candlesticks on the table.

"Stake him," she said, of the lamp,

"and see if he spilled his insides." Chris shook him. He was heavy and solid. Presently the kettle was singing, and Fanny announced that she was going to try the dark, fearsome tin tub. She gave Chris a marketing list: butter, peaches, ice, one lemon, rolls, some sort of cookies, fish.

"Do it while I'm getting clean, darling; you can scrub afterwards. I brought potatoes from the other house—two cold boiled potatoes—I'll bet it's the first time boiled potatoes ever were moved from one place to the other! And we'll have chowder, with the canned milk and my last onion, and then peaches and lead tea and cookies."

"Oh, Fan, put your hat on and come out and do it with me! It's our first shopping, and it'll be fun!"

Her tired, dirty face brightened. It was glorious to have Chris feel this way. He had been apprehensive, timid, uneasy, in the beginning; now the adventure was beginning to capture him, and it was good to see his delight in the new home, in the sense that they were going to win through somehow. Gradually, desperately, no one knew how, but they were holding their own.

"My dear husband," said Fanny,

"give me a minute and I'm with you." The minute was hardly enough, although she was ready at the end of it. Her hasty ablutions, her hurried jerking on of a hat and snatching from a suitcase of unmade gloves, left much to be desired. But Chris loved the eager, thin face with its aureole of hair that was never neat, and its glowing blue eyes, and rather than being critical when she was not, he had already reached the point when he was admirably grateful that Fanny sometimes did look charmingly groomed and dressed.

THEY descended to the street, finding little to say of the halls, but much to admire when they were out in the summer twilight. The rain had stopped for a moment, and the streets were filled with children, babies, men, and women, surging to

and fro over the steaming sidewalks and running gutters in the grateful end of the day.

Fanny shopped expertly from the kerb carts. Her method was to put what she wanted into half a sheet of newspaper on the scales, while the merchant was otherwise occupied, and then ask him crisply, "How much, Frank?"—or "Tony"—or "Mr. Kelly." She always got their names from their carts, and she always smiled. The answer invariably amazed Chris. Tony or Frank would estimate with a glance the head of lettuce, the three tomatoes, the lemon, the five peaches, the battered two ears of corn, and answer, "All right—you wait on yourself, lady—ten cents."

In the market her meat bill was forty-one cents for two sausages, a small chunk of pot roast, and four strips of bacon.

"Have you a cent, Chris? Or have I to break my five dollars?"

"I haven't, darling. The taxman couldn't break mine."

"We're embarrassed by frozen assets. Wait—I have a penny!" Fanny said, stooping, fingering her own knee, producing it.

"If you'll tell me—" Chris asked in a horrified undertone, when they reached the street, "if you'll tell me why you keep a penny in the top of your stocking, I'll be obliged to you."

"For a garter button, Chris. Can it be that you don't know that when garters break ponies work to a charm?"

"No," said Chris, "I didn't know it."

"Well, whatever did they teach you in college? Look, Chris, we have a darling old church up our street. And look at the dock, and the river. This is a sweet street."

"Except that so many people thought of living here too."

"Oh, well, they make it interesting. You know," Fanny said later, when they were climbing their own stairs again, "I'd hate to live in a place like Sutton—with nothing left to do in it. Everything cleaned away, everything perfect and expensive and beautiful; I'd feel that I was dead. Chris, and laid away in flowers. Now this—this is living—this is—Oh, my God, is it a murder, Chris?"

She shrank against his arm on the dark stairway. A piercing scream had been borne out to them from behind one of many mysteriously closed doorways. Immediately one door was flung open on a floor above; a man ran out, and ran past them down stairs. A woman, silhouetted against light, shouted after him.

Please turn to Page 33

Face Terribly Sore With Pimples Healed by Cuticura

"Pimples were scattered all over my face and chest. My face became terribly sore and itchy which caused me many a sleepless night. They used to irritate me till I felt like scratching my face off. They were very big and came to a white head but after scratching them they turned to eruptions and the skin was very red around them."

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Australian Agents: R. G. TURNLEY & SON, Melbourne

CHANGE of HEART

Continued from Page 32

"TELL him quick, Joe, and don't bother about no ambulance!" this woman shouted. She closed the door with a resentful look at Chris and Fanny, and as they went on upward they heard the cry beginning again, a cry that had terror as well as pain behind it.

"Is it a baby, Chris?" "I guess so, honey." They were in their own rooms that already looked so settled, that were already home. Chris slid his load down on the kitchen sink, and Fanny put her load down too. Her face was very serious as he put his arms about her. "I don't know any more about it than you do, sweet," he said.

They cooked their dinner together; Fanny setting the table neatly, lighting candles, cooing a little bunch of wilted daisies to stand up in a pale blue glass.

"I'd sort of like to go downstairs and see if everything's all right with her," Fanny presently said.

"With her?"

"The woman that was—crying."

"It seems to me I'd be kind of shy of getting friendly with— However, you do as you like," Chris answered. "I love you," he said suddenly, watching her. "I love that blue dress. I love knowing your dresses, Pan, knowing that you don't like eggs, and that you sleep on your face—and the way your wrists are—thin, with veins, and the fresh way you smell when you've just brushed your hair and washed your face—"

"Do you, darling?" Fanny murmured, her hands linked loosely about his neck. For he had come about the table to be beside her now, and was kneeling with one arm around her. She leaned forward and rubbed her face against his cheek. The rain had recommenced and was splashing down, cool and wet, in the darkness outside; the candle flames flickered slightly in the air from the opened windows.

"You're so fond of kids, Pan. But you were an only one, weren't you?"

"Only one. My father died when I was less than two years old, and my mother when I was in High School. I used to walk home with two girls named Amy Leonard and Mary Price; this was in San Diego; and I can remember how good it used to feel to be sixteen and have such chums, and down at the bay, walking home, the gulls over at Coronado. And I remember finding my grandmother at the house that afternoon—Amy and Mary and I'd been planning a surprise party for a girl named Muriel Moses, and I was so pleased to find my grandmother there—she lived in Los Angeles—"

"MY mother'd been badly hurt—she'd walked out between two parked cars just in front of the market, and a truck was backing up. At first they thought that she was all right, and she went home in a taxi, and telephoned my grandmother, and told the maid I wasn't to be frightened."

"She talked to us; she seemed all right. But she died that night. So then I went home with Grandma, and the next year tried for Stanford, and got in. I had about two thousand dollars; it took me through."

"And your grandmother, is she still down there?"

"You know full well my grandmother is in Honolulu, Chris. I told you so."

"I thought it might be your other grandmother."

"No; it's Mother's mother. She went down there to be with my uncle Tom when his wife died. They had four boys, and Gram is having a grand time with them."

"Funny, we get married," Chris mused, his arms still about her, "and we don't know much about each other."

"You were an only son, Chris?"

"Yes, but my mother's living—and Anna. You know. I told you. My mother's married again, she lives in Bellingham now, 'way out in Washington. She's fine," Chris said affectionately, "and Anna's a peach! I wish I could have seen you in your middie blouse and sweater, Pan, walking home with the—what's—their—names."

"Amy and Mary. Mary's married now, living in Texas. But I never hear from Amy. And I'm married, too, and living in New York on nothing a year."

"That's right; it's Saturday night. Let's go to it and see where we stand."

CHAPTER XVI

THIS was an enjoyable rite, involving as it did pencils, scrap paper, Fanny's lists of prices from the chain stores, Chris's imposing account book. To-night, just after their move, it was especially exhilarating. They were in the new home, with a month's rent paid, and they had Fanny's little heap of silver on one end of the table, Chris's salary envelope intact on the other, and three dollars or more in the pig. They had somewhat lost track of what was in

the pig, and would not know until either their deposits or their impatience burst his china sides open. But they were sure there could not be less than three dollars within him. While they settled their weekly budget, Boris, the pig, always lay on the table between them; bland, pale brown, in an attitude of somnolent relaxation.

"Twenty-two ten, not counting Boris," Chris announced.

"Chris, we haven't!"

"I say we have."

"Oh, Allah!" exclaimed Fanny, her eyes shining. Presently, recalled, she began busily on menus; this afternoon's shopping had given her a wonderful start. "To-morrow, pot roast," she murmured; "Monday, meat pie from pot roast. Tuesday, soup from pot roast. Breakfast, eggs and sausages. We have coffee, we have sugar, we got butter."

"Pan, you don't suppose it's going on like this?"

"How 'like this?'"

"Well, hand to mouth, as it were. We've been married nine weeks, and I'll be damned—I'll be damned," Chris said mildly, rubbing his chin on her hair, pony fashion. "If I know how we can do it!"

"We can do it indefinitely," said Fanny. "But how perfectly stupefying it would be if I got a really good job, Chris, on the radio; I mean fifty a week, say. Loads of people do, and I've at least got a start. And then, if you got a raise, or a case—"

"If Macky took me to Florida on the Bucknell case."

"Chris!" The thought electrified her; she fell to day-dreaming over her list of yellow turnips, apples, cornstarch, vanilla. "Our table costs us about four-and-a-half a week, Chris," she told him. "And we eat enough, don't we?"

"Eat enough! I eat twice too much." He was very brown and handsome, smiling at her in the candlelight; his teeth, when he smiled, showing white in his dark face.

"Maddy might be here in a day or

two, Chris," Fanny said suddenly, following a line of thought that contemplation of him often suggested.

"So you said."

"Shall you feel funny, meeting her, Chris?"

"No." He gave her a surprised look.

"Why should I?"

"Well," Fanny said, marking the red-checked table runner with a fork, "you were crazy about her, you know."

"Well, heavens—last year! That all seems like baby talk now, Pan."

Fanny said nothing, and presently Chris asked curiously:

"Anything make you think she isn't well over it?"

"No-o-o!" Fanny answered hastily.

"As a matter of fact," Chris said, touching up his account book lovingly, laying his head to one side to get the effect of the last neat entries, "as a matter of fact, Maddy didn't have the crush; I was the one. She's a flirt, you know: look at the way she's treated Mack. He's the one that won't want to see her, but you watch her get hold of him again."

"Do you think she's so attractive, Chris?"

"Maddy. Sure she's attractive. She's got something that makes men go crazy. It isn't that she's so pretty—

though she's damn pretty. But she's a sort of—Helen of Troy; a sort of tradition among the fellows; every one of them wants her as soon as he sees her!"

Again Fanny made no comment. She was fiddling with the melted wax at the candle tip now, forcing it about with a fork, pushing it up into a cuff about the flame.

"I'm glad we got into the new place before she came," Chris remarked.

There was a stir in the hall; a laugh outside, and a tap.

"Who is it?" Chris got up, in the bare little room with the guttering candles and the wide-open uncurtained windows, and went to the door. He opened it, laughed; Fanny heard him gasp with surprise.

Maddy, rather pale, laughing excitedly, breathless from the climb, was framed against the one feeble glow of light on the landing.

"It is you!" Maddy exclaimed. "I didn't know what kind of a den I'd gotten into! I was scared to death!"

She put her hand on Christopher's shoulder, raised her lovely face.

"I'm back!" she said. "You knew Mack and I broke it off? You had my letter? Kiss me!"

To be continued



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—Shakespeare.

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IRON Woman

Continued from Page 11

"I GOT to thinking about that boy," said Syd. He buried his face in his hands, and the bunk shook. "Write to my woman, Annie. Tell her I was heading home." "You ask me to do that?" said Annie. She stirred the fire with a charred stick. "I'll do it, Syd. After I see you hang. Who's been taking care of your boy?" "I don't know," said Syd in a low voice. "I got a letter from my woman, once. At Circle City. I was looking over the unclaimed mail and sneaked the letter. The boy wasn't doing so good, my woman says. He ought to be down in the valley. They were having bitter weather up there on the Truckee."

"The Truckee?" "That's where she was working," said Syd. "She was cooking in the camps."

AT near midnight Annie woke up Joe Bemis and whispered to him. It was time to stand guard. The storm had blown over. In the vast, still cold outside you could have heard a match breaking two hundred yards away.

"Wait, Joe," Annie whispered. "Did you hear us talking?" "Part of it," said Joe, yawning. "Lately I've been asleep."

"Well, Joe," said Annie. "I've turned squeamish. You boys will hang him for sure, won't you?" "We sure will," said Joe. "And bury him proper?"

"Sure."

"Get my dogs together then," said Annie. "As quiet as you can. I'm going back to camp. I'm a fool, Joe. I thought I was hard. I've waited ten years. But I can't stand to watch it."

Joe looked at the prisoner, who had his face turned away. She took down her parka from the wall. "What a chore you'll have to do in the morning!" she said.

Joe grinned and went outside. He routed out Annie's dogs and slapped them quiet as he got their harness on. He lined them out and broke out Annie's sled. Her blankets and grub were still on it. So she was ready to start.

The door opened and closed again. Joe could see the starlight glint and sparkle in the fine fur of Annie's parka, but he was glad that he couldn't see her face.

"It's all right with me, Annie," he said as he passed her, shivering. "I know how it goes. Don't mull too far to-night. We'll overhaul you in the morning, after we've buried this pilgrim."

She made no reply, and he went on in.

"What's the matter?" said Atlin Bill, rearing up. "Who opened that door?"

"Annie," said Joe. "She went out to get her blankets."

Bill looked at the prisoner, who had his face to the wall, and lay down again. Joe piled on more fuel.

"You blasted crook," he told the prisoner, when he was sure Atlin Bill was asleep again. "You stole more than grub from Annie. A fine, big woman like her! I wish it had been me that had met her twelve years ago, down on the Humboldt."

The prisoner said nothing. Joe sat in the chair Annie had just left, his eyes fixed on the glowing stove. He raised his head once, listening to the creak of sled runners fading in the night. When they were gone he relaxed and reached for his pipe.

IN the morning the men of the Little Cultus rose up, stiff-jointed and scowling. Joe had the coffee-pot on and would have placed the skillet on the stove, but Sanderson said no. Everybody knew he was right. The kind of chore before them had to be done on an empty stomach. So Joe set the coffee-pot aside and everybody stood around yawning and stretching and looking at the grub-thief, who still had his face to the wall.

"Where's Annie?" said Sanderson, all of a sudden, looking hard at Joe Bemis.

Joe had to tell them then. He'd put it off as long as he could.

"Sanderson," he said, "I'm not making any excuses for Annie. At the same time I'm not blaming her. She used to know this pilgrim. Outside. Being an old-timer, she knows he's got to be hung. Being Annie, she couldn't stand to watch it. So in the middle of the night I got her dogs together and she's started back to camp."

He looked at Sanderson, hard-boiled, and Sanderson looked back. Nobody said anything for a minute, then Sanderson shrugged his shoulders with a kind of gloomy amusement and told them to roll their blankets and clear the floor.

They let the prisoner sleep while they made ready. They took their

Weekly Diet Hint

CARROTS are becoming popular as a food, and justly so. Not only do they contain Vitamins A and C, but it has been found they are rich in "carotene," which is a sort of forerunner, or mother, of Vitamin A. Carrots aid the complexion as well as general health. They are excellent as part of a reducing diet. They should preferably be eaten raw. In a salad either mineral oil or olive oil may be used. It is claimed the carrots even help to cure colds.

time. It wasn't that they were postponing the chore or that they felt sorry for him. They all said so. A grub-thief wasn't entitled to any consideration. But there was something about a man sleeping like that, right up to the last minute. They kind of hated to wake him up.

But finally the packs were rolled and the floor cleared. The rope was over the rafter. Sanderson had taken a rawhide thong from his pack to tie the prisoner's hands. He went over to the bunk and stood above it; and everybody followed behind and gathered around.

"Yellow," said Sanderson, shaking his shoulder. "It's time to get up."

The grub-thief turned over slowly and the rawhide dropped from Sanderson's hand. For maybe five seconds it was so quiet in the cabin that you could hear Atlin Bill's big silver watch ticking in his pocket under his mackinaw.

Then Sanderson said: "Well, sir, I'm damned."

It wasn't the grub-thief at all. It was Annie, in the grub-thief's wolf-skin parka. She swung her feet to the floor and pushed back the hood so they could see her face. It was her poker face, smooth and without any expression.

The crowd split apart, and she looked down the line at Joe.

"I'm sorry, Joe," she said.

"Annie!" said Joe. "You ran a whizzer like that on me? I thought there was something fishy about it. It seemed like your sled was heading east instead of west. . . . I switched east instead of west. . . . I was getting the dogs ready? You let him take your team and your grub and blankets? You let him get clean away from us, down into the Porcupine, where all hell couldn't catch him? What the Sam Hill, Annie!"

"This beats me, Annie," said Atlin Bill. "You helped chase this pilgrim close to eighty miles, across the roughest country in the upper Yukon. You're an old-timer in the North. It was your grub he stole. Yes, sir, it beats me."

"Durn these women!" said Sanderson. "They go soft on you."

"Well, Annie," said Joe.

"The rope's over the rafter," said Annie. "Hang me, if you want." She looked at Joe. It was a kind of wistful look. "You probably won't understand it, Joe. Maybe I don't myself. It wasn't on his account. Like you said last night, he stole from me twice. But I kept thinking about that boy of his, that's going on mine."

Everybody stood quiet for a minute. Atlin Bill's watch picked audibly again. Then Sanderson shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "that's that. Put the coffee on, Joe."

"Never mind, Annie," said Joe. "To blazes with the pilgrim. He's gone now. As Bill says, it was your grub. . . . Who's hungry around here? Me, I could eat a mangy wolf."

Everybody relaxed, grinning. It was as if shadows had brightened in the cabin. There was no chore to do, after all, and it was time to eat. Atlin Bill dragged down the rope, coiled it up and handed it to Joe Bemis. Joe put it in his pocket with one hand while he slid the skillet on with the other. Some of the boys had lighted their pipes. Annie sat on the edge of the bunk, looking down at the glowing coals.

IT was just cold enough for good trail work. The dogs were rested and anxious to go. Everybody laughed and joked as they got the outfits together and lined them out. Even Sanderson's gloomy eyes held a twinkle when he said to Annie: "You haven't any team now, Annie. You're in a heck of a shape. Who do you figure to ride with?"

"She rides with me," said Joe Bemis.

With Sanderson in the lead and the rest of the outfit strung out in a long line, they pulled down the canyon, heading for the Little Cultus. Whips cracked and sled runners sang. It was a fine, clear morning, with the sunlight crimson across the snow.

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For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

*Two-Year-Olds...
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By... **Mary
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Welfare.

Mothers who wish to know if their babies are up to the normal average standard on their second birthday should ask themselves the following questions:

Has he 16 teeth cut? Can he walk well without assistance? Can he talk well—say many single words and short sentences? Is his "anterior fontanel" (i.e., the soft spot in the head) closed? Does he sleep for at least 14 hours out of the 24? Is he regular in his bodily habits?

If the mother can answer all these in the affirmative she may be sure that baby is doing well.

BABY should weigh about 28 pounds on his second birthday. You will notice that he is losing that "podgy" look he had when a baby, and is growing slimmer and taller. He will have gained only about 8 ounces a month during his second year.

The little two-year-old should have rosy cheeks, clear eyes, healthy hair, unblemished complexion, good hearing, and good posture. If you find he can-

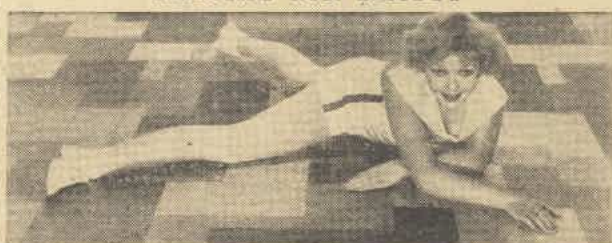
mite, honey, dates, raisins, or nuts (chopped finely). Drink of milk. Piece of raw, ripe apple.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Mrs. C.K. Brisbane, writes: "At what age should I commence to clean my baby's teeth? What is the best dentifrice to use?"

Answer: You may begin to clean the teeth when six have been cut. Use a small, soft, tufted brush. Brush the top teeth downwards and the bottom

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



THIS SPLENDID EXERCISE, the elbow crawl, illustrated by Ida Lupino, Paramount player, reduces the waistline and stimulates circulation. The first part of the exercise necessitates lying flat on the floor and the weight of the body resting on the forearms. The head should be held up.

not breathe easily through his nose, have him examined for possible adenoids, and get the trouble corrected as quickly as possible. His muscles should be well developed, not flabby, and there should be no dark rings about his eyes. He should also be a happy little soul. If he is not happy, do your best to find out why.

It may be that he lacks companionship or true mother-love. Or it may be that there is something just a little wrong with him physically, which is keeping him miserable. It is not normal for a little child to be unhappy, and every effort should be made to find the cause.

Baby should, by this time, have perfect control of his bladder so that there are no wet beds at night. Napkins should not be worn at this age, because they make baby uncomfortable if he wets during the night.

If, on the other hand, his sleeping garment becomes wet, he will feel uncomfortable, and will be less likely to urinate except in the proper place. Do not scold the child for mishaps, but build up his physical health, and insist on correct toilet habits. Sometimes a course of a good cod-liver oil and vitamin emulsion will set this matter right. The normal child need not be given cod-liver oil on the days in which he gets sunshine on his body. Those who have been giving their children an emulsion during the winter may now gradually discontinue this, provided the child is up to the average weight and sunny days are the rule.

Fresh fruit juice must be continued. If baby has formed the habit of eating dirt, earth, or sand, make sure that he is having all the necessary food elements and vitamins. There may be a lack of mineral matter in his food. Give him plenty of green vegetables, root vegetables, fresh fruit, potatoes, and green salads.

Two-Year-Olds' Meals

THE following is a sample menu for the two-year-old for one day. Mothers may follow it with confidence, knowing it to be a balanced day's diet. Breakfast—Good, packed cereal food with milk. Or wholemeal bread and butter. Drink of warm milk. Piece of raw, ripe apple. (No egg or meat dish.)

Dinner.—A little light meat and good gravy. Freshly cooked green vegetables with a little butter over them. A little potato. Milk pudding. Piece of raw, ripe apple. Or egg on spinach (not more than twice a week). Wholemeal bread and butter. Stewed fruit and milk. Piece of raw, ripe apple.

Tea.—Toast and butter. Baked apple. Drink of milk. Or wholemeal, sandwiches of lettuce, cress, tomato, mar-

teeth upwards. Once a day will be sufficient, and last thing at night is the best time.

Use salted water, or a teaspoon of soda bi-carb (baking soda), to a glass of warm water. At two years brush the teeth twice daily; before breakfast and last thing at night. Do not give anything to eat after the night brushing. When baby is old enough, teach him to brush his own teeth. Give a piece of raw ripe apple after each meal. This is an excellent means of cleaning the teeth.

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after years of suffering

To every man and woman who suffers regularly from rheumatism in any form, be it muscular rheumatism, lumbago, gout, sciatica, neuritis or even the chronic crippling joint pains left by rheumatic fever—overwhelming evidence from former sufferers proves that these afflictions can be eradicated and positively kept at bay with 'Alkia Saltrates'. The following testimony is an example—

"I have suffered for years with rheumatism and neuritis in my hands and can truly say that after using 'Alkia Saltrates' they are almost their natural shape, the dead, helpless feeling quite gone. 'Alkia Saltrates' is worth its weight in gold and I recommend it most heartily to any fellow sufferers. You may use my letter to show what a valuable remedy 'Alkia Saltrates' is."

'Alkia Saltrates' is a scientific concentration of the curative ingredients of Spa waters which are world-famous for their miraculous cures of chronic rheumatic cases. Price 3/3 per bot.

**Alkia
SALTRATES**

Of chemists and stores everywhere



Don't put up
with dull
food!
there's plenty
of flavour
in

**LEA AND
PERRINS
SAUCE**

**TRY
THIS
RECIPE!**

SAVOURY STEAK.

INGREDIENTS.

1 lb. rump steak	1 teaspoon finely
1 tablespoon vinegar	chopped parsley
1 " olive oil	1/2 teaspoon mixed
1 " salt	herbs
1 " pepper	1/2 teaspoon lemon
1 " Worcestershire	juice
1 " Tabasco	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 " chipped onion	1/2 " pepper

METHOD.

Mix all ingredients together and put into a pie dish. Cut steak into neat filets and soak in the mixture for 1 hour. Then grill steak, add 1 gill of water to the mixture and bring to the boil—pour over the steak and serve garnished with slices of pickled walnut.

ANGER is one of the sinews of the soul; he that wants it hath a maimed mind.—Thomas Fuller.

The more one knows, the more one simplifies.—Alfred Stevens.

Charm lies in Personal Daintiness

And one of the Finest Compliments
that can be paid any woman is to say:
"She Looks Immaculate."

By
Evelyn

WE are not all born beautiful or even pretty. Smartness is sometimes difficult to achieve. But cleanliness, good grooming, anyone can accomplish, and it costs little—it's just that infinite capacity for taking pains to make yourself, your person, immaculate.

WHAT can you do to make yourself, your person and looks a delight to the senses?

First of all, you must be well clean. Baths are always an important part of the toilette. In warm weather they are necessary above all things. In winter, too, they are vital, because under a heavy coat, or a heated room, your body reacts just as it does to summertime temperatures.

There is hardly need for me to say that cleanliness is next to loveliness. So at least one bath a day should be had—two a day in hot weather—with an extra shower or two thrown in during the day if you do hot work like ironing or baking, or play energetic games like tennis, which induce increased perspiration. The latter becomes rancid rather easily when confined by clothing—especially under the arms.

A warm bath is more refreshing even on hot days, than a cold one, probably because a warm bath is soothing, relaxing, while a cold one is stimulating, energizing, and therefore more likely to increase what is termed body metabolism and perspiration.

And please don't compromise with a dip or shower without soap. Perspiration is itself slightly oily, and the oil glands of the skin are persistently active. Your skin is coated with a film of oil that is proof to water alone. Use good soap, therefore—and plenty of it.

A good handful of bath salts or baking soda in your bath will help to remove completely the deposits of perspiration and oil that clog the pores and coat the skin.

And by the way, remember that a bath with baking soda is cooling and soothing to a skin suffering from prickly heat.

Bath salts fragrant with such odors as lavender or eau-de-Cologne are good because they impart psychological refreshment to the body—you feel re-

freshed and such a feeling is a very real part of a bath's benefits.

Have you ever had a bath to which the juice of two or three lemons had been added? Lemon juice softens the skin, and is deliciously fragrant and refreshing in the bath tub.

After the bath rub yourself energetically with a towel. Don't use a microscopic kind of towel either.

This after-bath friction to stimulate circulation on the body surface is especially good if you're troubled with clammy hands, perspiring feet, sallow complexion, or sluggish pores and pimples.

Note This Especially

IN very hot weather, however, when you bathe to cool off, omit this friction and just blot yourself dry with the towel.

The next step is to pat yourself all over with a good toilet tonic, or eau-de-Cologne. And then a generous dusting of talc powder is an important finish. Very few know the reason, but the millions of fine granules of powder in close contact with your skin greatly increase the evaporating surface of your body, and so have the effect of cooling the skin by hastening the evaporation of perspiration.

Talc powder also soothes and helps to prevent chafing.

Guard against perspiration staining your frocks. You cannot hope to appear dainty and feminine if you permit yourself to be betrayed by such unwarranted proof of carelessness.

Wear dress shields, change and wash them often to keep them free from odor.

Keep your possessions immaculate. In hot weather change undies and stockings daily.

Dresses and coats should be thoroughly aired before putting away in the wardrobe. Hang all clothes out in

the wind for a few hours one day a week. Air shoes thoroughly a few times a week.

Have you thought what a prisoner your hair is?

A head of hair that shines with cleanliness and close attention contributes much to the atmosphere of good grooming.

Many cut out the brushing to avoid disturbing marcelled and hand-waves. But this is false economy. Dull, dry, dull-looking hair is your due for neglect with the brush.

Take your hair out into the garden for an airing. Brush and comb it in all directions, and see how much sun and air you can get into your scalp. You'll be surprised at the stimulation your hair gains from this treatment if carried out regularly.



You, too, can radiate an atmosphere of freshness, like a dewy morning garden.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Because of the sad fate that has befallen the small son of my sister, who has become almost a cripple through infantile paralysis, I am anxious to know something of this dreadful disease. Can I take any preventive measures for my own children, and is the disease infectious?

INFANTILE paralysis usually occurs in epidemics, although isolated cases are far from rare. The severity of the disease varies greatly. There are cases so mild that the true nature of the disturbance may not be suspected. Usually, it is a grave disorder and attacks one or more extremities, especially the legs.

That infantile paralysis is an infectious disease, capable of communication from one to another, there can be no question.

Yet practically all details concerning the real fundamental causes of the disease remain to be solved by science.

Although no age is exempt, children under five years of age are most susceptible to the condition. Even children living in the very best hygienic surroundings may suffer attack.

As a rule, the beginning of infantile paralysis is sudden and unexpected. The affected child may have appeared quite well in every respect prior to showing symptoms.

Sometimes the fever begins to run high at the very onset. Sometimes it is a low fever. As a rule the pulse rate



...BY A DOCTOR...

and respiration are increased perceptibly. Pain is a fairly constant early complaint. This is specially noted in the head, and the back of the neck, down the spine and in the lower limbs. Sometimes stiffening of the neck is present.

Whenever there is an epidemic of this dread condition, and a child complains of any of the symptoms mentioned above, no time should be lost in consulting a doctor.

Some doctors perform what is known as a "lumbar puncture."

This operation consists of inserting a hollow needle between the bones of the spinal cord in the region of the small of the back, through which a small quantity of spinal fluid, which bathes the spinal cord nerves, is allowed to flow.

The operation is not serious at all and can often be performed almost painlessly. It is of great help in making a positive diagnosis of infantile paralysis, and it often relieves head pains by lowering the excessive pressure in the brain.

SERUM treatment is often used in this disease with success, and the after-treatment of paralysed limbs with electricity, massage, etc., is of the utmost importance.

Improvement may be very slow, but one should never give up daily treatments and the advice the doctor has given.

Especially important is early treatment. After the passage of months very little, if anything, can be done to improve the already existing paralysis.



Skin beauty

Do this for beauty

FIRST—
wash
the
face

WASH the face with warm water and Pileta Soap, drying very lightly. Then, before the skin is thoroughly dry, anoint the face and neck with the wax, massaging gently but thoroughly for two or three minutes. To massage correctly place the tips of the first and second fingers of each hand in the centre of the chin and by a circular and upward motion gently massage the whole contour of the face. Next tap the line of the jawbone gently working with the finger tips of both hands from the centre of the chin first by an upward and then by a downward motion. Repeat several times. If the cheeks are hollow use the palms of the hands, with an upward and circular movement from the corners of the mouth. After this, tap the cheeks gently with the finger tips. The skin under the eyes should only be very lightly stroked. The favourite way of using the wax is to apply it at night, before going to bed; allowing it to remain on the face all night and washing it off in the morning with warm water and soap, followed by a dash of cold water. After this apply just sufficient Mercolized Wax to leave a fine film of it on the skin. Now pat Parafilm Jelly over face and neck. This gentle astringent will firm and tone the skin, improve its texture, remove those worrying little wrinkles and leave it smooth and fine. Powder face, throat, and neck with Barri-Agar, because Barri-Agar is flower-fine and perfumed most delicately with orange blossoms. Apply it with a circular movement, never dab powder on. Now touch the lips with Proctum, perfect in colour, soothing in effect. If you add colour to your cheeks, use Colli-andum.

The following out
of these simple
instructions will
ensure you a complexion you will be
proud of.



then pat it nearly dry.



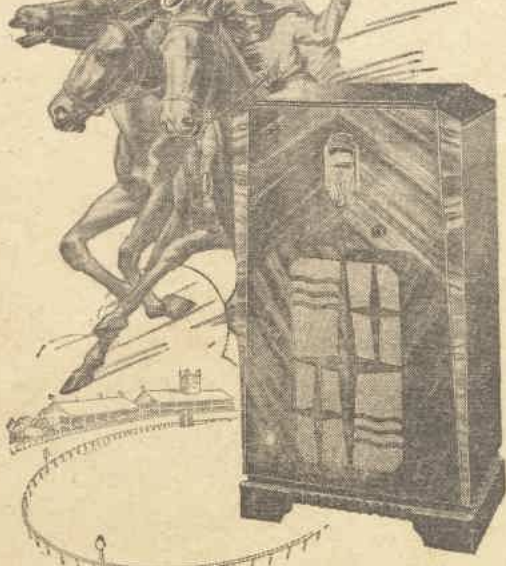
NOW—apply
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WAX



massage very
gently.

Mercolized Wax
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They're Racing!



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ON the lawn the band is playing—ten thousand voices rise and fall—a hush—the barriers are up—and They're Racing! The swish of flying cloths—the thunder of galloping horses! From his armchair, the Radioplayer owner has a grandstand view. Each thrilling moment is lived through this magnificent super-heterodyne receiver.

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- Balanced chassis—a 5-valve superheterodyne engineer designed to give trouble-free performance.
- Piano finish cabinet—an exclusive design, both practical and beautiful.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Radioplayer.

PHILIPS

radioplayer

(Advertisement of Philips Lamps (Australia) Ltd. (Radio Dept.), Head Office and Showrooms, corner Clarence and Margaret Streets, Sydney.) 48-1

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Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—kernels of wholesome rice, toasted to an inviting golden-brown. Children are all excited about them because they snap... crackle... and pop in cold milk or cream.

Listen—and EAT, they say! The FLAVOUR is simply delicious. Easily digested. Always oven-fresh. No cooking needed. All grocers sell Rice Bubbles in the red-and-green packet.



Kellogg's

RICE BUBBLES

Made in Australia by
KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY. LTD., Sydney

650

CRASH and CARRY

Continued from Page 12

BUT night had come into his little room and it was wet and drizzly outside and a dank wind blowing, sending low coils of smoke down into the dingy street outside. Mrs. Kelly's lights gleamed on the shining pavements, the trees were bare of their leaves. It was a mournful, dreary, autumn night—a night to discourage dreams such as his.

Suppose the tractor-shovel never got a chance to show its marvellous properties; suppose these jealous engineers kept him out, deliberately combined against him to keep the tractor-shovel off the market? He would need money, lots of capital to manufacture it himself.

Where could he get that money now, jobless and friendless as he was? The music of a piano, of a soft, full-toned contralto, came up to him. Her voice—Kitty Lee's. Its sweetness calmed him and the words of the song:

"I'll be loving you—always.
When the things you've planned
Need a helping hand,
I will understand—always."
"I'll bet she could, too," said George. "I'd like to make good for a girl like that. I'd like to buy her diamonds and a car and a fur coat and—"
Dreaming again. He bit his lip. All his life had been spent in dreaming. Perhaps, as some people had insinuated, he was just an ass and his inventions were no good. Perhaps he would have done better to stick at his job and not go around breaking eggs and getting fired.

HE shook his head. He didn't want to give in. You had to be bold, to put a brave face on things. He opened the door and went downstairs. He stopped in the hall to listen to Kitty's music. He wondered if she was alone in there, and when she stopped and said, "How do you like it, Xerxes?" he knew she was, for Xerxes was Mrs. Kelly's cat and girls don't, as a rule, consult cats when there are humans present.

So he strolled into the sitting-room, after straightening his bow-tie and his glasses. She looked over her shoulder at him and smiled a welcome.

"I love your music," he said. How he needed companionship, friendship, to-night. And how slender and feminine and lovely she was, with her full, curving lips and tilted nose and the velvet-brown eyes and gleaming hair. "Mind if I listen?"

"I'd like you to. What shall I play? There is a new, modern number, an impressionistic piece that brings in the things of modern life—the rush of traffic, the sound of riveters, the clank of great steam-shovels—"

"Play that," said George. "Please." He listened, enraptured, to the crashing, jangling, tumbled chords, the melody of the modern world, the symphony of steel. It was vast and thrilling. It spurred him on. He would be a part of it—he and his invention.

He looked fondly at Kitty; at the thick masses of her hair and the beauty of her profile. He would be a great man and she would share his greatness, and when they were together they would look back on this quiet hour together as the beginning of their love.

THEY would laugh about it, about the old piano, so battered and out of tune, the awful wallpaper, the tinted photos of the Kelly family, Michael in his policeman's uniform, Mrs. Kelly in her bridal veil, and the kids all ready to start for a picnic. Pleasant memories—

"I suppose you're thinking of your work?"
"Oh!" George started. The music had ceased moments ago and the brown eyes were studying him with a look of understanding.

"You weren't listening to me."
"I heard all your music. Truly I did. It—it made me dream."

"Of what?"
"Of—oh, of many things."
"Of your invention, I bet. I'd love to see it."

"Why, it's just a silly toy, I told you. I'll show it to you some time."

"Sold it yet?"
"Not yet. I—well, I haven't—no."

Something in his tone, some lack of its wonted buoyancy, made her look at him with sudden concern.

"I'm sure you'll make a lot of money on it. I'll bet it's good."

"I—well, thank you for saying so. Would you—it's a kind of lonely night—would you like to go to a show and have a bite to eat?"

"I'd love it."

GEORGE liked sitting next to her in the friendly darkness of the theatre. He liked the touch of her shoulder, the way she enjoyed the picture and when, at the most romantic

part, warm little fingers slipped unconsciously into his, he felt the wonder of the world and the return of complete belief in himself and the tractor-shovel.

But when he was again alone in his room that fullness of belief had passed from him and hopelessness returned. All very well to dream and hope. But that didn't help matters, that didn't bring fulfillment to these new dreams in which Catherine Lee now played a leading part. She believed in him. She thought him a great man.

As the days of his two weeks flitted by, he began to realise how strong was her belief in him. They went out together often. She treated him always as if he were already wearing the crown of greatness. She talked, as if like himself she could vision it, of the day when he would come to immortality.

"I know you will," she insisted, when he sought to discourage her. "I'm sure of it, and I hope when you are a great man you'll remember how happy were these times we had together."

"I could never forget," said George. That was the first time he really squeezed her hand. And that night he kissed her.

But he would not tell her about the tractor-shovel. He wanted, when he did show it to her, to be able to tell her that it was sold, that he had money for it, that he wanted her to marry him right there and then.

Only once in those weeks did he go to the attic. He gazed with question, with a faint fear, at his model. He had enamelled it in green and red with his name in golden letters. He had put a little man in the control-cab, but it was the turning of a simple hand-crank that actually made it work. He turned the crank, the wheels whirled, the crane lifted and dipped, the shovel caught up its load of sand and nails—all as smooth as clock-work.

"It's good," he muttered. "It will astonish the world."

The next night he took Kitty Lee out to dinner. His days at the Corner Stores were almost over, and he had no idea where to find a new job. But he forgot his troubles in her company. He smiled into the brown eyes across the table and saw that she was worried and not at ease.

"What's the matter, Kitty?" he laid his hand on hers and was thrilled and proud when the small fingers caught his firmly.

"Do you like me, George?"
"I do love you. I adore you and we're going to get married as soon as I sell my invention."

"And you wouldn't be angry with me if—?"

"Not for anything."
"Well—" She took a deep breath. "I—I was watching your invention through the keyhole last night."

George laughed. Silly child. Making such a fuss over that. He should have told her about it, showed it to her, long ago.

"W—"

"HY, that's nothing, dear," he said. "I don't mind. I should have shown it to you long ago. What do you think of it? Some toy, eh?"

"It's—it's gorgeous. I—there's more to tell, George. I told my boss, Mr. Romberger, about it. He was keen to see it. I—you'll think I'm a terrible sneak, but we're only a small firm and I was afraid you wouldn't deal with us. Well, I begged Mrs. Kelly to let Mr. Romberger and myself into the attic, and we saw it, and he was wild about it. He's prepared to give you a big price for it."

"He—Kitty, are you serious? He will buy my invention!"

"Give you a big advance and a royalty. That's the way we do. But he says your tractor-shovel will go all over the world. Will you deal with him?"

"Will it? Where is he? Can we find him now?"

"I told him I would bring you to the office to-night."

"Let's go. Never mind the food. I can't believe—"

It was only a few streets away. They raced breathlessly. The office was dark except for one square of frosted glass that said S. Romberger, Managing Director.

S. Romberger was waiting and ready with a cheque that made George gasp and cling tight to Kitty's arm; ready with the papers that gave him the right to manufacture and sell the Wilkins Tractor-Shovel in all the countries of the globe.

"You will see it," said S. Romberger, "all over the world before Christmas."

"Great!" said George. He visioned the Wilkins Tractor-Shovels, hundreds, thousands of them, rolling across tundras and through mountain-passes, scooping the world away.

"Yes," said S. Romberger. "Chinese, French, Dutch, Spanish—it don't matter what nationality a kid is, he'll just love to dig into a pile of sand with a tractor-shovel like that. It's the toy of the century!"

(Copyright)



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Extract from a mother's letter.

Neave's Food

On sale everywhere.

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No use scolding your dog because he's always scratching. The only way to stop him is to get rid of his fleas. Powder him with Pulvex, the non-poisonous, non-irritant preparation that kills vermin and protects animals from further attacks.

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KILLS all fleas

Obtainable from all good druggists.

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CROWING UP STURDY AND STRONG

Appetite is health's greatest ally... and the strong man of to-morrow is the boy of to-day with the healthy, hearty appetite for his meals. Make your dinners doubly nourishing and tasty with a spoonful of GRAVOX, which

SOUPS
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THE IDEAL GRAVY MAKER

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Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorises the familiarity of the most timid.—Chesterfield.

(Copyright)

"You will never have it again."
"No, never again. I had to be fair about it, and tell you. I dare not marry Derek, although I'm in love with him."

"Perhaps I can make you love me,"
"Perhaps," But she wasn't sure.
"You darling!"

Distantly the band began to play the same bewildering melody. She told herself passionately: "It isn't true... it can't be true..." Love and straggling together cannot be the sweetest things. Then she thought that perhaps she was exaggerating it a little. Derek was going to be a job, a hard one of course, and it would be primitive, but there would be no actual hardship. Somehow the Canadian shack seemed to be far from this luxurious restaurant. She sipped again from a fine Napoleon brandy, and told herself that she had done wisely.

They drove back in the limousine and John held her very close.

"To-morrow I will buy you diamonds," he said, "the biggest that I can find."

"Sweet!"
"I'll make you love me, never fear."
"I pray you will." For she wanted love so much.

"I'll be here in the morning early, bless you."

She watched him go, standing on the pavement outside her flat. A girl in a cyclamen taffeta frock which fluttered in the breeze as she listened to the gentle throb of the Rolls, with the scent of the orchid on her shoulder, and the hair-cream that he had used, mingling together and coming to her in waves of essence.

THE honeymoon was over.

They had gone away to travel through the loveliest countries, the very places that Irma had dreamed about and had longed so much to see. There was a certain security about her life now, a certain knowledge that whatever happened she would never be poor again. That ghost was laid. It could never haunt her any more, she told herself; and yet other ghosts took their places in her life, for there are always phantoms to torment one.

They had married. The ghost of poverty had seared her into taking the big step. Now it was the ghost of the man she might have loved who looked out at her from the corner of every room in which she sat. The ghost of a man in working clothes on a ranch in Canada; the man in whose

LOVE is the Sweetest THING

Continued from Page 6

arms she might have found supreme content.

The big Rolls was hers to command; she wore extravagant dresses, the sort of dresses that found a fresh radiant beauty in her; diamonds glittered at her throat, on her fingers. It was all luxurious, a splendid existence that wove a charmed web about her.

And yet it was not satisfying. She ought to be such a happy woman, she told herself, and yet, although she did not know why, she was dissatisfied. She had everything to make her happy, but she could not forget Derek. She could not lay the ghost of what might have been in the splendour that was.

They went to Monte Carlo, where the spring rises so early in the year and the cicerone blows in waves of purple and cerise outside the Cafe de Paris. They went on to Venice, where the waters are still and green and sapphire and reflect cupola and castle in their depths. They went to Naples, which basks in the yellowness of the Italian sun, while Vesuvius glowers moodily opposite.

It was at Pompeii that John faced her. He had recognised that he had failed. He knew that the emotion he had hoped to draw from her had never grown any bigger.

"You're not in love with me," he said.

"I never pretended to be, did I?"
They were sitting on a broken stone seat where centuries before some Roman gladiator had perhaps caressed a beggar maid. The ruined city of a thousand loves lay about them, gold in the spring sunshine. But she did not see the ghosts of gladiators and sentries standing stiffly among the broken colonnades. Her ghost was an emigrant, his arms full of sheaves.

"I was a coward," she said, "a miserable, wretched coward. I was afraid of what the past had taught me. I wanted luxury. I wanted comfort. I could not expect life to give me everything."

He nodded. "And I suppose you did not really want me?"

She felt a wave of pity for him, for

in her acceptance of everything he must have suffered. "I'm terribly fond of you, John," she said.

He shook his head. "Not really."

The wistaria blew in waves of hyacinth about a ruined temple. There was the essence of tuberoses.

"If you don't love me here, you will never love me," he said; "and after all, love is the sweetest thing."

"Oh, no, it isn't. Love doesn't matter really, it is an overrated emotion."

And again she tried to convince herself that if she had married Derek and they had starved together it would have killed their love.

"I'm sorry," she said.

They left the ruined city, dreadfully conscious that their own romance lay broken and crumbling among those other relics.

In Venice she was ill. She lay for a couple of days sick and faint on the balcony of her bedroom, high up above the Grand Canal. Opposite Santa Maria della Salute glowed against the sky, while from below there came the sound of water and of gondolas passing to and fro. Lying there listening to it, she knew the secret that lay under her heart.

"I'm going to have a child," she told him. "I know it."

He knelt beside her bed and held her hands in his.

"Glad?" he asked.

She knew that this ought to be one of the big moments of her life; now if she was ever to love him she would surely find the emotion welling up within her. She did not, warm to the hungry tenderness of his eyes. She did not respond to the touch of his hands. She could not explain, but if it had been Derek's child, she would have tasted the sweet ecstasy of a profound emotion. She could not feel the same about this baby because the father did not mean so much to her. She could not possibly explain to John, for no man would understand.

A woman, yes; a man, no. A gondolier tarring the corner and setting his prow towards the Ca d'Oro, sang as he propelled his gondola along.

Love is the strongest thing.

The oldest and the latest thing.

She turned her face to the pillow.

THE child—a girl—was a year old. Irma was sitting in the garden of their home, with the crawling rug spread at her feet, and the tiny baby thing playing about on it. Behind them were the delphiniums, forming a blue hedge, and the red roses a riot of blossom along the trellis. She could hear the voices of John and his friend from the tennis court behind the clipped yews. She let her work drop into her lap and she sat there very still. The baby came wriggling towards her, and clutching at her frock, tottered on to unsteady feet. Irma bent down and lifted her into her arms.

"Too too," demanded the baby, and she indicated the little gramophone beside them on the low table. "Too too," had been her first effort at conversation.

"Darling," she whispered.
She held the warm, confiding little body to her.

"Too, too," besought the child.
Idly she chose a record and put it on at random.

Love is the sweetest thing.

She sat there very still. The heat and the soft music induced the baby to curl up and drowse on her mother's breast. It seemed to Irma that a great content suddenly filled her. As she dreamed to herself she knew that she had found satisfaction at last, not in the physical love of mate for mate, but in the more perfect love of the child.

Love was not something that you accepted and received but something that you poured out of yourself. It was so profound that it caught your own heart up within itself, and carried you along with it. She held the child to her and stared dreamily across the garden. The ghost of the man who might have been had gone. It had been triumphed over by the child. Now the only ghost which flitted among the delphiniums and roses was a little Eros, a little laughing baby love.

Her husband came back from the courts.

"Jameson had to go home." He sat himself down at her feet and stared up at the two of them so peacefully resting together. "Tots was tired?"

"Yes, poor lamb!" She put out a hand and touched his. His eyes glanced up at hers, and she understood the look in them. Still the gramophone churned out its music. Love is the sweetest thing.

"It is," she said.

"Darling, and I thought I had failed."

She shook her head.

Among the delphiniums a little Eros laughed. (Copyright)



an irresistible fragrance

There are some, and they are the most adorable of women, who are always so fresh and flower-like that it seems they must have stepped but a moment ago from a perfumed bath and a cloud of some delicious powder. And indeed it may be so! For nowadays many women are finding in Johnson's Baby Powder the secret of an irresistible fragrance. Being intended originally to keep a baby's skin sweet and lovable, Johnson's Baby Powder is the softest and most delicate toilet powder you can use. Powder your limbs with it after the bath and all the evening you will carry with you and about you an alluring daintiness.

FOR MEN, TOO!

Johnson's Baby Powder makes its appeal to men who desire the maximum of comfort after shaving and showering. It dries, cools and protects the skin. No chafing—just a feeling of freshness and cleanliness.

Johnson's **BABY** powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

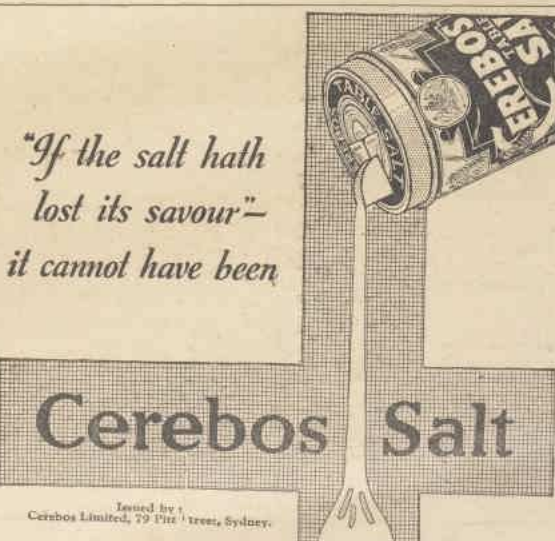
A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc, Modern Toothbrush, Mace, Etc.

83.34



not three separate processes
but **ONE**
when you use
BISTO
the gravy maker
for all meat dishes

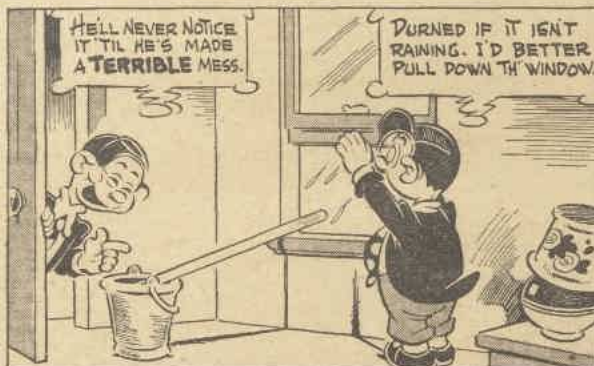
Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney.



Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney.

TERRY and TED

TERRIBLE TWINS



Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PAIS—

Here is a little puzzle for you to work out. Now, a kind old lady died and, when her will was read, it was found that she left £666 to be divided equally between two mothers and their two daughters. She also said that each was to receive £222. The lawyer was puzzled at first and thought that a mistake had been made. But, it was later disclosed that no error had been made, and that the kind old lady was quite right. Now, what is your explanation?

The correct one will be found elsewhere on the page.



The best letter for the week comes from Minnie Ayres, Glenmaggie, Gippsland, Vic., for which she receives a 5/- prize. Here is a short extract from Minnie's interesting letter:

"The Macalister River flows by my home. It is a very beautiful river and has many giant gums and pretty green ferns growing on its banks."

Well, good-bye Pais until next week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,

CONNIE.

DREAMING

By ERNEST SMITH

I have such jolly dreams at night. When I am tucked in bed, the strangest things you ever saw (in chasing through my head).

Sometimes I think that I'm awake, so real each picture seems. But really all the time, you know, they're just my funny dreams.

Last night I roamed in Poppy Land, "Mid Dancers like crimson suns, in all my life I've never seen such haze and glowing ones."

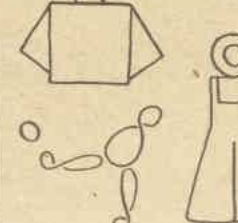
And then I drove a little coach, with whip of golden string. My steeds were great big bumble bees that buzzed like anything.

Price of 5/- to Ernest W. Smith (13), 45 York St., Belmont, N.S.W., for this original verse.

—Pals.

JUST A COUPLE OF STROKES

HENRY VIII



FOOTBALL PLAYER

SAILOR

This game will be found to be very amusing. All you have to do is to draw some object that can be easily recognised by the other players at a glance. The Pal who draws an object with the fewest possible strokes wins the game. So a circle, square, rectangle, or square would sound as one stroke only.

THE RIGHT EXPLANATION

Answer to Puzzle: There were really only three people. There were two mothers and two daughters, all the same. But one of the daughters was also a mother. Therefore, they were daughter, mother, and grandmother.

Just Chatter

CORALIE BATCHEL, of Gloucester (N.S.W.), often takes pretty flowers to the local hospital; Merle Negus, Maryborough (Qld.), has a white rabbit, two kittens and a calf for her pet; Myfanth Whaley, of Nambour, has a pair of parrots; Betty Kellner, of Gladstone (Qld.), has a very keen tennis player; Myrtle Browne, of Hyde (N.S.W.), is a keen wanderer through bushlands; Mabel Payne, of Roseville (N.S.W.), recently visited Tamworth; Betty Giles, of West End, Brisbane, wishes the Brisbane Show would come twice a year.

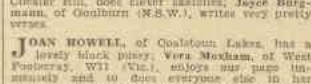
Reel Edwards, of Ballarat (Vic.), attends a junior technical school; Alison Davis, of Kalbarra (N.S.W.), recently spent a delightful holiday in Queensland; Marjorie Bowers, of Clever Hill, does clever stunts; Joyce Burmann, of Goulburn (N.S.W.), writes very pretty verses.

JOAN HOWELL, of Quesantun Lakes, has a lovely black pinner; Vera Maxham, of West Footscray, W.V., enjoys her page immensely and to does everyone else in her family; June Mackling, of Lane Cove (N.S.W.), writes pretty verses; Maribel Hudson, of Croydon (N.S.W.), was eleven on October 3; Betty Lutz, of Mullumbidgee (Vic.), is 13 years old, and would like to correspond with a girl or boy about her own age.

Kenneth, of Kensington (Vic.), is a great admirer of the new Centenary postage stamps; Ken Turner, of 5/- Coogee (N.S.W.), used to live at Glenfield.

Avis Thompson, of Broken Hill (N.S.W.), is fond of singing; Joan Dickson, of Cobbadah (N.S.W.), is a good dancer and is at present looking after her beautiful pen and ink; Barbara Green, of 2/- Glenview (Vic.), says there are 111 pupils at the school she attends; Hector Smith, of St. Mary's (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; Ruth Metcalfe, of Weston (N.S.W.), says, "The Australian Women's Weekly is the first book I've ever laid hands on"; Mollie Tiche, of Oranmore (Qld.), goes walking with her mother, sister, and brother; Nancy Lyne, of Remington (Vic.), writes a delightful letter.

Introducing David Custable, of Cheltenham, N.S.W.



Introducing David Custable, of Cheltenham, N.S.W.

Teacher: What animals are best protected by Nature against the chill of winter?

Bright Paul: Please, sir, those animals that live at the bottom.

Price Card to Harry Moody, 126 Church St., St. Peters, N.S.W.

Jim: Where is my hat?

Joe: Over there on the floor.

Joe: What silly place will I find it next?

Joe: On your head, I suppose.

Price Card to Jack Wright, 111 Railway Rd., St. Peters, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

SHOPKEEPER: Well, my little man, and what can I do for you?

Little Boy: I want a penny's worth of hounds and thousands, and will you count out half for my little sister?

Price Card to Les Patney, Rinnis St., Coah, N.S.W.

Mary had a little snub for everyone, and so—The leaves of her engagement book were always white as snow.

The unhappy man entered a big London store, and made his way to the gardening department.

"I want three lawn mowers," he said. The assistant stared at him. "Three, sir," he asked. "You must have a very big estate." "Nothing of the kind," snapped the customer. "I have two neighbors."

Price Card to Phyllis Selwyn, 29 Edward St., Enfield, N.S.W.

The best six doctors anywhere—And to one can defy it. Are sunshine, water, rest, and air. Exercise and diet.

Price Card to Alma Knight, Avon, Geelong, Vic.

Visitor: Can you tell me why this station is so far from the town?

Porter: I don't know, I'm sure, sir, unless it is in order to have it near the railway line.

Price Card to Marie Stone, Evelyn St., Orange, Qld.

Tom: I say, Bill, have you ever seen a straight banana?

Bill: No, why?

Tom: Well, there's a bunch of bananas in the shop marked "Straight from Fiji."

Price Card to Gwen Whitton, Pittway St., Quirindi, N.S.W.

Teacher: What animals are best protected by Nature against the chill of winter?

Bright Paul: Please, sir, those animals that live at the bottom.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

WUNDERLUST and Fred were sitting in two very comfortable old arm-chairs listening to the wireless. As the strains of that famous piece of music "In a Persian Market" rang out Wunderlust placed his pipe on the mantelpiece and turned to Fred.

"You like that number?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Fred. "Every time I hear it I wish that I were in Persia."

"Goodness," said Wunderlust, "that reminds me I must go to Persia. You can come, too. I can easily arrange that. The whole of Mushroom Grove needs new Persian carpets and rugs; the ones now in use are very shabby indeed."

"Yes, they're looking very shabby," said Fred eagerly.

Truthfully, Fred had not noticed how they looked. He did not know whether they were old or new. All he knew was that he would like to visit Persia, and here was an opportunity of doing so.

"Well," said Wunderlust decisively, "there's no time like the present. We shall leave for Persia in an hour's time. In that time I will make a list of all the carpets and rugs we will be requiring."

Just over an hour the two were flying in the air, and within four hours they had landed in Persia.

Fred first went with Wunderlust and looked over the markets, but was not very much impressed.

Wunderlust judged Fred was a little disappointed with the markets, so hurriedly said, "Come up and see my Persian who sells me the rugs."

"Good," said Fred, and hastened along with Wunderlust. They soon came to the place where the famous maker of rugs and carpets dwell. A kindly-faced, dark-skinned man greeted them at the door.

"You have come to see my magic carpet, eh?" he inquired.

"Yes, we would love to see it," answered Wunderlust.

Then the dark-skinned man disappeared for a moment, and then returned carrying the carpet under his arm. He spread it out and beckoned Fred and Wunderlust to join him. This they did, and within a few seconds the carpet was floating about in the beautiful azure sky.

Fred enjoyed himself immensely on the magic carpet, and was very sorry when the sky darkened and they had to return to the ground.

And as soon as Fred got back to Mushroom Grove he tested all the carpets that Wunderlust brought back to see if they would float. But, of course, none of them would, for the one the Persian had taken him on was the only one of its kind—it was a magic one.

Inspector: Can anyone tell me why the earth revolves on its axis?

Bright Lad: Well, sir, I expect it's 'cos it doesn't want to get lost too much on one side.

Price Card to Dorothy Pratt, 264 Elizabeth St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Who was the first man to sail around the world?—The man in the moon.

What has an eye but cannot see?—A needle. What's the difference between a motor-car and a school?—One breaks up and the other breaks down.

Price Card to Annie Wadwell, Underwood St., Quirindi, N.S.W.



PIRATES BOLD. Price of 5/- to Stanley Broomham, St. Robert St., Wollongong, N.S.W., for this clever sketch.

READ THIS

Every Pal must be under the age of seventeen (17). Only jokes and tricks may be copied—everything else must be original work. When a Pal has written 100 Price Cards a prize of 10/- will be awarded.

The SCANDAL GIRL

Continued from Page 7

SHE hadn't been posing for them long when she got her first job at "The Frolic." She was just sixteen then. She got £2/10 a week, and posed during her free time, and gave her money to her married sister, with whom she lived, because from there it took her only an hour to get to work.

She might easily have become all that the more lurid newspapers said she was, but she just didn't want to. She had ambitions, and the men she met didn't offer her anything that would further them.

She wanted a home, a real home, in a suburb. She knew exactly how it would be furnished, what color the dresser in the kitchen would be painted, what kind of curtains she'd have in the bedroom.

She wanted babies, lots of them, and a sewing room in which she'd make rompers for them, and a nursery in which they'd sleep. She'd had enough of doing everything in a room meant for something else.

She wanted to cook. Her favorite diversion was reading the recipes in the women's magazines. The more intricate they were the better she liked them. She knew that there are eighty-three ways of preparing bananas, and turned with a desire to make a soufflé as light as air. She cooked in the kitchen on Sundays, but her sister wouldn't let her try any of her new-fangled notions. Well, some day she'd do it, in a kitchen of her own.

She knew what kind of husband she wanted, too. He'd be sort of tall and fair, and he'd have an unruly mop. She hated sleek hair. He'd be crazy about her, but he wouldn't want to keep making love to her all the time, and he wouldn't talk a lot of nonsense about what a failure marriage is, and how silly it is to expect a man to stick

to one woman all his life. Most of the men she knew talked like that, but, then, they had wives.

He'd have a job, and go to work early in the mornings, and she'd stand in the window with the baby in her arms and wave to him. In the evenings she'd slip her old raincoat on over her house dress and walk down the street to meet him, with the children. On Sunday mornings he'd work on the car, out in the garage, and she'd take the children to Sunday school, and in the afternoon they'd go for a nice ride somewhere and have a picnic supper. She'd scoop a cabbage out and fill it with potato salad. She'd wanted to do that ever since the time she read about it in "Household Hints."

SHE had begun dreaming about her husband in the days when she stood on a box and washed the other orphan's stockings, and she'd kept on, till now, when she sat on her balcony overlooking the old moat and saw her dreams growing more improbable of fulfillment than they had ever seemed before.

She could see him so plainly, this tall, sunburned man, with laughing blue eyes and big hands, and his tie a little bit crooked, so that she could reach up and straighten it, and make him laugh and kiss her on the forehead. Men had always wanted to kiss her lips, but he wouldn't want to. She could hear his voice, a hearty, honest voice: "Anna, I can't find my clean shirt!" "Anna, did the kids take my hammer?" Hour after hour she made up imaginary scenes, carried on imaginary dialogue.

And finally she would sigh, and go

downtown to tea. Down to the gardens where great beds of flaming snapdragons snatched their brilliance from the sun, and other girls glanced at her sidelong from the corners of their eyes, enviously.

She didn't know those other girls, though some of them had tea there every day in the season. They were more fragrantly good-looking than she, those others. Very fair, very brunette dressed in pale grey or beige or flesh color from head to foot, in frocks that shrieked aloud of their owner's ability to pay exorbitant cleaners' bills. Most of them had dogs, nice, sturdy little Scottish or bull terriers, the kind of dogs that men who didn't know one would be likely to pat. They would sit there, each one alone, waiting, watching. Not infrequently you would see them at dinner afterwards with men they hadn't known when the men arrived at tea time. The waiters would smile a little when they came in, but would be very obsequious, and the wine bill would cover many bottles of the more expensive, less ostentatious wines, and the tip would be large.

The waiters never smiled at Miss Brown that way. She had no dog, she never dined with men, she hadn't known at tea-time; she ate alone, a book propped against her bottle of Evian, unless she had guests.

They would be family groups or miscellaneous assortments of women, people she met sight-seeing. She had learned to speak French and German fairly well, and could be most useful to the English who were going through the museum or the old prison, or who just wanted to see the town. She was

happy with them. She would order flagrantly English dinners—cold roast beef and lettuce and tomato salad. She had a chirpy little voice, and sometimes it could be heard, as she reminisced once with them: "Oh, yes, I know; my brother was brought up in Birmingham," or "Certainly, pancakes for Shrove Tuesday. We always had them." A nice, homely background, that fitted in with the dowdy frocks she always wore, with the type of face that men had somehow become.

She would see her guests off, no matter on how early a train they left, bringing them fruit and flowers, exchanging last-minute promises with them: "Yes, I'll certainly call on you if I ever go through Warwickshire," or "Now, you won't forget! Ring up when you get to London; I may be there by then!" But she would walk away from the station spiritlessly, because she knew that she wouldn't be going back for a long time, not till "The Scandal Girl" had been forgotten.

SOMETIMES she didn't see the English people off; if they were staying at the Palace, they were sure to find out who she really was. One of the old ladies would tell them, just as someone had told someone else when she first came. There were always several of the old ladies at the Palace, rich provincials from France and Holland and Germany, with real pearls around their stringy throats and sable scarves on their knobby shoulders. Vicious-looking old ladies, who ate straight through the table d'hôte dinner and took fruit away from the table when they retreated to their rooms. When Miss Brown came

downtown they would run their tongues over their dry lips and look round to see whom they could tell about her; it was an unfailing way to hold interest.

She defied them for a long time, but finally she had to give up her English visitors, because the old ladies hurt her too cruelly.

AN English girl was staying at the Palace with her mother. The mother was one of those uneasy souls who always look as if they had just tipped a waiter too little and feel that everyone knows it, and the girl was clinging frantically to her teens, waiting a moment to count hastily before she admitted that she remembered certain popular songs or important events. Miss Brown had encountered them one market day, when all the town's main avenue was lined with carts laden with flowers and vegetables, and helped them out, as they spoke nothing but English.

She was rather swanky about that girl, almost haunted her in the old ladies' faces. She loved to come into the hotel with her arm thrust through the girl's, a tennis racket in her hand. Her face would be flushed, her nose a bit shiny, and she would be radiantly happy; perhaps she would be saying: "And then what happened, when it rained the day of the wedding?"

And then, one afternoon when even the scarlet snapdragons were a bit wilted, because of the heat, the girl and her mother met Miss Brown on the hotel steps. Met her and cut her dead. One of the old ladies clicked her teeth and said, "Hmmm!" triumphantly, two others exchanged significant smiles. A red-haired girl in green organdie glanced up from her tea-table and laughed a little. A fair girl, forgetting herself, indulged in a few remarks that could have been the fruit only of many hard-bitten years.

Please turn to Page 42



The Schoolboy's Smile

AND THE REASON FOR IT

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS make the school lunch worth while.



Order your Arnott's Famous Xmas Cakes and Puddings early from Your Grocer



Yet She Had a Shiny Nose!

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little Mousse of Cream in her powder would have made a world of difference. Mousse of Cream is an exclusive Tokalon patent process. It makes the powder stay on in spite of a hot sun, wind, rain, or perspiration from dancing in over-heated rooms, or playing tennis. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. Mousse of Cream is the reason Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and widely used face powder. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders. 1/8 a box (including Sales Tax).

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

Latest American Aid for the

DEAF

SUPER-EAR
NO BATTERIES
NO CORDS
NO NOISE
WORKS WITH LIGHT
HEAD HAND.

Absolutely new
Acoustical Principle.
Write for Particulars. 7 Days' Trial.

E. ESDAILE & SONS
Scientific Instrument Makers and Opticians,
42 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY



SUDDEN DEATH

Can He Avoided

If You Suffer From Blood Pressure and Take

ARTERIOLETS TABLETS

(Dr. Neubauer's German Remedy).

You Need Not Worry.

ARTERIOLETS TABLETS dissolve the Lime Salts

which clog the arteries and culminate in Sudden

Death.

Who wait until it is too late?

If you suffer from Depression, Giddiness,

Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy,

Fluoridation in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot

Flashes, Exhaustion, Failing Memory, etc., etc.,

this is BLOOD PRESSURE. Be on the safe side

with the only safe remedy.

ARTERIOLETS TABLETS.

Price: 12/- 5 weeks, 22/- 12 weeks (full

course); trial supply, 5/6.

Obtainable all leading chemists or direct from

C. WINTER, 53 Wellington Street, Kew, Victoria,
E. A.



This is the girl who used to have ugly HALF-CLEAN TEETH

How to make Teeth Shades Whiter.

Achieves results impossible before—Try it

Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEANS TEETH.

One dental cream that kills trouble, some germs as it cleans the teeth is KOLYNOS. Try it—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. . . . Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless agents that give the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every

tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

HALF-CLEAN TEETH LOOK UGLY. Start using KOLYNOS. At once your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel clean and fresher.

Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE THE USUAL TIME—BECAUSE YOU USE HALF AS MUCH

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic Dental Cream

The SCANDAL GIRL

Continued from Page 41

MISS BROWN stood there a moment, tennis racket in hand, looking very young and yet very old, because of the beaten way in which her slender little body dropped, and the grey pallor that swept over her face. Then she went quickly down the steps and over to a table next to the fair girl's, and bent over to pat the girl's scalp, just long enough for tears to dry and sobs to stop rising in one's throat.

It was only a few weeks later that Ben Richie arrived at the Palace. Arrived in the sort of car that even men who wear monocles stop to look at when it's parked at the kerb. He took one of the best suites in the hotel; the huge living room had yellow damask walls and many mirrors and small tables; the bathroom was the pride of the hotel. Ben had the time of his life with the place; bell buttons beside the bed were his greatest joy. He liked the little brass tables that formed a backing for them, with its tiny drawings—two waiters carrying a tray, for the button that would summon a waiter; two port maids with broom and bucket; two men with boots in one hand and a travelling bag in the other—he loved them all. But his favorite was the one that opened the outer door; he liked to lie in bed and push it over and over again and would laugh delightedly as the door swung open.

Ben hadn't been brought up on luxury; he'd lived in a country town and worked in the garage. He'd always tinkered with machinery, and finally he'd invented a device to be used on pumps in oil wells, that brought in an income so large he couldn't possibly spend it.

He was meant for the sleek, suave girls who brought their dogs to tea. And for Annabelle, he was her heart's desire. He had unruly hair; he had big, capable hands, and laughing blue eyes, and the honest, open manner she had dreamt about since her convent days.

She let her beauty flare forth over, whimpering for him. She reverted to the tricks she had learned and despised when she was at "The Frolics," just long enough to snatch him, so skilfully that he didn't know he was being snatched, from the clutches of the hungry-eyed girls in pale, misleadingly-cut frocks. He was travelling with a Mrs. Meecham and her sister, people from his native town whom he had encountered in Paris; the sort of people Annabelle was always meeting in Cook's or the Continental Express.

It was through them that she met him. Together they went for walks around the lake, late in the afternoon; that lake where all Zurich enjoys itself, where small boys fish regardless of the

other small boys who throw stones for their dogs or go swimming just where the fish are supposed to be. They laughed at the boys, they smiled wistfully at the young lovers who embraced publicly in rowing-boats.

BEN took Annabelle rowing, took her for excursions into the mountains, took her to the cinema, where she translated the captions for him. Anyone could have seen that Annabelle had taken Ben straight into her heart.

The old ladies watched, whispered, muttered ominously to each other. But Mrs. Meecham and her sister had gone on to Lausanne, and they never got a chance at Ben alone. Annabelle came downstairs early, stayed down till he was ready to go to bed. Sometimes there was a worried look in her great brown eyes, sometimes she ran down the stairs a little too alertly, to relax smilingly when she saw that Ben hadn't appeared yet.

The habitude of the hotel, who had been coming back each year of the three that she had been at the Palace began making bets with each other. They liked Miss Brown, hoped she'd win through, but they weren't above making bets as to whether she'd marry him before he found out who she was, or waging as to how the marriage would turn out, when he did discover the truth.

AND then Mrs. Meecham and her sister returned, laden with Swiss embroidery to add to their beaded bags and tooled leather from Florence, and their hats from Paris. Returned to be besieged by the old ladies, the very first evening, and told the whole story, which had been somewhat embellished since the first visiting Englishman told it years ago.

Annabelle Winters knew what had happened when she and Ben came in from rowing on the moonlit lake in one of the little white boats, and her face went grey and her body sagged, as if it had sagged on that other day when the mother and daughter cut her dead. But not for long. She drew herself up proudly, went straight over to the Meechams and their retinue.

"I want you to be the first to know the news," she said. "Ben and I are engaged to be married."

And then—that sublime faith she must have had in his love—she went upstairs leaving him to them. They told him, of course, Mrs. Meecham took him by the arm, talking so earnestly that her long, thin face sharpened into new angles. Her sister talked, between nervous, excited giggles; the old ladies chimed in, with chunky Dutch accents or staccato French ones. And Ben Richie listened, and nodded, and a new light came into his eyes as he sat there, biting his lips, turning quickly from one to the other.

Finally he rose jerkily and strode over to a table, to write a note, which he sent up to Annabelle's room. And the old ladies retired, complacently, and Mrs. Meecham followed them, her sister trailing dutifully after her, with reluctant glances back at Ben, who was tramping the lobby.

Annabelle came down early the next morning, to sit at a sunny table in the pergola, looking down at the moat, waiting for him. She was not drowsy this morning; a huge box had arrived from Paris for her the day before, and her pale blue frock was ahead of latest modes. For the first time since she had come to the Palace, she wore make-up; the delicate curve of her lips was sharply defined, the exquisite contour of her cheeks emphasised by the rosy tint that had been spread on them so deftly. Yet she looked like a ghost of herself.

Ben Richie came to her eagerly, but she barely glanced up as he joined her. The waiter had made a mistake and brought her chocolate instead of coffee, and she was looking down a wide, stony road that led into the past.

"It's true," she told him, before he could speak. "Last night I just told you that I'd been at 'The Frolics' for three years. Well, I'm really 'The Scandal Girl.' Probably it's silly to tell you that there was never any truth in those things they printed about me; you wouldn't believe that. But I—"

He laughed, laid one big hand lightly on her bare arm.

"Don't bother," he said. "I only wish you'd told me the whole thing. Instead of letting those old cats have the satisfaction of doing it. Why on earth didn't you? Why, to think that you, of all people, could care for me! Wait till the fellows at home hear it. We all used to read about you. Wait till they see you. Not that you'll spend more than a few days there," he went on jubilantly. "London's the place for

\$1000 AIR RACE COMPETITION

1st PRIZE £500
2nd PRIZE £150
3rd PRIZE £100
4th PRIZE £50
5th PRIZE £30
100 Prizes at £1 each.
1000.
Special Early Entry
Prizes of £200 each, £50.



Estimate the Time the Winner of the Centenary Air Race will take—and Win a Big Prize!

This Competition is under the auspices of the Housewives' Association of Victoria, and 25 per cent. of Net proceeds are to aid the State Committee for the Treatment of Cancer. £1000 HAS BEEN LODGED WITH THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA AS A GUARANTEE.

This competition will be conducted under the continuous supervision of the Auditor, Alfred Douglas Burgoyne, A.I.C.A., Licensed Companies' Auditor, of D. R. Casey and Burgoyne, Public Accountants, of 80 Swanston Street, Melbourne. All entries will be consecutively numbered, stamped by the Auditor, and opened in the presence of the Auditor or his representative.

Send in your entries now. Remember the special early entry prizes. Competitors are advised to watch the daily papers for reports on flying range, maximum speeds, and cruising speeds of all planes in the Air Speed Race.

Sir Charles Kingsford Smith took 7 days, 4 hours, 33 minutes on his fastest flight from England to Australia.

Flight-Lieutenant C. T. P. Uim's time was 6 days, 17 hours, 56 minutes.

108 Cash Prizes for Nearest Times

Each entry costs 6d. Competitors may submit as many entries as they desire. Do not send entries through the post. Postal notes should be used if possible, but stamps will be accepted. Entries on plain paper will be accepted.

1st Prize will be awarded to the competitor who submits the correct or nearest correct estimate of the time taken by the officially declared winner of the International Air Speed Race from London to Melbourne. 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th prizes will be awarded to the next nearest estimates submitted in order of merit. Ang 103 other cash prizes. Ties divide. Entries close Oct. 30, 1934.

An Early Entry prize of £200 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the nearest estimate for the time during the week ending October 6. Early entry prizes have already been announced for entries received for weeks ending September 23 and September 29.

The judging of the competition will be conducted by the Auditor, A. D. Burgoyne, A.I.C.A., L.C.A. of D. R. Casey & Burgoyne, Public Accountants, of 80 Swanston St., Melbourne, and all entries are accepted on the distinct understanding that his decision is final and legally binding on all competitors.

The guaranteed prize money is £1000, and this amount must be won. For full particulars see The Australian Women's Weekly, September 29.

CUT OUT AND SEND THIS COUPON NOW

Entries on Plain Paper Accepted—TEST YOUR SKILL

£1000 AIR RACE COMPETITION—COUPON

In my judgment the time taken by the winner of the International Air Race will be—

	Days	Hours	Mins	(NAME)
1 Entry				
2 Entries				
3 Entries				
4 Entries				
5 Entries				
6 Entries				

ADDRESS

herby agree to accept the Judge's decision as final and legally binding. WW. 6/10/34

Send Entries to—

AIR RACE COMPETITION

1st FLOOR STRAND BLDGS, 64 ELIZABETH STREET—MELBOURNE, VIC.

Entries may be left at the Kiosk, Newspaper House, Melbourne.

Heavens! To think that you picked me, after all the men you could have had! To think that you—I can't wait to get back there. We'll make 'em sit up and take notice! Let's get married to-day and start right away!"

For a moment she did not answer, only sat and stared at the gay little boats in the moat. Perhaps she saw dreams drowning there, in the bright water. Perhaps she wondered if it wouldn't be better to forget that she loved him, and keep the dreams instead. And then she looked at him, at his rough hair, at the laughing eyes, the lips that could be so reverent, so tender. And suddenly she laid her hand in his, and smiled.

THEY are much in the public eye, now; they are confirmed first-nighters at the London theatres; no smart night club opening is complete without them. The girl who for three years was Miss Brown, of "The Frolics," sits quietly beside her husband, diamond ear-rings dangling to her exquisite shoulders, half her beautiful body revealed by the daring lines of her gorgeous frock. But her smile is wistful, except at times when her husband turns to her, and frustrated dreams look out from her great, dark eyes.

The over-enterprising Press meticulously calls her Mrs. Benjamin Richie, but they always add, meticulously, that she once was famous as Annabelle Winters, of "The Scandal Girl."

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H. OST Hedbrook says: I knew my Pure Mail Vinegar from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.***

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Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young Sydney chemist, has become famous for the complete relief of many cases of skin diseases considered hopeless. His remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most anxious cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Ashfield woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.

Mr. McHugh's formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A. For successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Oera under Nails, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm (Tinea), Itchiness, Rash, Dermatitis, Ringworm, Acne, Pimples, and similar distressing complaints. His treatment ranks among the remarkable advances made in medicine. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write, enclosing stamped envelope, for full details of treatment to Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., F.R.C., Consulting Chemist, 131A Liverpool Street (First Floor), opposite St. James, Sydney.

Consultations Free from 9 to 5 daily, 8 to 12 Saturdays, and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Tuesdays and Fridays. Phone, MARRS 4444.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear; in the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 25 sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.***



WILL Women's World Games Be ABANDONED?

Amalgamation with Olympic Games May Retard Women's Progress in Sport

By RUTH FREDDEY

The Women's World Games, the fourth series of which recently concluded in London, are in danger of being abandoned.

As an alternative it has been suggested that all the athletic events for women should be included in the next Olympic Games. The suggestion has come from the German Women's Athletic Association.

IT will be remembered that it was these players who suffered a handicap, because no interpreter had been arranged for them. Whether it is due to this mismanagement that the suggested alternative has been voiced, has not been stated.

When Lord Davies, president of the Amateur Athletic Association, heard of the latest proposal, he said he thought it would be a very sensible idea to amalgamate the Women's Games and Olympic Games.

"One large meeting that would embrace events for women and men would be better for the public and the athletes themselves," he said.

If this proposal is carried out, it will be necessary for the Olympic Games Council to include all the events that are now programmed in the Women's World Games.

Will women control this part of the Olympic Games, or will the arrangements be in the hands of men officials? That is a question that will have to be decided.

It would be a regrettable thing if the women, after striving for so many years for control of their own sports, should eventually hand it over to a controlling body of men.

IT is not likely that Australian sports-women will regard the German proposal favorably.

There was, undoubtedly, a flavor of mismanagement about the recent world games, but it was not so serious that it cannot be remedied.

This is only the fourth meeting of the World Games and the whole handling of the matter was in the hands of the Women's Amateur Athletic Association. One could hardly expect things

to have reached the peak of perfection with only the experience of the three previous meetings as a guide.

In the event of the proposal to hold the Games in conjunction with the Olympic Games being rejected, it is thought that either Denmark or Germany will be the country in which the next Games will be held.

However, it is not too soon for the Women's Athletic Associations in Australia to start organising, so that at least two Australians will represent us at the next Women's World Games.

FREE Sewing MACHINE!

Simple Competition for Readers

You have only got to do two things to enter this competition:

FIRST: Write a short letter about the features of the paper that interest you most. We only want your opinions; the style of the letter does not matter.

SECOND: Cut out the voting coupon below and number from one to six the half-dozen features you like best. You can mark more than six if you like. In cases where you like several features equally well you can give them the same number. There is also a space where you can mention any feature which you would like to see more of or less.

The prize, a British Jones sewing-machine, with cabinet made in Australia, is on view in the windows of the Pincock Sewing Machine Company, 72 Drury Street, Sydney (opposite Town Hall side entrance).

VOTING COUPON

Mark the list in order of preference, from one to six, or more if you want to.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
|Cover Drawing, by Boothroyd. |That Happen. |
|Poem, P. Duncan-Brown. |Film Page Article. |
|News Articles. |Film Reviews, by Beatrice Tidley. |
|Book Reviews. |Homemaker Section. |
|Short Stories. |Mirror of Society. |
|Serial Story. |Intimate Jottings. |
|L. W. Lower. |In and Out of Society, by Wep. |
|Bridge Article. |Louise Mack Advises. |
|Editorial. |Young Wives and Mothers. |
|Points of View. |Needlework. |
|Lyrics of Life. |Knitting Designs and Directions. |
|Photographic Fashion Page. |Fashion Service and Free Pattern Department. |
|Fashion Article by Jessie Tall. |Body Beautiful. |
|Fashion Drawings by Petrov. |What My Patients Ask Me. |
|Pictorial Page. |Cooking, by Margaret Shepherd. |
|"Some New Laughs." |Men's Page. |
|Brainwaves. |Sports Page. |
|Music Page. |Old Gardener. |
|Clever Ideas. | |
|So They Say. | |

I THINK YOU SHOULD GIVE MORE OF THESE:

I THINK YOU SHOULD GIVE LESS OF THESE:

A.W.W. 6/10/34.

IMPROVE YOUR GAME, No. 9—FIELD GAMES

No. 1.—THE JAVELIN THROW. The javelin must be kept on a line with the shoulders. The body is well bent, and the weight is transferred to a forward position as the javelin leaves the hand.

No. 2.—THE POSITION of the body is reversed as the javelin leaves the hand. The front leg is stiffened, and the back leg is used as a balance, which prevents the thrower from falling over the line.

No. 3.—THE RELEASE of the discus. The thrower has already completed one body turn, and is about to finish in a reverse position similar to the javelin thrower shown in the preceding picture.

No. 4.—THE SHOT PUTT. This illustrates the glide across the circle preparatory to making the putt. The right arm is extended well in front so as to balance the body.

"JOCELYN'S" Racing Review

By "JOCELYN"

WHAT a hold racing has on the Australian public! I don't think anyone anticipated that over 60,000 people would cram themselves into the various Randwick enclosures on the opening day of the Spring Carnival—nearly 15,000 more than last year. And what a well-dressed, prosperous-looking crowd they were—before the races!

These great sporting events of the Turf must be a bugbear to business men, heads of departments, bankers, managers of warehouses, factory managers, and even newspaper offices. Sweeps are illegal, yet I venture to say that not an establishment in Australia where large

numbers of men and women are employed did not have its business thrust aside last Friday and Saturday to organise 1/-, 2/-, and 5/- sweeps on the Epsom.

The office girl who has never set foot on a racecourse in her life, and would not know whether Chatham is a chestnut or a grey, insists on having her little flutter in the sweep and gets as wildly excited over the drawing as if she had just received a proposal of marriage.

On the course itself it was a disastrous time for the betting public.

The first shock came when the gallant hurdler Greenesa, with his huge burden of 13.10, was just beaten on the post by a rank outsider in Clangor. Then in the two minor events which followed, the Trial Stakes, favorites in Senior and Mainlaw were successful, and everyone was happy again in anticipation of further wins on the really great horses of the meeting, Chatham, Silver King, and Peter Pan.

Silver King started at odds-on in the Derby, and, after leading all the way, just failed to land the £5000 prize-money by a neck. But worse was to follow. Chatham, winner of two previous Epsom Handicaps and a Doncaster, essayed the task of repeating the performance with 10.9 on his back.

When Jim Pike's pink jacket flashed to the front in the straight a mighty cheer went up from thousands of voices, but the effort of making the pace with the fast lightweights had taken all the steam out of Chatham and when Pike saw that the great horse had no chance he did not push him right out.

Silver Ring, the winner, hails from New Zealand, and had been quietly backed for a huge sum for the race, but the Sydney public did not benefit much by his win.

The Spring Stakes saw the Melbourne Cup favorite, Peter Pan, also at odds-on, well beaten by the Newcastle champion, Rogilla, with Oro in third place. Pike, rider of Peter Pan, was found guilty of interference with Lismarch during the race, and suspended for two months, which will prevent his riding again until after the Melbourne Cup meeting.

THE succession of shocks to punters continued on Metropolitan day, when one of the favorites for the Breeders' Plate, Latharna, stood flat-footed at the post, and, after being very badly left, flew into third place.

Heavy rain on Monday morning made the track sodden for the Metropolitan Handicap, over 13 furlongs. Oro, who started a firm favorite, took up the lead in the early stages of the race, but before the Leger was reached he was passed by three horses and beaten out of a place. Walkare the winner, is owned by Mr. E. J. Watt, and drew attention to his chances by recently winning the Rosebery £500 Cup.

I'VE ONLY GOT THREE TEETH, BUT, THEY'RE WELL TAKEN CARE OF WITH LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



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TOOTH PASTE

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FEET



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Every purchaser of £15 worth of Household Linen during October will be given a handsome maple Linen Chest Free! It's a wonderful opportunity for the bride-to-be to secure really fine linens from our tremendous new range, and keep them safely stored in one of these handsome, dust-proof Linen Chests.

AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT £15 WILL BUY!

	£	s	d		£	s	d
1 Pair Hemstitched Linen Finish Sheets, Double Bed size	1	5	0	6 Linen Huckaback Face Towels	1	3	6
2 Pairs Hemmed Linen Finish Sheets, Double Bed size	1	13	0	6 Linen Huckaback Guest Towels	1	0	6
2 Pairs Hemmed Linen Finish Sheets, Single Bed size	1	10	10	4 Coloured Bath Towels	1	0	0
1 Doz. Housewife Pillow Cases	1	4	6	2 Linen Roller Towels	5	10	0
1 Doz. Hemstitched Pillow Cases	1	4	6	6 Kitchen Tea Towels	1	0	6
6 Only Large White Turkish Bath Towels	1	3	6	6 Linen Kitchen Glass Towels	9	0	0
6 Only Small White Turkish Hand Towels	1	1	6	1 Bath Mat	2	6	0
				1 Linen Damask Cloth 72 x 90 ins.	1	5	6
				1 Linen Damask Cloth 72 x 72 ins.	1	7	6
				1 Dozen Linen Damask Serviettes	1	5	6
				1 Only Linen Crash Breakfast Set (Cloth 54 x 54 ins. with 4 Napkins)	9	11	
				1 Gimpure Lace Cheval Set	7	11	

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with Hemstitched Hems

The superior quality of these famous Sheets makes them a wonderful bargain at this reduced price. Unfortunately there are only 480 pairs available! Soft linen finish, hand-drawn hemstitched hems. 12 x 3 yds. Usd. 22/6; now, pr. 18/11. 2 x 3 yds. size, usd. 25/6; special, pr. 21/-; 2 x 3 yards size, usually 32/6; special, pr. 27/6.

Usually 21/-

Hemstitched SHEETS

500 pairs of superior quality soft Linen finish Sheets with hand-drawn hemstitched hems. Laundered ready for use. 12 x 3 yards, usd. 21/-; now, pr. 16/11; 2 x 3 yards, usd. 25/-; now, pr. 18/11; 2 x 3 yards, usd. 37/6; pair, 22/6.

16/11

12/6 'Osman' Sheets

Only a huge purchase of two thousand pairs of these famous sheets makes such an offer possible! They have neatly finished hems and a soft, plain linen finish. They can be relied on for excellent service. 12 x 21 yds. Usd. 12/6; pair, 9/6. 12 x 21 yds. Usd. 15/6; pair, 13/6. 2 x 21 yds. Usd. 18/6; pair, 14/11. 21 x 21 yds. Usd. 19/11; pair, 16/11. 21 x 21 yds. Usd. 24/6; pair, 19/6.

9/6

REMEMBER — DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE!

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Beautiful Hand-worked

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Imagine 33 1/3rd per cent. off the regular prices for hand-worked antique reproduction designs on fine Ecu Linens! Afternoon Tea, Supper, & Bridge Sets included.

36 x 36 in., 4 naps. Usd. 25/6; now 16/11.
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Stock up with
TOWELS!

33 1/3% off

REGULAR PRICES

200 dozen white 'Osman' Bath Towels with thick absorbent pile. Excellent wearing. 22 x 44 in. Usd. 5/6; now each, 1/11. Superior quality all white 'Osman' Bath Towels with soft, thick, reliable weave. 24 x 48 in. size. Usd. 2/11; now each, 2/6. Christy's—100 dozen of them! Famous all white Bath Towels with soft, absorbent textures and wonderful wearing qualities. Size 24 x 48. Usually 3/11; now each, 3/6. Size 29 x 60. Usually 5/11; now each, 4/11. Size 32 x 56. Usually 7/11; now each, 6/11.

less
25%

From London, Ireland, and the Continent comes this huge assortment of household linens which we are offering during October at 25% less than the usual prices. The reliable and famous brands included are a guarantee of the genuine values!

"OLD BLEACH"

Table Linens

Every housewife will welcome this chance to save on table Linens of such an assured quality as this finely-woven, excellent-wearing "Old Bleach" Damask. Be early, while our range of interesting new designs is complete!

A superfine quality Cloth with 6 Napkins in an assortment of interesting hand-tinted designs on snowy white grounds. The colours are guaranteed to launder and wear well. Each set is placed in an attractive gift box. Size 72x72 in. Usd. 115/-; 140/-; now at set, 84/- and 105/-; Size 72x90 in. Usd. 130/-; 155/-; now at set, 97/6 and 115/-.

Gloriously fine snowy-white Damask Cloth with 6 Napkins exclusively designed. Each set is enclosed in a gift box.

Size 72x72. Usd. 77/6, 100/-; 120/-; now 67/6, 75/-; 90/-; Size 72x90. Usd. 90/-; 110/-; 140/-; now 67/6, 82/6, 105/-.

Coloured Linen Damask Cloths in blue, green, or lemon, guaranteed fadeless. Bowed with 8 Napkins. Size 72 x 90 inches. Usually 127/6; now at set, 95/-.

Smart Continental
TABLE LINENS LESS 25%

Linen Morning Tea, Breakfast, and Luncheon Cloths. Blue, gold, or green grounds with tartan or check designs and all-round peasant fringe. Fadeless colours.

36in. square. Usd. 5/3; now 3/11. 45in. square. Usd. 7/11; now 5/11. 52in. square. Usd. 10/6; now 7/9. 52x68in. Usd. 15/6; now 11/4. Napkins, 12in. square. Usd. 9d.; now 6d.

Flecked Linen Morning Tea, Breakfast, and Luncheon Cloths with green or blue grounds and multi-coloured striped borders. Finished with thick fringe all round. 34in. sq. Usd. 5/3; now 3/11; 43in. sq. Usd. 6/11; now 5/3. 52in. sq. Usd. 10/11; now 8/11. Napkins 12x12. Usd. 9d.; ea. 6d.

This is very new! Cream Continental Linens with attractive four-colour combination block striped borders. Fadeless, too! 34x34in. Usd. 6/11; now 5/3. 52x52in. Usd. 12/11; now 10/6. 17-piece Luncheon Sets. Usd. 24/6; now 18/6. Napkins 12x12. Usually priced at, each, 1/1; now, ea., 9d.

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Horrock's renowned quality soft textured Linen finished Pillow Cases, guaranteed for good service. Standard sizes, 20 x 30 inches. Taped ends. Usually 1/3, now 1/-; doz. 11/4. Housewife. Usd. 1/6; now 1/3; doz. 13/4.

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Fine Linen finished Pillow slips with wide hand-drawn hemstitched hems. Laundered ready for use. Full standard size, 20x30 in. Housewife style. Usd. 2/11; now 2/6. Six to be sold now for 14/6.

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1000 dozen "Elephant" Brand Pillow Cases of sturdy quality soft Linen finished cloth. 20 x 30 ins. size. Taped ends. Usd. 1/4 1/2; now 1/-; doz. 11/6. Housewife. Usd. 1/7 1/2; now 1/3; doz. 14/6.

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Free Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly 6/10/34

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BE SOLD
SEPARATELY

By OLIVE WADSLEY

With This Ring

OLIVE WADSLEY



LOST single girls, if they were honest, would admit that whenever they go to a party, on a sea cruise, or for their annual fortnight to Glaston or Seabrook or Torquay, they hope—wonder, if you like it better—whether they will meet the man they are going to marry.

After all, if they don't marry, what are they going to do? Go on being typists, mannequins, shop assistants, private secretaries—sharing two rooms with another girl, with no luxury, very little privacy, scarcely any of the things they long for?

It's all very well to exclaim scornfully:

"Rubbish! I like earning my own living. I love my freedom!" and so on, but just wait until the right man comes along . . .

And when he produces that longed-for little ring, just ask yourself how long you would hesitate before leaving your job.

At eighteen or nineteen, getting up early, cramming into the tube, or tram, snatching a hasty tea-shop lunch, returning home in the "rush-hour," fighting the gas stove and cooking the eternal egg or sausage or tiny cutlet (and drinking tea with it!)—all these may contain something of the real spirit of adventure.

But after three or four years of it what girl is there who would not gladly give it all up for a ticket in the great Marriage Lottery?

At any rate, let us eavesdrop as Stella Trente confides to her friend Lili Forrest:

"If Bertie Harrill doesn't ask me to marry him soon, I shall ask him!"

"But you aren't in love with him, Stella," Lili said slowly.

Stella finished powdering her face carefully, viewed it from every angle, gave her hair a last dextrous little push, then turned round.

"I could love him, given half a chance," she said pensively. "I mean, once married, with a little free time at last to study him, I could. Why not? He's quite decent-looking, he's got a sufficient income, he's—"

"Dull as they're made, deadly selfish, and getting fat," Lili concluded crisply.

"Well, if only thin people got married—," Stella replied vaguely. "And as for dullness, I'm not sure that that's such a bad quality. It makes for peace, anyway."

"I believe you must be half in love with Bertie already, you defend him so," Lili suggested.

"I'm more than half in love with Bertie's solid career and solid income and nice solid flat, all paid for, 'cash down and done with it,' as he expresses it!"

Lili laughed as she got out of bed with one lovely lithe movement and into a dressing-gown with another.

"One of these days," Stella re-

marked, her gaze on the pink chiffon dressing-gown. "You'll get your death of cold because you will have prettiness instead of plain warmth and comfort."

"I can't help it," Lili called from the microscopic bathroom. "Just as I'd rather have jasmine bath salts and no egg for breakfast! I'm like that!"

Stella had to be on duty an hour earlier than Lili. She gave a quick, appreciative sniff as jasmine perfume triumphed over the smell of coffee and bacon, then turned reluctantly to the door.

"Well, good-bye," she called out.

"Bye," Lili answered, blithely, "and good luck with old Bertie! I hope you bring him up to scratch, and obtain the cash-down existence you long for! Also, when you get it, I hope you like it!"

Stella ran down the stone stairs to the sound of Lili's laughter. Lili seemed to make no claims on life, to have no fear of it. She had the blessed power of taking everything as it came.

"It's because she's never been really up against things," Stella decided, remembering, as she raced along, her own eternally-bothered mother, her struggling, unsuccessful father, and all the children, of whom she had been the youngest.

The war had taken three of the boys, but Claude had won scholarships, sent himself to college and blossomed out as an accountant, while Di had married quite comely, and after the break-up of the home Stella herself had managed to get a job as a secretary-typist.

But her upbringing had been so different from Lili's. Lili's father had died when she had been a baby, and Lili's mother was, at forty, just like Lili herself—as slender, as irresponsible and, in a different way, as pretty.

"Easy enough, seeing she keeps all the money!" Stella criticised.

All the same, she had to admit that Mrs. Forrest was lovely, amusing and interesting.

"And," Stella added, "so cleverly selfish you can't pin it down on her!"

It was the clever selfishness which explained Lili's daily presence in the hat shop, and her mother's presence in Paris, or Cannes, or any other sunny and gay place.

"Lili wants to be on her own, and I believe in every girl being allowed to carve out her future, if she wants to," Lili's mother had declared bravely, and Lili had been pleased with "Henriette," and boarded in a girls' hostel.

Her mother had left for the Riviera a week later and had written to Lili to hope she was all "snug and cosy."

That had been a year earlier, and Lili and Stella had met that first winter at some girl's flat, and liked one another instantly.

Three months later they had set up house together.

Lili's mother had fluttered over "to see she had things," had taken furniture out of storage, given the curtains, which were like impris-

oned sunshine, she said, and which really were delightful. After that she had fluttered back to Monte Carlo.

Why Lili did not marry was a mystery to Stella. Men were always turning to look at her. She met scores of them in the shop; she went to stay for week-ends at country houses. Young men rang her up, took her out, but nothing came of it.

Stella ran down Harley Street, a shocked glance at an Oxford street clock warning her it was a minute to the hour. On the doorstep of Sir Denison Barr's house she cannoned into a man and flushed scarlet as Bertie Harrill's pleasant voice said:

"Hullo, Miss Trente! You seem very pugnacious this morning."

"Only late, Mr. Harrill."

"It's all right. Parr's not here, yet," Bertie Harrill said.

They both hesitated in the sombre hall; then Harrill, with a smile, went on upstairs to his own suite of rooms.

He whistled under his breath as he ran through his pile of letters and set aside a few for Stella to answer when she should be free to come up and help him.

"Should he—shouldn't he?" he wondered idly.

He was definitely attracted, he was comfortably off . . . Stella would be an excellent wife.

"But who wants an excellent wife?" he said under his breath, a funny little smile on his lips.

Lili was late, but none save Estelle, the maid-assistant-trimmer, was in the shop. She was arranging Madonna lilies in the window, and as Lili went to help her Robin Ducane, passing, wheeled round and stopped.

Lili did not see him, but he saw every lovely line of her, from her slender ankles to her down-bent, shining head, and too thin hands. He walked on at last, becoming annoyed conscious of the smiling woman in the background, and conscious also of the extreme keenness of the January wind, and the fact that he needed a new overcoat badly.

He turned into his office with his temper on edge, and a sense of futility in his mind.

Life was such a grim affair, and his father had left him such a mess to clear up. Debts, undone business, furious clients to placate—and the family.

Bill, twenty-one, "something" at a film studio, which meant a few guineas now and then, but chiefly "then"! Tip at school, Peg getting thirty bob a week, and worth a fiver, and home as tidy as the first one back in the evening chose to make it!

And side by side with this deadliest form of genteel poverty, the type of girl existed, who arranged lilies in a shop where the cheapest hat cost guineas, and who looked just as effortlessly lovely and perfect as the lilies themselves.

"Oh, damn!" Robin said, going to the window, and looking out at

the grey street, grey sky, silver grey drizzle just beginning to fall.

What a day! What a life! And Monday, too!

Sullenly, resolutely, he plunged into work, shutting out all memory of lilies, of a darkly golden head, and the slenderest ankles imaginable.

The day wore through somehow, and he set off to tramp home, longing for exercise.

As he swung along, watching the lamps flicker in the evening breeze, he thought of his Oxford days, and his tramps out to Goring and Abingdon, when he had been in training.

He could remember so well the soft country sky overhead, which always seemed so much friendlier than a town sky, the scattered stars, the crunch of the hard earth beneath his feet, the crisp of the grass, and then, at the end of the walk, such a sizzling hot steak, such a roaring fire!

How long ago it all seemed, but it was only seven years. He would be twenty-seven in a week. Peg was twenty-four, Bill twenty-one, and Tip sixteen, and they had been muddling along, the lot of them, for five years now!

PEG was in when he reached home, and there was a good fire, signs of supper, and the comfortable smell of coffee. Robin cheered up a little.

"Bill's home," Peg said.

Robin granted. He found his younger brother rather trying to have about the house, and could not help feeling that Bill did not pull his weight.

When Bill came in, however, he was struck anew with his good looks. Bill was definitely in the "matinee idol" class.

"Hullo, Rob," he said easily, smiling his famous smile.

"On a set, or whatever it's called?" Robin asked.

"Nothing doing for a few days. I'm 'resting,' as they say on the stage!"

Robin granted again, and went back to the evening paper, gloomily reflecting that Bill simply did not "try," or he would surely keep in steady work.

Bill was sitting at the table, his long hands clasped in front of him, gazing at the fire. His face looked fine-drawn, and there were lilac shadows under his eyes.

"Can you possibly let me have ten bob?" he asked suddenly.

"Not a chance."

Bill sat on, simply gazing before him, his face immobile, his young mouth set. Peg glanced at him, anxiously. She was small, and deft, brown-eyed, as smart as she could be, by choice Bill's protector and adorer, and by profession an under-paid typist.

"Food's ready," she announced. "Where's Tip?" Robin asked perfunctorily. No one knew, and that settled the question of Tip.

Bill ate scarcely anything, and Robin registered the fact with growing irritation. Why on earth, he

WITH THIS RING

3

argued with himself, take food and mess it about on your plate, if you did not want it?

"No," he asked abruptly. "No."

"Why the devil don't you eat your food, then?" Bill made no answer. Of what use to say he was fed up with life? What use to say he had been banging about in the cold all day, waiting to be sent for, and that he wanted ten shillings with which to pay his share of a party arranged for that night at a star's flat?

Robin would never believe that he wanted to go because of the chance of fascinating the star, getting her to suggest him for a part. He carried out the tray for Peg, and ran the hot water for the washing up. Suddenly he gave a bitter little laugh.

"All this homely kitchen scene needs is the typical film Nanny-general, the faithful old servant who rears all the family, cooks, cleans for 'em, washes for 'em, and forks out money for 'em, wads of it, at every crisis!" he said sardonically. The postman's knock sounded. He went out to fetch the letters, took them all in to Robin, then went back to Peg, and began to dry the silver as she washed it.

A few minutes later Robin came in, the hint of a smile in his eyes. "I say, I can spare five bob, Bill, if it's any good to you?"

Bill flushed. "Thanks—awfully decent of you." He gave Peg a quick look, met her, went out swiftly.

"I've just had a letter from Frankie Carrington," Robin said to Peg. "You remember him? He's asked me for this week-end, and I think I shall go."

"Do," Peg urged warmly, her eyes lighting up. "It'll be splendid for you, Rob, and you need a change badly."

"Seems a bit extravagant," Robin said half apologetically. "Rather mean to leave you all here, but it won't cost much really, only the tips. Frankie offers to drive me down on Friday night, and back to the office on Monday."

"It'll do you the world of good," Peg asserted. "I must look at your evening shirt, and see Bill doesn't wear your best socks this week."

Robin went back to the dining-room fire again, feeling quite happy and, because he could feel that, letting the memory of the girl with the golden head steal back.

NEARLY all of Robin's good times had been given him by Francis Carrington, and he greeted him on this dim winter's afternoon with very warm pleasure. "Awfully good of you to drive me down, Frankie."

Carrington had a super car, which he drove superlatively, and as the dark countryside sped past, and friendly lamps showed for a second in little cottages, Robin was completely happy.

He loved the first view of the long, old house, with its rows of welcoming lighted windows, revealed in the hot buttered toast and burning logs.

"Gosh! this is good!" he thought, thanking Frankie's nice mother for having him, greeting such men as he knew.

Later, upstairs in the bathroom which was part of his suite, he enjoyed a hot bath, and dressed in front of the fire, smoking that after-bath cigarette which is so satisfactory.

There was to be dancing that evening, to the wireless and gramophone, and skating on the lake to-morrow if the ice was hard enough, and a hockey match in the afternoon.

He walked down the wide, shallow stairs, feeling like a king, and a cocktail, just dry enough and with just the right "dash" to it, added if possible, to that feeling.

He was talking to Mrs. Carrington when he saw, entering the room with Frankie, laughing up at him, the girl with the golden hair. Quite honestly, his mouth went as dry as chalk, and he could feel his heart hammering.

"Oh, there's Lili Forrest," Mrs. Carrington exclaimed. "I always think she looks like some famous actress, but I can never remember which!"

Robin was thinking: "She looks like no one on earth, for there is no one like her, and I am raving mad! So her name's Lili something, and these people know her well. And if I wasn't meant to meet her here, why were we both asked out of the blue this special week-end?"

His thoughts tumbled and reeled, and he wondered dazedly if he looked queer? He could not take his eyes off Lili. He wanted to ask Mrs. Carrington a thousand questions about her, and was afraid of his own voice. His throat felt like a brick-kiln.

Then Francis came straight across to his mother, and said: "Well, here she is at last! Better late than never!"

"I said a hat, and it made me miss the five-twenty," the girl said, and her voice was a delight, gay and soft, and so clear. Her eyes were dark blue, a tiny pulse beat in her throat, and Robin felt as if the blood were tearing through his heart.

He heard his own name, a description of himself, by kindly Mrs. Carrington:

"Robin Ducane, one of Frankie's best friends—and Robin, this is Lili Forrest, spelt with an 'i' because it's short for Lilita, a most intriguing name, you must own! Lili's a renowned hat seller, makes anyone buy any hat, I do assure you!"

SHE left them together, and Robin fumbled for his cigarette case, which was silver and battered, and offered it dumbly, and saw again that very slender hand, and heard again the voice which seemed like a bow drawn across his heart strings.

"Have a nice drive down?" he asked lamely.

"I came by train."

She was wondering all the while where she had seen this tall young man who had such intent grey eyes.

"We've met before," she said. Robin shook his head.

"No, I'd never have forgotten. But I've seen you before, arranging lilacs. Last Monday morning!"

"That was when!" Lili laughed. "I remember! I looked up and you were just going."

"I work near there. My office is just off Lavender Square, awfully old-fashioned and gloomy. I'm a collector, when I get any jobs!"

Quite mechanically Lili's mind registered the fact: "He's poor." The thought slid from her mind at once, but it had entered.

She asked herself why this young man who really was a stranger

should have the power to make her feel not exactly self-conscious, but very aware of herself—a little worried as to whether her face was all right, not powdered in bits, whether her hair was just right.

Mrs. Carrington came up and took Lili away. Robin had to watch every young man there greet her warmly. Everyone seemed to know her, call her "Lili," have the right to take her arm, laugh with her, be infinitely friendly.

He stood there, feeling desperately jealous and foolish, and behind those feelings his everyday self kept saying to him, bitingly:

"Pull yourself together, you fool! Half the world may laugh at the idea of love at first sight, but some there must be amongst those who laugh who will admit that he or she has seen someone and felt drawn inexplicably to that person."

Most love, despite every assertion to the contrary, starts at first sight in one sense. Subconsciously one does care at first sight, which is precisely why first sight leads to second sight.

Robin himself was utterly taken aback by the violence of his feeling for this girl he did not know, had seen twice, and to whom he had spoken barely a dozen words.

Yet he could not look away from her, and once, at dinner, across the table, across the delicate silver and nodding pink roses, Lili met his glance, and he saw again that faint, exquisite colour rise from her chin to her brow and felt an emotion so intense that he shook visibly.

He made straight for her when the dancing started. He did not even bother about the conventional "May I?" He simply swept her into his arms.

It seemed to him she must feel his heart thudding, must know he loved her! He could not speak, did not try to. He simply held her, and when, once, her hair touched his chin, he drew in his breath with the sharpness of ecstasy, and as he looked down Lili gazed straight into his eyes.

Her lips were parted, and as she looked they trembled a very little. Suddenly she had the strangest sense of weakness, and then, like a white flame, a dizzying sweetness swept through her.

She did not dance with Robin again—she had promised so many other people—but she asked Frankie about him, and Frankie said:

"Old Robin's one of the best. He has had a rotten time since his old man died." And that was all she could get out of Frankie.

But she had to say good-night to Robin. He came up to her about two in the morning, when everyone was gathered at the foot of the stairs.

"Good-night," he said very stiffly, and then their hands met and both were speechless.

Lili's last coherent thought before the handclasp was the very homely one that Robin's evening shoe had a patch on it, and somehow that hurt her a little.

He was certainly the only man in that crowd with a patch anywhere! She went into her own room and stood before the dying fire and sighed, and felt restless, and a little breathless, and then she remembered how Robin had looked at her mouth, when they had been dancing.

She felt shaken, and a ghost of that wild sweetness which had swept through her then returned now.

In his own room Robin was try-

ing not to think of Lili. But, try as he would, he could not banish a vision of her in the fading firelight, a vision of the two of them wrapped about in the tender dimness, together . . . alone.

Robin went down to breakfast, after a hot bath and a cold shower, wondering what had been the matter with him the night before.

He looked at the big table where Francis, the only man left now, was eating his way through just such a breakfast as his own had been. No girls had come down, and that, too, was just as it should be.

Francis finished his very last cup of coffee, wiped his moustache, which was his pride and joy, rose to his feet, and yawned luxuriously. He eyed Robin very amiably, went and stood beside him, smote him a happy blow between the shoulders.

"I say, Robin?"

"Yes?" Robin answered.

"What did you think of Lili Forrest? I noticed you talking to her last night." He slewed his handsome head round and gazed at Robin, then added rather self-consciously:

"Fact is—" and stopped, his eyes still questioning Robin.

Robin said flounderingly:

"You mean—you and she?" and there was absolute dismay in his voice.

"THERE'S no definite engagement, yet, but—" Francis's words trailed off into vagueness.

In a flash time had gone back for Robin. He was gazing again at Lili and Francis standing together, waiting for the music to start for a dance, and the jealousy which had flamed in him then sprang up again now, as searingly, as consumingly, as before.

He could not speak at that moment, and Francis continued to look at him questioningly. After a moment he went on:

"I've been keen for—oh! ages. Mother knew Lili's mother—they were schoolgirls together. Matter of fact, I knew Lili as a kid. Jolly pretty then. All curls and eyes. Did you notice her eyes? Bluest ever!"

He regarded his excellently brushed brogues gravely.

"One's got to settle down sometime," he suggested rather fatuously. "Think of the future and all that!"

Robin had an insane desire to hit him the face. He could not go on looking at Frankie's pleasantly impassive face, listening to his slow, nice voice enunciating unctuous platitudes about the future and "settling down."

Gone entirely was his own care-free mood, gone the astonishment he had thought he felt about himself, and back had come the strange, tearing emotions of last night. He had no need now to question himself as to their reality; they had him in their grip.

"I'm for it!" he thought grimly, yet with a queer exultation.

Francis's voice broke in on his whirling thoughts:—

"Well, what about it?" said he. "You seem pretty silent. D'you think I haven't an earthly?"

Positive anxiety was in his eyes now, and Robin had to make some answer.

He said quickly, between very dry lips:—

"I should think you'd every chance. You've everything a man

wants to offer a girl—money, this topping place, a life of security—
"You don't seem to think much of me myself," Francis broke in with a grin.

Robin forced a laugh.
"Oh, you'll do! Pass in a crowd! Girls aren't too particular nowadays!"

Francis gave an echoing laugh, but it was not very amused. He said in a puffed way:

"You don't seem bursting with romance, I must say! So far you've only discussed the practical side of it all and—"

The door opened and Lill came in, laughter on her lips, her head turned to speak to someone behind her.

In a second, in a glance, Robin knew that while he lived and breathed, if he could get this girl for his own he would.

He had to watch Francis go forward eagerly, listen to him explaining about the ice, hear him say:

"I'll look after you, Lill," and take her, almost possessively, by the arm.

Francis hurried about, giving orders, finding skates for Lill, trying them on. Robin, beyond the briefest "Good morning," had no chance to talk to Lill.

He went out into the park, and strode off at a great pace across the grass, glad of the icy breeze on his face. Men were sweeping the ice, a brazier glowed on the bank, and the tang of burning wood blew towards Robin, reminding him of so many evenings spent walking at Oxford.

A bitter wistfulness filled him as he waited in answer to Francis's buoyant shout, and saw the men touch their caps as Francis passed.

All this belonged to Francis. He had money to give these people employment, and one knew instinctively that he was a just and generous as well as a popular master. All life stretched before him—happy, prosperous, peaceful.

"It isn't fair!" Robin thought wildly, yet not enviously, contrasting the little house in Fulham, with its small rooms, its clutter, its everlasting poverty, its need for the servant he could not afford, with this lovely, mellow old home, with its plenitude of servants, its infinite comfort.

At home (ironic word!) you had to run a gingerly little geyser for at least ten minutes to get even a moderately hot bath; here one just turned a tap and boiling water rushed out. Baths weren't everything—weren't much, in point of fact—but they mattered!

Robin hadn't even a decent pull-over with him, but Francis's man offered a collection, and the guest thrust his arms into a dark blue one, strapped on skates, and shot off across the lake.

No need to look for Lill! Francis had her hands, and they passed Robin, laughing and talking.

"Who is that Robin something or other?" Lill asked Francis, very conscious of his interest, although he had not turned as they sped past.

"Robin Ducane. One of the very best," Francis said warmly. "Up with me at Christ Church."

"Oh," Lill said, and thought: "Not very illuminating!"

She wanted to know more about Robin; where he lived, who he was, little intimate things. She said without too obvious an interest:

"He seems nice. He told me he was a solicitor."

"Yes," Francis volunteered, "and

he has a whole family to keep. Poor old Robin has to foot the bills for the lot of 'em. Rotten luck!"

"Rotten," Lill agreed.

"He can't afford anything," Francis went on earnestly. "Hasn't a bean."

So he was very poor, her young man, with the dark head which would not turn!

Skating on, her hands warm in Francis's, she let her mind go back to the evening before. What had possessed her? She had almost persuaded herself that she had fallen in love at first sight!

Well, she hadn't! Here she was on this gay, silver morning, quite heart-whole, and the young man who had seemed so terribly attractive would not even look at her!

So much for imagination and the effect of a walk, and a belief in magnetic attraction!

SHE discovered Francis was saying something in a very low voice, and hesitating a little more than usual, and suddenly realised with a little jump of her heart that he was trying to tell her he loved her.

Lill's thoughts wheeled and darted. Should she, could she? Here was the type of chance Stella had spoken about so often.

Lill had wondered more than once whether or not Francis "would." Now he was proposing. And surely he was the perfect match Stella had described.

She had only to say "Yes" and life would all be smooth. No more getting up early, making your own bed, getting supper ready whilst you cleared away the breakfast things.

No more "making do," and having to be nice to people you loathed, no more longing to crush a hat over a trying customer's eyes and having to say, instead: "Oh, do try on this one."

No more weariness from work, no more aching, tired feet, no more longing for things you couldn't afford. Francis could afford anything, would, for her, she knew.

And she did like him. He was a lamb, and so kind, if a bit dull. And praps he'd be out a lot!

"I don't want you to feel I'm rushing you," he was pleading, "but—if you—could—Lill!"

They were near a little belt of pine trees. Both slowed up, climbed the bank, stood in the shelter of the trees. It was utterly still in that deserted corner.

No bird cried, no wind touched the outspread branches of the pines. The noonday sun, pouring down, drew from them a faint resinous scent, and looking up, Lill could see the sky, a pale blue mosaic between the dark green pine branches, and the tan cones.

The peace seemed emblematic somehow, and the tall, straight trees too. Married to Francis, life would be peaceful, while he himself would be steady and strong as the trees themselves.

She looked up into his face, and saw that it was a little pale. He attempted a smile, but at that moment a flash of blue sped before them. Robin called a greeting, and passed on.

Afterwards Lill used to wonder, if Robin had not passed them, would she have given Francis the answer he wanted?

Now the spell was broken. Others came up, and someone demanded gaily:—

"You two posing for your photograph, or what?"

Lill laughed, and Francis felt a little "guyed." He said to Lill:

"This evening?" holding her hand in a grip which hurt.

Lill nodded.

"And make it 'yes,'" Francis whispered, as he ran with her on to the ice, and joined the others.

LILL was watching pictures in the fire. A mounted castle had crashed down and fallen on to the old Dutch tiles a moment before, and now she was trembling lest the Matterhorn, a tiny, wonderful peak of rose and gold, should share the same fate.

A coal slipped, the peak collapsed, and Lill settled back further into her deep chair and stopped trying to concentrate on the fire and let her thoughts go where they wanted—which meant towards Robin.

She closed her eyes, and tried to think of marrying Francis, of living in this lovely place. The effort was so unsuccessful that she opened her eyes again and murmured:—

"I wish to Heaven I'd never seen him!" meaning not Francis at all, of course, but Robin. And at that very moment he halted behind her chair. He had been hunting everywhere for her, had seen the firelight through the half-open door, and had found her.

All his resolutions left him at the sight of her. He gave a quick, inarticulate exclamation, dropped on his knees beside the chair, and kissed Lill in it.

Quite simply, he said in a whisper:—

"Oh, Lill!"

Softly, softly, she mocked him:—

"Oh, Robin!"

From far away she seemed to hear Robin's adoring whisper:—

"This once! Only this once! Even if you don't love me! Even if you are going to marry Francis! This once, to carry with me as a memory through all my life."

"I know you can't love me—don't love me, but I love you, I did from the first instant. Lill, darling, one kiss—just one."

The words were whispered almost against her mouth, and then, at last those trembling, eager lips so near her own touched hers, clung, demanded, took.

Unaware that she moved, Lill's hands encircled Robin's head, pressing it closer and closer. She seemed to be lost in a dream and knew it was real only because she felt such frantic ecstasy. At last they drew apart, and, cheek to cheek, gazed at the dying fire.

Voices sounded, laughter.

"Go now," Lill said. "Please—I mean it."

Robin had left her before the others came in.

"I know who's been sound asleep!" Francis said protectively, switching on a dozen lights, ringing for tea, throwing logs on the fire. "And who's let the fire nearly go out!"

"YOU haven't a cent," Robin arraigned himself fiercely. "You can't keep yourself decently—the practice is almost dead, Tip's still at school. Bill's a washout—and then you do this! You must be mad!"

He paced up and down his room exulting, cursing, flaming, remembering.

He could hear music downstairs.

Outside it was grimly cold, a blue-black night with brilliant stars. But if he was going, he had better get on with the job.

He crammed his things into his old suitcase, left his tips on the dressing-table and opened his door.

He walked quietly and quickly down the staircase. He would ring up from the little station and tell the butler he had had a wire from home, that his sister was ill.

Out in the drive he walked at a swinging pace to keep warm, conscious of how tired he was after the unaccustomed exercise.

The train was very slow. It crawled along and the carriage grew colder and colder. He took the tube from Paddington to his home, thinking that at this time yesterday he had first seen Lill.

Home was pitch dark. He knocked his shin against the door entering, and swore. No one was in, but he switched on the lights in the dining-room, and lit the gas fire.

The larder yielded a cold chop which looked derelict somehow, a slab of stale cheese which looked revolting, and some tomato sauce.

He sat down and fumbled with the chop, which seemed gristle where it was not bone.

The fire was beginning to warm the room, a scent stole towards Robin, and he lifted his head to see violet on the mantelpiece—our little bunch Peg must have bought.

He got up from the table, forgetting he had felt hungry, cold, tired, and went across to the mantelpiece.

"Violet blue—just like her eyes!" he murmured, and, picking up the tiny bunch, he pressed it to his lips.

LILL, dancing with Francis, was seeking Robin with her eyes, her thoughts, her heart. Where on earth was he?

He had vanished when the others had trooped in, but that had been ages ago. Everyone had had tea since, and afterwards some had started bridge, others patience, while Francis had put on a record and suggested a dance.

Still no sign of Robin, and now it was nearly time to dress. Perhaps he would deign to appear for dinner. She felt hurt and distressed. For Robin to keep away like this seemed almost an affront after everything.

At last the dressing-gong sounded, and she could escape to her own room and be alone.

She dressed slowly, hesitating which frock to wear. Finally she slipped out of the woolly suit into an equally simple black tulle dress which had a broad sash of silver tied in a big bow, and little tulle stand-up ruffles over each shoulder.

When she had brushed her hair to gleaming, soft smoothness she leant forward and studied herself gravely in the winged mirror. Lots of people, men mostly, had told her she was lovely. Robin himself had whispered, "Loveliest! Beautiful!" As she remembered that, the color flooded her face, making her lovelier than ever.

As the gong sounded, she jumped up, and ran down the wide, shallow stairs, her head high, her blue glance sweeping the little crowd. Robin was not there, but Francis joined her at once.

"We're for it, after dinner," he announced smilingly. "Charades or something like that. And you and I are to be Romeo and Juliet, I'm told!"

"What fun!" Lili made herself say gaily.

Mrs. Carrington was down, the butler was just walking across to announce dinner. Now they were all going in, Francis's hand on her arm, and then Mrs. Carrington said:

"Oh, I forgot to say Mr. Ducane had left! Burrows, just move one place, will you? We shall be seven one side, eight the other."

Lili said to Francis:

"Oh, has Mr. Ducane left?"

"All in a hurry," Francis told her genially. "He got an urgent telephone message or something."

And that was that!

She looked at Francis. His profile was towards her, he was listening to something his mother was saying and he had the habit, when he was not thinking, of listening with his handsome mouth open. It was open now, and that gave Lili a jar... he did look so happily stupid and boyish.

Against her whole desire, memory flashed the vision of Robin before her. Not for a second would he ever look stupid, would his underlip hang, and he had no small threatening of a double chin, which good living had bestowed on Francis!

How terribly such small, really valueless things counted, Lili found herself thinking. A double chin, the way you opened your mouth—it did seem farcical that such trivialities could alter one's whole life!

She had meant to tell Francis a minute ago, meant to say "yes" to the question he had asked that afternoon, but now she hesitated and was lost—or saved, whichever way one liked to look at it.

Suddenly Francis was laughing down at her.

"A penny for 'em, Lili," he teased. "They were worth nothing at all," she said lamely.

Mrs. Carrington could not, by any stretch of imagination, be called a scheming mother, but she had made, like every mother who loves her son, certain plans which she very much hoped would, as she put it, "come off."

First in importance was the plan in connection with Francis's marriage. Long ago, Mrs. Carrington had decided that Francis must marry patience, gentleness and horsemanship.

The first two qualities would be needed to deal with his lethargic temperament, the third would make married life a very companionable thing.

Mrs. Carrington suffered from none of a mother's usual illusions concerning her only son. She thought him handsome, knew him to be generous and kindly, and was certain he was rather a bore; his deliberate form of speech made her feel sometimes as if she must put a firework beneath him!

His stocky sort of obstinacy, which he evidenced chiefly with regard to things which did not matter, made her feel exhausted with irritation. She found him, in short, lovable and tiresome to a degree.

He had it seemed to her, all the splendid virtues, and none of the nice, engaging little ones which do so much to make life run smoothly.

Lili had occurred to Mrs. Carrington as a possible wife for Francis, but had been dismissed from her mind because she considered the girl too intelligent, and she had no desire to see her Francis in a few years' time the butt of the county, or offering himself up a voluntary sacrifice in the Divorce Court.

Also, Lili was lovely, and lovelli-

ness was not one of the qualities Mrs. Carrington considered essential for Francis's wife.

SHE made a point of going into Francis's room after she had watched the skating party and had duly noted her son's absorption, and the direction in which his eyes invariably strayed when he was absent from Lili's side.

"I must see about this," Mrs. Carrington decided.

She took her glass of sherry into Francis's room. He was in the waistcoat stage of dress which, if a man had a good figure, makes him look very attractive.

Francis looked extremely attractive. His brown face beamed over his snowy shirt as he settled his waistcoat straps, he was brushed, and scrubbed, and valeted to the last degree, and he looked amazingly fit, and hard, and pleasant to the eye.

Mrs. Carrington sat down in an easy chair, drew up her skirt, and warmed her silk-clad legs comfortably.

"Things going all right?" she asked Francis, smiling up at him affectionately.

"Everything absolutely O.K.," he assured her, collecting his evening watch, handkerchiefs, loose money from the dressing table, then moving over to the hearthrug and lighting a cigarette.

"Nice crowd, I think," his mother said. "Pity Robin Ducane had to rush off."

"Robin?" Francis echoed. "Has he?"

His mother nodded.

"Sent me a note, very nice and courteous—trouble at home, I gathered." She waited a moment, then added easily: "He seemed tremendously taken with Lili, I thought."

Francis had thought so, too, but he only said:

"He's not alone in that! I'm very much 'taken' myself, if it comes to that."

Mrs. Carrington did not offer the observation that she knew that fact, had indeed been aware of it ever since it had dawned on Francis.

Instead she said:

"Care to tell me about it?"

Francis waited a moment, cleared his throat twice, blew out a cloud of smoke, and said finally:

"I more or less—er—asked Lili to-day, and she's going to let me know."

"I should think she would!" Mrs. Carrington thought, fierce maternal pride warring with relief that things were not yet settled.

She considered Frankie between narrowed lids. He needed very careful handling, and she must go extremely wary.

"Needn't rush things, do you think?" she said. "Lili's very young, and I wouldn't try to hurry her."

"You wouldn't try again—just yet?" Francis asked.

"Not just yet. A great thing with girls, to rouse their interest, wake them up, is to keep them guessing! I'm giving away secrets now! But it's true. Your ordinary human being always wants something which is a bit difficult to get."

"You say you've asked Lili to marry you, and she's to give you her answer when she's thought it over. Good! That's quite all right, but let her have plenty of time in which to think! I mean, let the next step be made by her!"

Mrs. Carrington sat on and talked

of other things, of Francis's work, for which he had a great love, of the expenses of the house, of a dozen interests they had in common. Finally they went downstairs together, Francis's hand on his mother's arm.

And somehow, during dinner, when Lili seemed so terribly quiet, he began to wonder why he had been in such a tearing hurry?

His mother had said one awfully good bit, something about "to-morrow being also a day." That was true enough, and she had said, too, that once you were married, you were married.

No doubt about that either, Francis meditated, and thinking things over still more profoundly, it occurred to him that he had a good deal to offer a girl, and that hesitation in acceptance was not exactly a compliment!

When the men were alone, after his second excellent port, he decided he would certainly let things slide. His mother was dead right. There was no need to rush anything, and the next move shouldn't come from him!

This decision roused a certain sense of triumphant complacency, and Francis backed up under its stimulus, danced with half a dozen other girls before he danced with Lili, and really enjoyed himself greatly—quite unaware that he was making a bad evening an impossible one for the girl he cared for, and serenely unconscious of the fact that every other guest was feeling sure everything was "off."

Lili knew what the rest were thinking, but she had no idea what had happened to change Francis from a tender lover into a care-free and joyfully careless friend, but she did allow herself a small smile of self-derision when she recalled her thoughts at dinner time about him.

She was thankful when the evening was over at last, and she was back in her own room.

Listlessly she took off the black tulle frock, wearily she got into bed. Last night everything had been so happy, so exciting! She gave a little gulp of misery.

Francis's voice, calling good-night down the corridor, came to her:

"Night-night. Topping day it's been, hasn't it? 'Nother to-morrow! Night-night."

PEG came in so quietly that she did not wake Robin. He was still seated beside the table, but now his arms were on it, his head rested on them, and he was sound asleep.

"Why has he come back?" Peg asked herself, gathering up the remains of Robin's supper noiselessly, tiptoeing out to the kitchen to put the kettle on for hot water bottles. What had happened?

She stood and looked down at Robin. How tired he looked, and thin, and somehow defenceless!

Peg gave a deep sigh. Oh! for a miracle to happen, for someone to leave them money, for a crossword to be won, for a sweep ticket to "come in."

Oh! just for once, to have some money to do nothing with, money to do everything with, anything, save pay the butcher, grocer, gas, or light!

Lack of money limited life so cruelly. You could say money didn't matter, try to believe it didn't but it did!

Robin stirred and woke, then sat up straight.

"Violeta," he said, blinking hard, then he actually blushed.

"Were you dreaming of them?" Peg asked innocently. "It was the scent, I expect—I bought them yesterday."

"Why did you come home to-night?" Peg asked.

"East—west, home's best!" Robin assured her with a grim little smile. "Ask no questions, my dear, and—well, you know the rest of it."

He walked to the door.

"If I'm asleep when it's getting up time to-morrow, don't wake me. Good-night."

"Good-night," Peg said.

She heard Robin's door slam and sighed deeply. Something had happened. Robin had been so pleased, so excited about going to the Carringtons. He had said he was to be driven up on Monday morning. Yet here he was back on Saturday night. What could have gone wrong?

"Robin's back," she told Bill briefly, when he came in half an hour later.

"Oh, curse!" Bill said violently. He slumped down in the chair on which Robin had been sitting. "Just when I thought we'd have a peaceful Sunday for once!" He raised both arms and yawned.

"Something must have happened, though," Peg said, returning to her early anxiety.

"It's a damned nuisance," Bill murmured, glowering at Peg out of beautiful, sulky young eyes. "However," a glimmer of a smile curved his mouth, "it has to be a very ill wind to blow nobody any good! Now Rob's back I can borrow his best white waistcoat to-morrow night!"

"No, you can't," Peg said almost fiercely. "You must wear what you've got. It isn't fair."

"It isn't fair that I should have to try for a job in old clothes when every other man will have the right things," Bill protested passionately; "and then, when I don't get it, because I'm too darn' shabby, I'll be told by Robin I didn't try! Didn't try! Life's nothing but trying!"

"I've been at the Studio all day, standing about in draughts, smiling when I wanted to curse, standing aside politely when I longed to stand on the faces of the people I had to move for! Oh! Isn't it fun being a film actor?"

"Who wants to sit at a blinking desk all day in a warm office, and finish work at five, when you can get your death of cold hanging about an ice-cold 'set' from nine in the morning till nine at night? Me for glamour every time, and the easy life of the silver screen!"

Peg waited until he had really finished, then she said gently: "Coffee?"

Bill laughed then, and flung an arm about her small, slender shoulders.

"I'll make it, for both of us. But oh, Peg, I'm so strung up and irritable to-night because there's just a flicker—only a flicker, mind—of the chance coming my way at last."

"We've had tests all day, and I happened to be on the set when Sandra Clare drove down to look over the studios. She's a big noise from Hollywood, as you know, and she's over here to decide whether she'll make an English picture or not."

"She isn't English, she's half Irish, half Mexican, I think, and altogether American, but she seems bitten with the idea of starring over here, and if she does make a pic-

WITH THIS RING

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ture, she means to choose her cast from amongst English actors.

"I was on the set, and she saw me and asked who I was, and I'm to dine with her to-morrow, and that's why I want Robin's waistcoat," he finished up boyishly. "You do see now how awfully important it is?"

"How old is Sandra Clare?"

"Oh, twenty-five-ish, I suppose."

"Thirty," Peg decided silently, and added to herself: "And you are twenty-one!"

"If she chooses me, I'm made," Bill said restlessly.

"I daresay he's dumb, and maybe he can't act," Sandra said languidly. "but, oh, boy, he's certainly got one of those faces that could wreck a thousand ships, or whatever good looks are supposed to wreck in this gosh-darn country."

"You've had these hunches before, Sally," Reuben Klein, her manager, said tranquilly.

"But not a looker like this kid! And only twenty-one—honest twenty-one! Not a line on his face, teeth as regular as park railings, and a smile to lure a cherry off its bob, or twig, or whatever it is."

She eyed Reuben with pensive speculation.

"Shouldn't wonder if I wasn't a mile struck on him," she murmured.

"You're telling me!"

He did not move when Bill's name was announced, but gazed at him steadily through large horn-rimmed glasses, and, mentally, he gasped.

Here was a screen hero! Bright, build and looks to stagger you!

"Heaven send he isn't the complete village idiot," Reuben prayed quite seriously. "or that Sandra doesn't quite ruin him for work!"

He shook Bill's hand.

"Pleased to meet you, Mister—"

"Ducane," Bill said shyly. "Dennis Ducane."

Dennis Ducane—even the name was a film name!

Reuben heaved a mighty sigh.

"Well, I sure am pleased to meet you—my boy," he repeated.

"And having met him," Sandra said, "you'd like to see him, I take it, at your hotel to-morrow morning—say eleven? I'll be there."

Reuben grinned and waved a benedictory elgar.

"So'll I," he said amicably.

He gave Sandra a meaning look, and she grimaced at him.

Reuben shook hands again with Bill.

"Daniel begins with a 'D' too," he told him, "but a den of lions can be a safe place compared with some spots! You think that over, Dennis m'boy!"

Bill said with a nervous laugh, as the door closed:

"It sounds awfully funny to be called Dennis: at home I'm Bill."

"Which do you like best?" Sandra asked.

She offered a box of cigarettes, each six inches long, gold-tipped and bearing her own initials.

"I say, what a hot line in cigarettes!" Bill exclaimed. "They'd be wasted on me! Cigarettes are what I go in for—no, honestly, I'd rather smoke one of my own if you don't mind."

He drew out a small packet, and Sandra laughed at him.

"Oh—Bill—you funny little boy!"

He smiled his delightful smile, shyly, boyishly, uncertain just how to go on, what to say.

Sandra said:

"I wonder what it feels like to

hear, as you are going to hear, that your future is made."

Bill opened his mouth to speak, closed it again, and stood there, just looking at Sandra, his eyes shining, his lips trembling a little.

"Well, it is," Sandra said slowly. "I engage you. You shall not with me, and I'll teach you all I can."

Bill said shakily:

"I suppose I'll wake up!"

Sandra was looking at him from beneath her incredibly long lashes.

"Oh, Bill," she said very softly, "do you know, you're rather a lamb! Come over here and sit beside me. But ring first for cocktails, will you, and we'll drink to—both of us. How's that?"

"It's a marvellous toast!" Bill said vehemently.

FRANCIS had meant to drive Lill up to town; had, indeed, looked forward to it greatly, despite his mood of cultivated aloofness, which he had begun to find the least bit of a nuisance, since it prevented him from enjoying as much of her society as he could, and appeared not to prevent her from enjoying herself all the time!

When Naps Stevens got in first, Francis allowed himself to say rather reproachfully to Lill:—

"I thought you knew I meant to drive you up." And she replied:

"You never asked me, sir, she said."

Somehow the week-end had been a bit of a washout, after all. Driving up, her face muffled to the eyes, Lill was thinking how different her mood was from the mood in which she had come down.

Naps put her down at the shop, and it was so cold that she hurried in with a quick wave and did not linger over her good-bye. The shop was warm, anyway, and Estelle had the eternal cup of tea ready.

Lill changed her shoes, combed her hair behind the screen, went through the small mail, and life swung into its usual routine again.

Stella was not in when she reached the flat and she was glad, in spite of the fact that it was so deadly cold. What did cold outside matter, if your heart was like ice within?

"Of course, I've got to pull myself together," Lill said aloud. "Snap out of feeling sorry for myself! Life is not over because a man kisses you and leaves you!"

Stella came in at last, exclaimed about the cold, listened to Lill's description of her week-end, and asked abruptly:

"What on earth has happened?"

When Lill replied with a surprised lift of the eyebrows, "Nothing," Stella forbore to question further.

"Bertie Harrill has asked me to do a theatre and dine on Thursday," she announced, adding pensively: "May mean nothing, of course!"

Lill had to laugh at that; Stella was so completely frank.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," Stella said. "If girls spoke the truth about men, which they almost never do, they'd admit that every dance, every party, every time you meet, just the two of you, may mean a chance!"

"No use you telling me girls go out with men just for dinner, or because they're keen on dancing! Don't you believe it! I only hope Bertie stops dithering and makes

up his mind this time. I made mine up long ago!"

She flashed a quick look at Lill. "Meet anyone you—liked—this week-end?"

"Dozens," said Lill provokingly.

Stella shook her head.

"That's not the way to do it! Concentration—that's what does it! Pick on one, and stick to him! You'd be surprised how often that works!"

"It sounds desperately romantic, your description of one's search for a husband," Lill said, trying to sound amused. "It makes one think of a mixture of a bear-hunt and struggling to get out a cross-word puzzle!"

"I daresay!" Stella agreed sturdily. "I'm sure it's nice to have only delicate feelings and all that, and let Fate take its course, or wait for dear little Cupid to sling his dart, or whatever it is, but the girls who go in for all that pretty-pretty stuff to-day are likely to be left in the lolly old cart!"

"Is it sausages or bacon and beans to-night, after all that free advice?"

"It's bath, bed, and toast for me, my dear," Lill said.

Robin used to wonder, during that first ghastly week after his meeting with Lill, if a time would ever come when he would be able to look back with resignation upon the searing misery of it.

He was quite unbearable during that week, unreasonable and unjust in the office, devilishly ill-tempered at home. Even Peg rebelled at last, and flamed out at him, and then Robin turned on her, and at that Bill "fairly let himself go," as he said afterwards.

He, like Robin, had been spoiling for a fight for some days, and he got to his feet slowly now, his face very white, his eyes gleaming dangerously.

"Shut up bullying Peg," he said, very quietly.

"Bill, please!" Peg broke in instantly.

Bill put out a hand, as if to ward off interference.

"I dunno why, but all this week you've been just about as rotten and overbearing and filthy-tempered as you know how to be, and that's saying a lot. It doesn't worry me, but when you start bullying Peg..."

Robin's face was livid, his eyes ugly.

"I wonder if you know, Bill," he broke in "the sheer joy it would be to bash in the face you're so jolly proud of, so that even you would have a decent excuse at last to say no picture company will give you a break."

"Come on, then!" Bill challenged.

But it was Peg who got the savage blow Robin had meant for Bill, as she dashed forward between the two.

Robin tried to say something, but failed, and it was Bill who dashed for liniment, hot water. There was such blazing scorn in his face as he knelt beside Peg that Robin's old anger gathered again, hotter, more unjust, uglier than ever.

At length he followed Bill into his room and glared resentfully at a wonderful photograph of Sandra Clare in a beautifully-embossed leather frame.

"This house has become a bit too small to hold us both," he said, "so"—he flung a contemptuous hand towards Sandra's photo-

graph—"why not clear out while the going's good?"

Bill's eyes flickered, his hands clenched, unclenched.

"Right!" he said, airily. "I'll go now."

Robin wanted then to tell him not to be a young fool, to "call it off," but somehow the words wouldn't come.

BILL packed in

allience. There was very little to pack, and to his intense humiliation and rage, much of it was Robin's. His gestures as he cast aside an evening muffler, waistcoat, some black socks, and several shirts, were superb. He might have been resigning a throne, casting a fortune from him.

His one shabby suitcase was closed at last, but he had to pass Robin at the door. They stood eye to eye, two very tall, very angry young men.

"Must you go so very theatrically, at this precise moment?" Robin asked, but Bill strode out without deigning to reply.

Peg, her face swollen with crying and the blow Robin had meant for Bill, came upstairs slowly.

"Robin, now that Bill's gone out for a little, can't we talk? Rob, what is the matter, what has happened? If you could tell me, perhaps it would help."

"There's nothing to tell," Robin said with bleak, wretched truthfulness.

He did try to tell Peg he was sorry, but the sight of her small, bruised face looking at him was too much for him. Abruptly, he wheeled and flung out of the house, hatless, without an overcoat.

It was Saturday afternoon, early afternoon, a time which seems so annoying if you have nothing definite in view.

Robin became conscious of his hatlessness, debated returning, decided against it, and jumped on a passing bus bound for Richmond.

Once in the park, under the soft, lowering sky, the grass crisscrossing under his feet, the wind making his head tingle, he felt better, less torn and harassed and distraught.

Just a week ago, at this time, he had been crossing Francis's park—and he hadn't kissed Lill!

FOR the thousandth time that week, Robin began to argue it all out with himself, all over again. "What was the use of trying to see Lill, explain?"

He had about two hundred a year to live on and run a home for Peg and Tip. How on earth could he keep a wife as well?

He didn't even belong to a rich family, like some men he knew, who married on the strength of free week-ends, and who played bridge superlatively well and made a bit that way.

He could play well himself, but dare not afford it. Whenever he had any money, it was wanted for some bill or other.

He supposed now, striding along, his pipe clenched between his teeth, that when he was fifty or so, he might, with luck, be in a position to marry!

The practice had been nearly moribund when he had taken it on, but it was bucking up a bit. Manners, who had been up at Oxford with him, had given him his place to manage when he had gone

out to China. He had still three estates which his father had handed, and he got the usual small jobs, but not very many.

Still, if he kept it, he believed he would get the practice up. If only he could get about a bit more, take up his membership at his father's club, join a golf club, he could get in more business, but he had no spare cash to make these things possible.

It was growing dark, and the park would be closed if he did not hurry. He set off across the whitening grass at a great rate, and ran the last half mile at a steady trot which made him feel a little less dissatisfied with life.

Then home by tube, and he was so deep in thought about Lili, he was so intently calling up the vision of her face lifted to his, her white eyelids closed, her long lashes lying like a tiny black crescent moon on her cheeks, that he passed his own station, and found himself, on ascending the escalator, in Knightsbridge.

It had begun to snow now, and the flakes glittered gold and silver in the lamplight. Robin swung into Sloane Street, and at the crossing opposite Cadogan Gardens, straight into Lili.

He put out his hands to catch her, for he had cannoned into her with such force she almost lost her footing. They stood there together, Lili held to him, their hearts banging and racing, both utterly incapable of speech.

Slowly, Lili freed herself, pushing down Robin's arms very gently but resolutely. He noticed the snow on her eye-lashes; it melted quickly and looked like tears.

"You can't go—you shan't," Robin said indistinctly, and he seized her hand, and held it in an iron grip. "Now—now we've met—like this . . . I didn't try—it happened . . . it was meant . . . so you can't go—you must see that—"

"You went—last week," Lili said, in a brittle voice. She spoke breathlessly, because Robin was bearing her along beside him down Port Street, which was white and deserted in this "between" hour.

In the shadow of the church he stopped dead, gathered her into his arms, right up against himself, and kissed her until they were both breathless, spent, exhausted.

As they stood there, in the church porch, with the snow falling like a white veil between them and the outside world, they were conscious of neither cold nor darkness, nor the chance sound of hurrying steps. But when the music of the organ rose very softly, Lili murmured, her face still close to Robin's:

"Robin, why did you? How could you?" Without a moment's hesitation, he answered:

"I'm so utterly poor, darling, and I haven't a chance of marrying you. It seemed the only decent thing to do, to clear out."

"Didn't you think of me—what I'd feel, how I'd wonder?"

He leant his cheek against the black beryl she was wearing.

"I thought so much, I was so dashed miserable, I got all tied up trying to think, and then not to think!"

She squeezed his arm.

"Poor Robin!"

"Where do we go from here?" he asked.

"You, I suppose," she answered, "leave me, as per former pro-

gramma, and unless we meet in another snowstorm we never, if you can help it, see one another again!"

"We can't part again," he protested. "We were meant to meet—like this, and I can't let you go—now—or ever. I don't know what's going to happen in the future, and to-night I don't care. To-night is ours!"

"No one can take it from us, and we are going to spend it as if—as if—"

He gave the first real laugh he had laughed for a week. "Just as if we were well-off, and engaged, and blessed by everyone, and as if we'd never parted!"

He took her small, pointed chin between his finger and thumb, bent his head and kissed her parted lips, laughing a little between the kisses, laughing from happiness, because of her wide, startled eyes, and a little triumphantly, too, because of her quiescence.

"Six o'clock," he said. "Let's go and sit in a cinema, and hold hands!"

They sat far back, as lovers do, and to Lili it seemed as if she went from wave to wave of emotion each sweeter than the last.

Her hand was locked in Robin's, her shoulder pressed against his. Once he whispered to her, and after whispering kissed her swiftly.

Then they were out in the street again, the snow was falling faster than ever, and Robin hailed a taxi regardless of expense.

HE took Lili back to her flat and laughed at it, and liked it greatly.

It had so much that the little house in Fulham had not—gay, modern comfort, lots of cushions, a gramophone, wireless, a big sofa, a kitchenette all blue and white jars and pots and pans, and a great big vase of lilies. He looked from them to his own Lili, and his eyes darkened with jealousy.

"Idiot!" Lili said straight out. "They are the ones from the shop! No use leaving them in a window over Sunday, poor darlings!"

She showed Robin all over the flat, which took about a minute, and was telling him about Stella when Stella herself entered, looking quite grand in Lili's opera cloak.

Lili introduced Robin sedately: "Mr. Duane—Miss Trente."

"Never heard of him," Stella meditated. "Is he the one who's been causing all the trouble?" She shot a shrewd glance at Robin, and asked innocently:

"Were you in the country with Lili last week, Mr. Duane?"

"Yes, at the Carringtons," Robin replied.

"It's him all right!" Stella decided instantly, and took further stock of this good-looking young man who had, after apparently a brief meeting, had the power to take all the "go" and vividness out of Lili.

"I'll bet he hasn't a cent," Stella thought lugubrously.

Robin went to last. At least Lili and he reached the flat entrance, and after about ten minutes Lili reappeared in the sitting-room.

"Are you quite frozen?" Stella asked caustically and gave a gasp when Lili murmured: "Is it cold?"

"Oh, well," Stella said, "when is the wedding to be?"

Lili came out of the clouds then, and a shadow drifted over her face as she said slowly:

"Heaven knows! Robin has a sister and two brothers to help, and he's frightfully poor."

She walked across to Stella suddenly.

"Oh, Stella, I'm so divinely happy! I don't care what happens, I don't care if he is poor. I don't care if we can't marry for ages. We love each other, and—"

"Isn't love just too, too wonderful!" broke in Stella with kindly mockery.

IT was early summer, and, as Lili said, the weather was too good to be true! She had blossomed out into a primrose muslin dress which made her look as lovely as she was obviously happy.

By contrast Robin looked thin and rather fine-drawn. He had managed to get some new business, and had flung himself into it with desperate energy. It was dull company law, but, as he said, "You never know what might come of it."

All that had come of it, at the moment, had been much research work and a good deal of cavilling by the old man who was the plaintiff in the case. His demands were the subject of Lili's annoyance on one of the too-good-to-be-true days.

She wanted Robin to go on the river, to join a picnic, but he had a late interview with his client.

"Can't do it, darling," he told her, stifling a yawn because he had slept so badly the night before. "I can't miss old Chandler's dinner."

That kiss, so cool, so sweetly swift, went through Robin like a white flame. He felt he loved her so frightfully!

"Say yes!" she whispered, one slender hand ruffling his hair behind his ear upsetting him completely and delightfully.

Robin made an effort. "I can't," he said flatly, and had to feel her draw away, not merely physically, but in herself.

She stood before him, so wholly lovely to look at, so much his own, and yet, because of the shadow his refusal had cast, so alien from him.

"Well, I must be off, angel! Francis is driving me down." She paused, and added: "He would have driven us both, of course, if you'd been able—to come!"

Then she was gone, and with her was gone, too, light and happiness and all the joy of life.

He was in his office, and now, with a very tired sigh, he began to gather his papers together preparatory to setting out for the journey to Wimbledon.

It was striking two as Francis's car stopped, and Lili got out, yawning a little, smiling her thanks rather sleepily.

Francis, who since he had taken his mother's advice concerning his love affair, had found time hang heavily on his hands, wondered anxiously if this would be a good moment to ask Lili if, during the last six months, she had thought things over.

He had made tentative efforts during the evening, but somehow they had all petered out.

He swung himself over the side of the car now, and towered beside her.

"I say, I'm awfully thirsty, Lili—"

"Angel, I'm sorry, but I can't ask you up now. Stella would wake up, and I'm not sure we've anything in the flat anyway. Besides, it's pretty late, and even if you don't have to work I do! And seven o'clock'll be here in no time."

Francis made a grab at that lifeline and caught it.

"Lili, you needn't ever work again if only—"

"But I like work," Lili said swiftly. All the evening she had warded off another proposal from Francis, and she did not mean to lose the battle when within sight of sanctuary. She ran up the steps into the dim hall.

"Night, night, Frankie, and thanks so much for a lovely time."

IT was a long climb up to the fifth floor, but at last she reached the landing, walked with almost closed eyes to the familiar door, and fell in a heap over Robin, who was sound asleep on the one step, his head against the door.

"Good lord!" she exclaimed, wide awake now. "What on earth—?" She opened the door and half pushed him inside.

He caught hold of her and kissed her; but words reached her vaguely between the adoring kisses.

"I've been waiting ever since twelve, darling! I was awake at a quarter to two, I heard it strike! I walked from the old man's place. We can be married at once! To-night I couldn't go with you because of this business, and you were a bit fed-up with me. But if I'd chucked old Chandler, it might have meant missing it altogether!"

"Missing what?" Lili demanded, impatiently.

"I've managed to get Chandler's case settled out of court. I won't bother you with dull details, but he's so bucked about it that, out of a blue sky he presented me with a cheque for £500. What's more, he's transferring all his legal business to me!"

"That's the news—that's what we haven't missed through my going to Wimbledon to-night! It means we can be married, be together, have all the chances of happiness I never believed we'd have—anyway, not for ages."

He was shaking with excitement. He caught Lili to him with frantic exultation, kissing her lips, her eyes, her throat.

"Darling—darling!" she whispered, faintly.

Robin released her then, and realised that it was almost dawn.

"Darling, I am starving, and you look tired out. Tea—let's make tea—and have our first breakfast together!"

They breakfasted, sitting side by side on the kitchen table . . .

EXACTLY a month to the day after that romantic early morning breakfast, Lili and Robin were married.

Lili wore a white crepe-de-chine dress, which had a narrow belt of blue suede, and a big, white hat which had a big bow of blue silk ribbon on it.

Robin wore "by request," he announced absurdly, grey flannels, and looked very young, handsome and happy.

After lunch with Peg and Stella at the little Orange Tree Restaurant, for "old time's sake," the honeymooners left for Sussex.

They went by coach, and held hands, and had a window seat, and said to one another at intervals: "Isn't it a heavenly day?"

The hedges had not had time to grow dusty, the fields were sweeps of gold and silver, with butter-

and daisies, and cow-parsley, and every cottage garden blazed with flowers.

After Tonbridge the way into Sussex is a dream of loveliness, rolling pastures, happy villages, woods against the sky, a winding white road and the breeze blowing over grass and trees straight from the sea.

Lili and Robin were to live at the house in Fulham "whilst they looked round," and, of course, Peg was to go on staying there. She welcomed them at the door, she and a blast of air from the kitchen weighted down with the smell of burning meat.

"It's the pie and I made such a beauty," she cried, dashing from the door back to the kitchen. "I expected you ages ago!"

Somehow, dinner for three was, like the weather, "difficult." Peg was clearly upset because the pie was burnt. The chilly little breeze had died down, and the air seemed heavy, and still redolent of burnt crust.

THEY moved in in September to an ivy-covered little house in St. John's Wood, a quarter's rent paid beforehand, and the first instalment on the furniture! And then, just as they were beginning to get straight, Lili's mother wired that she would be in England and could she come to them?

"Of course," Robin agreed instantly.

He went with Lili to Victoria to meet his mother-in-law, and thought her enchanting at first sight. She was ridiculously like Lili in a darker shade, and two sizes smaller. One of your miniature, very pretty women who generally make men feel large, and protective, and a bit noble!

She called Robin "darling" at once. Darling was, indeed, one of her stock words, but she had such a charming voice that the person thus addressed always felt delighted.

When her mound of luggage had been through the Customs, it was piled on two taxis, and Mrs. Forrest seated herself in the first with Robin and Lili.

Robin paid for both upon arrival at the little house, and helped the drivers to carry in the luggage, which overflowed out of the spare room on to the landing, into the bathroom, some even into Lili's room.

"Stick it anywhere, darling," Mrs. Forrest called to Robin.

She had brought them the loveliest wedding gifts, undies for Lili, a platinum evening watch chain for Robin, and "we'll get anything out of storage you want for the house," she assured them.

To say she disorganised the house would be to put it mildly. She disrupted it, and all its ways. She was generous, careless, temperamental, utterly lacking in any sense of responsibility, and the greatest fun as well.

She filled the place with friends, men and women as carefree as herself and generally well-off. She gave parties every other day or so.

She hired servants, bought glass and china, ridiculously expensive food, went to bed at dawn and got up in the afternoon, alluded carelessly to Lili and Robin as "the children," turned their lives topsy-turvy, and, without realising it, spent Robin's tiny income just as carelessly as her own quite generous one.

Robin felt amused first, then bewildered, then strove to keep his sense of humor, then lost it.

Musical songs, he inclined to believe, in the fastness of his own mind, far from exaggerating the trial a mother-in-law could be in a man's life, under-estimated it!

When Mrs. Forrest ("You must call me Nina, Robin, darling; Mummy is too absurd!")—when "Nina," therefore, left, as unexpectedly as she had come, and he returned one October evening to find his home strangely silent, he had at first almost a sense of loss, flatness.

Lili and he faced one another at table, feeling almost awkward. They told one another about it, and laughed, and laughed again in the little drawing-room where they had the settee to themselves.

"Oh, isn't this marvellous?" Lili sighed. "Just the two of us again at last?"

But somehow, after all the brilliant excitement, things began to drag. The change had been too sudden. Life had to swing back into its accustomed routine, and that took time. Besides, there were all the bills which poured in.

Robin paid up as cheerily as he could, though the £500 was dwindling like a snow heap in June, and business was still in its sticky stage. When he told Lili as much she said eagerly:

"Let me go back to the shop, darling. I can easily earn a few pounds a week in commission! Do let me!"

They had talked it all over before, and Robin had expressed the view of every young and adoring husband. He expressed it again now, for he was, after all, only six months older, and still adoring!

"We'll just have to go slow for a bit," he said, but at this juncture, as fate would have it, Peg developed pneumonia, had to have a nurse, and that meant another big bill.

It was nearly Christmas time then and their first Christmas together, so Lili bought Robin a new wireless and he bought her a fur coat.

"And now we really will have to go slow in good earnest!" he said, smiling down at her.

It was a snowy Christmas for once, and when they went on to the beach it looked too beautiful for words.

Old Chandler had sent along some new work, it was nearly a new year when anything could happen, and life, in spite of the bills, was pretty marvellous!

"Something tells me," said Robin optimistically, "that the New Year's going to bring us both luck!"

IT was on the day when he had made rather a foolish mistake in some of Chandler's work, a matter of conveyancing, that Lili told him they were going to have a baby.

Robin was dead tired that February evening, tired and dispirited, and cold. It was a good walk from the tube to the little house, and it had been raining all day.

Lili, meeting him coming out of their bedroom, where he had been changing his shoes, drew him into the sitting-room, still holding his hand, and smiling as if she were really amused rather than anything else, broke the news to him.

Robin's first actual thought was: "Another expense!" and though he dismissed it in a fraction of a second and felt ashamed of it, it had been there.

He put an arm about Lili, and said rather confusedly:

"I say, darling—how—how—splendid. Or—do you mind?"

"Of course I don't," Lili said, and Robin kept on wondering if he ought to be serious, overwhelmed, or overjoyed.

"I shall call it Olive, or Anne, as the case may be," Lili continued blithely. "I did think of Robina or Robin, but I decided no one save you must have that name—and—"

That last remark reached Robin's heart, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I do feel rum about it," he said shyly.

"I did, at first," Lili confessed, "but when you come to think of it, it's a thing which happens quite often, isn't it?"

IT was so hot that Bill had bathed twice. Now he was lying on the sand sun-baking alone, because it was the one pastime Sandra disliked, and never tried to share with him.

Mr. Klein, however, chose this moment to seek him out, walking slowly across the boards laid down to assist progress, looking every inch a business man despite his grey linen suit and white shoes.

"Bill," he said, "what about this contract?"

Bill sat up, and really he looked quite magnificent. He was so obviously fit, so extraordinarily good-looking. And he looked quite a different being from the young man who had flung out of the Fulham house all those months before.

"Let's look it over," he said.

Mr. Klein considered him. He felt both sorry for Bill and envious of him; sorry for sentimental reasons, envious for financial ones.

Bill said dispassionately: "Make it five thousand more each picture, and I'll sign for two years. Take it or leave it."

Mr. Klein blinked at him, and reflected for the thousandth time that it was the greatest pity Solly Zala, of All World United fame, had, by purest chance, seen Bill on the set at Nice, and that he himself had not had the foresight to sign up Bill before that momentous meeting. If he had! But he hadn't, and now Bill could pick and choose, and run up the figures as he liked!

He heaved a portentous sigh.

"Three," he suggested.

Bill burst out laughing.

"If you don't hurry," he said, "I'll raise it to seven!"

"All right, five it is! Now, will you sign?" Mr. Klein urged.

Bill signed.

He lay back on the hot sand when Mr. Klein had departed and stared up out of eyes, the whites of which were nearly egg-shell blue, at the blazing Mediterranean sky. He was going to be rich, famous. . . . He had all the world before him, and he felt—quite unthrilled.

He had had nearly a year of senseless luxury at the expense of Sandra, Clare and her associates, and he was sick and tired of it. . . . He had had the let-off of a lifetime when, in Vienna in the spring, Sandra had fallen in love with an Austrian singer. . . .

Until that lucky day he had been expected to do anything she told him, and to be in everlasting attendance upon her. It had been wonderful publicity for him, but so deadly tiring that he had very nearly thrown up the job in order to be free again.

He said, aloud:

"I'm going home."

PEG met him, looking thin and large-eyed and clinging on to him with tears in her eyes. Bill made a mental note, "I must tell my bankers to send her a good allowance quarterly."

He could not help being rather grand with tips and orders and mention of the hotel he meant to stay at.

"Oh, won't you come back with me? I still have half the house, you know; we let off the other half."

She looked up at him and laughed. "You may be a film star and ever so rich, but I don't care, darling!" So they went home, talking hard all the way.

"We're going to Robin's later," Peg said.

Bill grimaced.

"How is the pride of the home?" He did not really care whether he saw Robin or not, and said so. They had never "got on" really, and now that he was in the position of one who had in another sense very definitely "got on," he felt disinclined to do anything he was not keen on.

"But you must see Lili," Peg begged. "She's simply lovely, Bill."

"I've seen quite a few 'lovelies' during the last year," Bill said dryly, and Peg said she "supposed so."

It amused him and chagrined him just a bit that Peg should seem so unimpressed by his film successes.

It was queer but nice not to hear a word about films, not to be called "boy," still less Dennis! It was queer, too, to have sausages and tomatoes served as a luxury, followed by treacle tart!

When Peg suggested going by tube to Robin's he shook his head.

"What's wrong with a taxi?" he asked, and began to tell her how much money he really had, and how much more he was going to have.

Peg accepted the figures with a gasp, and the news that she was to have an allowance with another "I'll give an order to my bankers," Bill said grandly.

He looked at Robin's house very calmly. It seemed small and that was all there was to it. Then Robin appeared and they said, "Hello," rather constrainedly, and Robin asked:

"Where've you blown in from?"

and Bill replied:

"Monte Carlo," and added: "I leave for Hollywood next month."

He was saying this when Lili entered, and came to greet him.

"It is wonderful to see you at last!" she cried. "I saw you in a film, and I'd have recognised you at once."

They all laughed then, and Bill said almost shyly:—

"It seems awfully queer not to have seen you before."

"We can make up for lost time now," Lili suggested. She patted the seat beside her, and Bill sat down, and drew out his marvellous gold cigarette case. He was thinking to himself: "She's a darling!"

Robin and Peg had gone off together to discuss some income-tax paper, and Lili asked:—

"What did you think I'd be like, Bill?"

"I dunno! But you are like a very famous Austrian film actress, you might be her twin! She's got just your hair, and does it the same way, and she's got your sort of thick, short eyelashes. . . . It's simply marvellous the resemblance!"

"When Robin and I go broke," Lili said gaily, "you'll have to help me to become a film star."

They sat and talked in the lamp-light, and Bill told Lili all about his life. He found it amazingly easy to talk to her, and every minute he liked her more and more.

He had never really bothered much about girls. From seventeen to twenty, life had been entirely shadowed by his poverty; even if he had occasionally fallen a little in love, he had not had even the few shillings to pay for the occasional hospitality which is the smallest courtesy young love can offer.

As for Sandra, she had been a delicious bewilderment, and he was far too keen to get on in the film world to have experienced one of those wild infatuations twenty-one feels sometimes for thirty-two!

All he had felt, when he had realised he was being kindly but decisively dropped, had been thankfulness that the picture he had made with Sandra had been finished; that as a result he could bargain for a new contract.

Sandra had made him, expecting she could fall in love with him. When she found him so dull, save as an actor, she had, as she put it, "cut her losses."

Certainly Adolph Steiger, even if he had not Bill's superb looks, was infinitely more easy and amusing.

"And no harm done!" Sandra had said, nodding at Reuben Klein, and feeling remarkably virtuous because Bill had never understood half she had meant.

Looking at Lili now he felt quick pleasure and a sense of happiness. She was so sweet to look at, so natural with him, and he liked the pretty little room, its flowers and chintz and comfort.

"Fancy old Robin having the luck to marry a girl like this!" he marvelled, and then put his thoughts into words.

Lili laughed happily. She found Bill "a dear," quite amusing and unspoilt, and not a bit the type Robin had described, not very generously.

"Young Bill?" he had said. "Oh, he's the decorative type, and when you've said that you've said almost everything! I turned him out, and I was dashed sorry at first, but it seems to have been the making of him."

"He's doing very well now, so Peg tells me. He and I haven't written since the break. I'm always meaning to write to him, and forgetting."

But Bill seemed a good deal more than merely "decorative" to Lili. Otherwise how could he have achieved success so quickly and still have kept his head?

She told Robin about Bill's plans that night.

"Just think, darling, ten thousand a year! And he's not 22 yet!" Robin grunted. Peg had spent most of their time together lauding Bill to the skies, and he had had ample opportunity to see for himself the very visible results of Bill's affluence.

As Bill sat in the little drawing-room in his excellently cut suit, one silk-hocked foot in a well-cut shoe dangling, he had talked interestingly of the Riviera, Vienna, Italy.

There had been no side about him. Robin admitted grudgingly, but all the same Bill's experiences, his power to ignore all thought of expense, had got under Robin's skin. Things were difficult at the

moment, and promised to become more so, and there Bill had sat, discussing the merits of cars with a view to buying one, saying to Peg blithely:

"Tell you what! I'll get you a Mansfield Twelve before I go," and Peg had gone pink, and gasped out: "Oh, Bill!" in accents of adoration.

Next thing would be Bill would be offering to buy Lili a car!

She had talked about nobody else since Bill left, and though Robin knew it was absurd, he felt queerly jealous.

"No doubt about Bill being every film-struck girl's ideal," he said with a short laugh, "but I did think you'd have a little more taste!"

Lili looked at him out of wide eyes, and then said:

"Robin, what a beastly remark! And, anyway, quite apart from his looks, Bill's interesting. I liked him a lot."

"Obviously," Robin said yawning. "In your eyes he possesses all the virtues! Lucky Bill!"

He had meant to tell Lili about the mess-up with old Chandler, but after his last remark conversation petered out.

"DUCANE is going to let us down," Morris Chandler asked his secretary irritably.

"Because of the one mistake in the conveyance draft?" Susan Elder said quietly.

"Not only that! He seems slack to me!"

Susan Elder looked down at the faultless script before her, but did not see it. She saw instead Robin's tired, determined face, his too brilliant eyes, his thin, nervous hands.

"I don't agree with you, Mr. Chandler," she said equably. "I admit Mr. Ducane's work has not seemed quite up to his usual high standard this last week, but I believe that's due to his health."

Morris Chandler grunted as he traced a diagram with his fountain pen.

"Queer thing," he said, meditatively, "since I showed my appreciation of Ducane's work by over-paying him he has never done so well."

It was on the tip of Susan Elder's tongue to say: "That's because he married on that cheque you gave him!" but she decided not to.

Even now she found it difficult to think of Robin married. She would always remember him coming into her private room in the Kingsway offices and just standing there, smiling, and saying:

"Can you believe it! I'm going to be married!"

He had gone to her room to dictate some alterations Mr. Chandler wished made in an agreement, and when she had congratulated him he had answered:

"I knew you'd be glad!"

She had thought afterwards, going over and over that short interview, that men's very fatuousness was part of their hold over women! She could have brushed Robin's content so easily, had he made almost any other remark, but he flung himself on her graciousness, and she was lost.

To Susan Elder, brilliant at her work, delightful to look upon, soigne to the last degree, a born homemaker, the type of woman who is created to "get a man on," the fact that she should have fallen in love with Robin was a never ceasing amazement.

She could have married at least three similarly eligible men. She

had money, and made money; she possessed a charming flat which two old and most efficient servants ran for her faultlessly.

THEY had become friends. Robin had gone to her flat, where everyone had liked him, and Susan had pushed his cause deftly, indefatigably, with Morris Chandler.

Result—a cheque which had enabled Robin to marry another girl! Life certainly had its ironies!

The worst of it all was, Susan admitted frankly that Robin's marriage had not really altered her feeling for him.

Now she defended his interests successfully, and a little later he himself came in, looking fagged and white.

"Hello, Susan! You look cool and delightful and all you should look!" He smiled wanly at her, sank down into an easy chair, and sat there, hands between his knees, unmistakable dejection in his attitude.

"Is the chief very fed-up with me about that conveyancing?"

"He's recovering!" She offered him his favorite brand of cigarettes, but he shook his head.

"You look tired and fed-up yourself."

He nodded listlessly. "Too much work?"

"Not enough!" he replied, glumly. Susan rang for tea, and boiled the water herself on a little silver stand. She was very precise, delicate, in all she did, and had lovely hands, ringless and slender.

Robin liked the sight of her hands against the background of dark wood panellings.

"Susan," he said suddenly, "can't you think of any way a man can add to his income—a married man like me, I mean?"

Susan said: "But I thought you started off so well."

"It doesn't seem to matter how you start off in marriage," Robin said. "Expenses simply tick up like a taxi fare, without your noticing 'em!"

Susan looked sympathetic. "Mr. Chandler is considering making a trust of the property company. That should mean a good deal of your type of work."

She made some excuse, and left Robin sitting alone. He leant back and closed his eyes when she had gone. This was a restful room, cool, spacious, and neat with that neatness which was a distinction in itself. A very pleasant tang of sandalwood filled the air, sandalwood mingled with lilac.

Susan came back. "Mr. Chandler wants to see you," she smiled at him. "Good luck!"

But Chandler was not so encouraging.

"I am thinking of forming a Trust," he said, "of the Freehold Syndicate and the West End Property Company. I had not really intended giving you the work, but Miss Elder has persuaded me to do so. Let's hope you'll put it through without a mistake."

"I'll do my best," Robin said, flushing quickly "and thanks very much."

He then went back to Susan, elated yet angry, and told her what Chandler had said.

"What nonsense!" she said smoothly. "I only mentioned you were here."

At home he found Bill, and all about him that litter of papers and

magazines a man on holiday seems to accumulate. This time, also, on table and floor, there were glasses, bottles and mint in great profusion.

"I'm just showing Lili how to make a real American mint julep," Bill announced cheerily.

To-night, having "tested" the mint julep, as he put it, Bill stayed and stayed. When at last he went, Robin's temper went, too.

"Why, in heaven's name, didn't you say you wanted to go to bed?" he demanded of Lili. "He'd have cleared out quick enough then! It isn't me he comes to see! Gosh! I'll be thankful when he sails for Hollywood!"

"He goes this week-end," Lili said, and then suddenly began to cry.

Robin knelt beside her, his arms about her, trying to stop her crying, trying to make things up.

"It's only someone like Bill," Lili sobbed, "who—who'd bother to come! I know I look awful, but he's so kind, and if he weren't here I'd be pretty lonely."

"But now you've spoilt it all, and you blame me for having Bill here so much, even though he is your own brother!"

Robin felt thoroughly ashamed. He could only hold Lili closer, and whisper to her, and suddenly all the old love words came back, the sweet, tiny, absurd things he had said in the first days of their marriage.

He forgot business, minor irritations, hills, his own tiredness, in recapturing the poignant tenderness of earliest love.

Later he made Lili tea, and the very buttery toast she liked so much, and they ate it together, and Lili laughed again, a little shakily, and caught him suddenly to her and said:

"Oh, darling, think when it's all over! Won't we be divinely happy?"

Bill went back to Nice, preparatory to sailing for Hollywood, and two days after he had left Robin's daughter was born. Robin was sorry the baby wasn't a boy, and quite horrified by her appearance, a fact he tried to conceal, but without success, from Lili.

"Idiot! Darling, blithering idiot," she whispered, when he faltered out that he thought Anne looked "queer." "You wait!" she told him with her loveliest, sleepiest smile.

He thought, going off to the office feeling quite depressed, that being a father was an overrated distinction.

Still, it was all over, thank goodness, and he supposed he would get used to the baby in time.

He told Susan about it, and it was she who gave him the idea that Lili ought to go to the sea. It was a relief to her, though she did not realise it at the time, that Robin did not play the role of the proud, triumphant father!

Susan had a talk with Morris Chandler, the direct result of which was a gift for Anne in the shape of a cheque, which enabled her and her mother to get away.

Robin, seeing them off, felt quite unhappy about it. It was the first time Lili and he had been parted since their marriage, and that evening, when he went back to the empty house, he felt the loneliest being on earth.

The maid was out, he had the place entirely to himself, and the silence seemed ghastly. He found himself opening the wardrobe and looking at Lili's dresses hanging there. A little drift of violet scent came to him, and thus seemed the crowning blow.

"Money, money, money!" he said aloud savagely. "If I'd got any I'd dash out and hire a car and drive down to Cooden to-night! Oh damn everything!"

He worked very hard all that week, checking over Morris Chandler's business, and Susan Elder asked him one day:

"What do you do every evening?" "Work to drown my loneliness," he replied with a sigh.

"So do I, quite often," Susan said, surprisingly. "Suppose you dine with me at my flat one evening and we can share the loneliness?"

Robin went in his day clothes, and felt rather guilty when Susan came in wearing a very charming black dinner dress. It struck him that he had never before seen her in evening dress, and he said so, and thought, while he was saying it, how very much younger the dress made her look. More attractive, too.

It was a delightful evening. The dinner was excellent, and afterwards, in the other half of the big room, with the glass doors between closed, Susan sat down and played the piano.

"I can't tell you how I've enjoyed myself," Robin said, truthfully, when he bade her good-night.

"Come again, then!" Susan smiled at him.

THE first family week-end was Anna's, but she had a slight chill, and voiced her annoyance at this proof that she was heir to fleshly woes in no uncertain manner.

"Good lord!" Robin said ruefully, as his daughter howled her disgust at six o'clock in the morning.

"It's the only way she can say things," Lili explained defensively.

They were both relieved when Sunday night came, and Robin caught his train to London.

Lili smiled at him out of lovely, exasperated eyes, and a wave of compassion swept over Robin.

"You're only a kid yourself," he exclaimed, kissing her at the last with tingled devotion and contrition. Nevertheless, home seemed a haven of rest to him that night.

It was the most serenely happy time of their love, that first year and a-half of Anna's life. Work came in satisfactorily, so that a good Nanny could be afforded, and Robin could join a golf club, which, it was discovered, was Francis' club, too—a most happy coincidence, since it meant that if Francis were going down from town he would pick up Robin and Lili, and off they would drive and be driven back again in comfort and luxury.

Francis had taken Lili's marriage philosophically, but had not taken his mother's advice. He had not married, and one day he said to Lili, with his nice, wide smile:

"I think I'll wait till Anne grows up!"

She and Robin were both quite upset when his regiment was ordered to China. With his going, the good times started to go, too. The slump began for one thing, business slackened off, and the club became too far away, even if it had not been too expensive.

It is so much harder to say goodbye to the little simple luxuries than to have had permanently to do without them. Lili and Robin had loved their country Saturdays and Sundays, and the little home seemed very cramped when they sat there week-end after week-end.

Her grandmother's arrival in

London, this time mercifully at an hotel, wrought a transformation in Anna's existence; amazingly, Mrs. Forrest adored being a grandmother, fell in love with Anne, and could never see enough of her.

One would have imagined, since Mrs. Forrest's chief idea seemed to have been to appear an eternal twentysix, that she would not have wished to own to her new relationship. Not a bit of it!

She paraded Anne before her friends, bought her the loveliest clothes and toys, and when the child developed one of her bad colds carried her off to the finest children's doctor instantly.

Lili went, too, her heart beating, and foreboding in her mind. Anne weighed far too little and her colds were growing increasingly frequent and more severe.

When she had had her talk with the specialist, she left Anne with her mother, and went straight to Robin's office, where he realised at once that something had upset her.

"What's up, darling?"

"It's Anne. If she stays here, in London, in England at all, she—she'll never get really well. So Mum—mum's going to take her to Monte Carlo! Dr. Hamilton says that would be an ideal climate for her."

She was clutching the lapels of Robin's coat. She could not cry, but her eyes were tormented.

It struck Robin then that he had never realised how Lili loved Anne. He himself was fond of the infant, but she did not mean everything to him; not as she obviously did to Lili.

Yet when Anne had gone, accompanied by a first-class Nanny, the little house seemed quiet without her, and good days or bad days were those on which letters came, or did not come, from Monte Carlo.

And then, just when life seemed to be at a sort of standstill, Morris Chandler died, and left Susan Elder a fortune.

"THAT'S torn it!"

Robin thought. He had been running the house, and the office, on Chandler's work. Now there would be a few clearing-up jobs to be done, but that would be all.

When he told Lili she said instantly:

"Oh, then, I shall get a job again. I'd love to! I hate having nothing to do—it will make up just a little for Anne being gone if I've something to do."

She rang up Stella, who told her in a voice she strove to keep casual that she was about to be married.

"I've brought it off at last, thank Heaven! How about a spot of lunch?"

Lili went, to find a transfigured Stella, who could talk only of Bertie "our" plans "our" flat "our" car.

"When did it happen?" Lili asked.

"Two days ago after we'd been to a show," Stella said seraphically. "He seemed frightfully backed up when I said 'Yes.' We're to be married on the seventeenth, and you simply must come!"

She leant across the little table, her eyes shining.

"Oh, Lili, I feel a bit of a rotter because of the way I used to talk about Bertie and the fact that he had money, so that I could give up working. But now I wouldn't really care if he hadn't a bean, and I had to work for both of us! Just shows you, doesn't it, what a state love gets you into!"

"I loathe the idea of your working," Robin said to his wife that evening. He would not own it, even to himself, but the fact that Lili might have to work made him feel a failure. Three and a half years had passed and here they were, harder up than when they had married!

"Darling, don't be so absurd," Lili said. "Think what a relief it would be for us not to feel a chill inside ever time the post came in! Think what it would mean not to owe anything!"

He continued to frown. She flung out slender hands in appeal.

"I want desperately to go to Monte Carlo and see Anne, but I can't. We can't afford it! I want a new coat, but I can't have it. We can't afford it! In point of fact, we can hardly manage to live at all and yet you grumble at the idea of my trying to make some money!"

"Perfectly true!" said Robin bitterly.

He felt bitter as he walked to the Tube, bitter and disillusioned, and the sight of Susan Elder getting out of a very smart car at his office door did nothing to soften his mood.

She only wanted to check some detail connected with his past work and to ask him about a certain clause in the will.

Her rink coat was the loveliest thing and inevitably Robin thought of Lili saying: "I want a coat, but I can't have one. We can't afford it!"

"How is your wife?" Susan asked.

"Quite fit, thanks."

"I wonder if you'd both dine one night?"

"We should love to." Expansiveness, luxury, emanated from her, and when she had gone the office seemed very bare and chill.

"Just four, quite a small party," Susan had said to Lili over the telephone, and Lili had thought: "What a nice voice!"

She asked Robin:

"What's she like, your Miss Elder?" and he said: "Oh, all right," in the vividly descriptive phraseology of most husbands.

Susan had, of course, seen Lili's photograph in Robin's office, and was prepared therefore for her loveliness, but Lili was really rather staggered by Susan's appearance.

"This a secretary?" she exclaimed within herself. Somehow one thought of private secretaries as neat, efficient—as well as secretaries! But this Miss Elder was young, and terribly smart, a woman of the world, and a very pretty one with such clothes and real pearls!

"A secretary's billet for me!" Lili assured herself gaily, smiling across at Robin, wishing at that moment that they had a flat like Susan Elder's, with excellently drilled servants and china with initials on it, and old, lovely silver.

They sat at a round table and Lili watched Susan interestedly, listened to her soft laughter and easy conversation. This so pleasant ease of life roused no envy in her, only a longing to be able to achieve it, to have the luck to work for it.

"Robin!" Susan Elder said so naturally that the word did into the rest of the sentence, but something in Susan's voice made Lili blink her eyelashes for a moment.

She looked from Susan to Robin but there he sat, just himself, looking so nice this evening in his dinner jacket, and smiling his old gay smile—bless him!

I was fun coming out like this, and Mr. Whatever-his-name-was, the fourth guest, was very nice, if rather old. When she discovered that he was a film magnate, "our only English one," Susan added, Lili asked him "at once eagerly:—

"Oh, do you know my brother-in-law, Dennis Ducane, then?" Eveleigh Ware burst out laughing.

"I have always believed the world to be about the size of a football," he said, "as far as knowing the same people was concerned, and so on, but to-night it's shrunk to an orange! Out of all the world, to meet you two here—when I've been talking only an hour or so ago over the long-distance phone to Dennis Ducane!"

He went on enthusiastically about Bill:

"A real, a born actor, and what looks! Antique Greece, modern English, romance, an athlete, the whole bag o' tricks, and a speaking voice which records perfectly! Your brother-in-law has got almost too much Mrs. Ducane!"

Lili asked Ware point-blank, smiling up at him a little shyly:

"Do you think that I am at all like the Austrian actress Gisella Rosch? Bill said I was."

Ware nodded instantly.

"You certainly are! I've felt puzzled ever since I saw you—it must have been the resemblance, and I couldn't trace it! It's very strong, as a matter of fact, and you could double for Gisella any day!"

He had enjoyed his dinner thoroughly and was feeling entirely genial as he added:

"When you want a job on the films, apply to me!"

"I want one now," Lili said, her voice trembling with excitement.

Ware laughed good-naturedly, took out a little notebook, scribbled a word or two on a page, and handed it to her.

"If the party effect doesn't wear off, if you don't change your mind, and if you ever find the most outlandish studio in all England, present that card, and we will see what can be done about making you a star!"

"Robin, I'm going on the films," Lili said.

"So am I," Robin said equably, smiling faintly at Ware.

"But darling, it's true! I'm not joking! Mr. Ware is going to give me a chance."

"I don't think you've given him a fair chance! It's not playing the game to go for him at a dinner party," Robin smiled, still on a light note, but with a certain gleam in his eyes.

Lili saw the gleam. Susan saw it, too. She rose, and Lili followed her into the beautiful wide living-room, as Susan called it, which was decorated in pastel shades, and had a lovely Adams mantelpiece, and a Chippendale bookshelf which held, instead of books, tiny statues of animals, fashioned from all sorts of material—jade, wood, cornelian, crystal, glass, ivory.

She wanted to go up to Robin when he entered with Ware and link her hand in his, but he went straight to the piano where Susan was sitting and said eagerly:

"Do play! Play that thing I love, that 'Danse du Feu'!"

He turned to Lili and Ware.

"It's the most frantically exciting thing! The first time Susan played, it nearly lifted me out of my

chair! It's like—like seeing a bull-fight, I imagine, though I've never seen one. At any rate it makes me feel Spanish—or mad, or both!"

"Isn't it a bit of a starter with which to begin the evening's programme?" Susan demurred smilingly.

"Come on, let's have it!" Robin pleaded.

Lill sat down on the nearest big couch with Ware beside her, and the music seemed to rush at them, towering, marvellous, terribly exciting, just as Robin had said.

When it ended, on a note so sudden that your blood leapt, Robin gave a sigh. Susan, a little white, lifted her hands and let them fall.

The worst of a dinner party is that you have to return it. Lill sent for Peg, who was used to appearing in times of stress. Peg had blossomed out into part owner of a travel bureau. She had left the little house after Bill had gone, and had a flat above the bureau in the Haymarket.

Also she was now very well dressed, shingled, and much addicted to a little sun-burn make-up.

"Gives a good impression of results of travel," she told Lill sagely. She came in on this October evening looking delightful and businesslike at the same time.

"This woman," Lill explained, lighting a cigarette, "has a super-flat and is super! The flat has everything which is just right, and the food is so good you realise you are eating for sheer pleasure—you know the sort of thing!"

"Robin insists that we must ask her back, so speak up, Peg darling, say your piece and let's get a few ideas together!"

Peg was full of ideas. "I'll get this and that for you—I can get it, cost price," occurred very frequently.

"While we are at it," Lill suggested, "let's give a real party, a dinner for Susan Elder, and then have people in afterwards."

She looked across at Peg a little wistfully.

"Such ages since we had a party of any sort—not since before Anne came really."

But Robin stamped on the idea of a party.

"Can't possibly afford it! All we can do to get this dinner together."

Then he began to fuss, and even Peg grew a little snappy.

"Oh, Rob, don't fuss so! Who is this Miss Elder, anyway?"

"She's been awfully good to me," Robin said sweetly.

"How?" Lill asked, shooting a glance at him between very long lashes.

"Just how, darling?"

Robin was walking about the room straightening a knife already dead straight, putting a table napkin a little more "just-so"; in fact, making Peg and Lill feel thoroughly on edge.

He said now, his head on one side, to get a better view of the place for a glass: "Oh, when you were ill, and now and then during the old man's lifetime."

SUSAN arrived at length in a chinchilla cape, which seemed to Lill a little unnecessary, beneath which was a very simple black frock. But "There's black and black," Peg thought cryptically, wishing Lill and she had dressed in scarlet and gold or any other color rather than black!

Lill looked lovely but—ordinary!

Just a slip of a girl who was rather nervous. The guest had barely arrived when the drawing-room fire began to smoke, and went on smoking whether you had the window open or shut.

"Let's stay down here," Robin said, so they stayed while the maid Peg had loaned cleared away thoroughly and noisily.

The evening was a frost, that sort of evening when you keep on stealing glances at the clock, and feel a sinking of the heart because time creeps along so slowly.

But at last Susan's car was announced.

"Let me see you home," Robin begged.

Susan hesitated, but Lill said:

"Oh, yes, do—Robin would love it."

She stood in the little garden and watched the big car out of sight. Then, very slowly, she went back to Peg, the vision still with her of the lighted interior of a car and a very pretty woman laughing at a young man who had quite forgotten to wave as the car backed and turned.

"Do come in and have a drink," suggested Susan.

"It's pretty late," Robin said, without much conviction. "Don't want to keep you up!"

"I think I'd like to be kept up a little!"

They stood close together in the tiny lift and Robin smiled.

"I say, what lovely scent!"

He gave a quick sigh. Lovely scent—and doubtless frightfully expensive. It must be a month of Sundays since he'd bought Lill any!

There was no smoke in the flat; instead, there was a lovely glowing fire, a window open to the soft rainy night, and a silver tray with cut-glass decanters and glasses on it, and under a silver cover the smallest pate de foie sandwiches.

Susan sat down on the fender seat, her back to the fire, and looked at Robin as he mixed himself a whisky and soda. She was thinking what a life he could have had, married to her. What ease and comfort instead of ceaseless worry and nagging care, and that cramped little house.

The girl was pretty enough, of course, but she wasn't the right type of wife for Robin.

Poor Robin!

He came towards her now, smiling.

"Susan, yours is a lovely home, you know!"

Very nearly Susan said: "I wish it were yours!" What she did say was—

"I've a proposition to put up to you. I'm afraid you may shy away from it because you'll imagine I'm doing you a favor. But, believe me, I'm not!"

"My object in asking what I am about to ask, is protection for myself. This is the proposition: Will you take over my entire estate and run it for me? The mining property, the Scotch mill, everything?"

"But—but don't Chandler's family solicitors handle all that?" Robin asked.

"Yes, but I want you to do it, if you will take it on!"

"Take it on!" Robin echoed.

He stood above her, looking down at her upraised face. He could see already the "lift" this new work would give him; the bills he could pay off. It seemed to be too good to be true.

"And I'm thinking," Susan added, laughing a little. "I'm actually

thinking of accepting an offer I have to stand for Parliament! For my father's old constituency. That would mean, of course, that I shall need an agent!"

Robin sat down beside her.

"Susan, you are a brick!" he said. "I can't possibly thank you enough!"

He stayed, chatting. Susan played a little, they had another drink each and some sandwiches, and then it struck two with soft distinctness.

"I say, two o'clock!" Robin exclaimed in a rather shocked voice. They had reached the flat at eleven.

He took both Susan's hands, and on impulse raised them to his lips and kissed them. There was laughter in his eyes as he lifted his head and met Susan's gaze.

"To ratify the bond, I've kissed hands!" he said absurdly.

He looked back when he reached the hall and waved. Susan was still standing where he had left her; her left hand was pressed, palm upwards, against her mouth.

"I'll look in to-morrow, if I may?" Robin said.

Susan could hear his light steps running down the long staircase, a far-off door slammed and he was gone.

She looked at the hand she had held against her own lips . . . oh! the amazing, maddening, lovable denseness of men. Robin must have seen her kissing the hand he had kissed but it had conveyed nothing to him!

NOW that Susan had made her proposal to Robin, she regretted it, and yet, had she not made it, it would have meant seeing him, at most, once a month, when, for some trivial reason connected with the will, she sent for him.

Where would it all end? Where could it? Even supposing Robin were not still in love with Lill, he was, apparently, content with her—and there was the child.

"It comes to this," Susan said aloud. "If I want the painful happiness of seeing Robin, I must be willing to pay for it, with a certain loss of self-respect, a certainty of jealousy—and without much hope of anything coming of it! Having accepted all these facts, I am free to get what I can from it."

"What a fool I am! But I didn't ask for this thing to happen to me. . . I did fight against caring for him. But it was no use. And now . . . oh, lord, what a frightful mess!"

"He's had an accident," Lill decided, waking up suddenly, and finding Robin's place beside her vacant.

She got out of bed and switched on the light.

It was after two, and her heart missed a beat, then began to race. She saw Robin's dark head in the mud of the roadway; she saw his ashen face. She ran to the telephone.

But she did not lift the receiver. Instead, she went back to bed and curled up there, her hands about her knees, listening to Robin's step. He was whistling! Lill wanted to laugh, and then suddenly felt too angry.

The latchkey at last, and then Robin tiptoeing upstairs.

"You awake?" he asked in surprise.

"I have been for ages. I thought at first you must have had an accident. I nearly telephoned Miss Elder's flat."

Robin was untying his tie. Now

he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, talking all the while.

"I've got some swell news at last, darling. Susan's handing over all her business interests to me! That mayn't convey much to you, but it means a good fat cheque twice yearly."

He yawned luxuriously, flinging his head back.

"Oh, gosh! the relief! We'll be able to pay up the arrears of rent, we'll be able to settle our bills—"

He dropped down on the bed beside Lill. It had just occurred to him that she did not seem wild with delight. He took her small, pointed chin between his finger and thumb and drew her face towards his.

"Good news, angel! We're going to get some money! Don't you understand?"

He was laughing into her face. He looked very boyish and happy, but it was just that happiness that made Lill's anger flare up.

"I understand perfectly," she said in a very low voice, drawing her face away. "How kind of Susan Elder! And how clever! She has arranged it all remarkably well! I suppose, now, you'll see her nearly every day?"

"Lill, what's up? Don't be a little idiot. You can't—you can't!" He felt diffident about saying "be jealous," and changed it to "mind." "You can't mind about Susan—my being with her or not being with her! Why, I've known her years!"

Lill said distinctly:—

"But I do mind. I love you and so does she! You can deny it till the stars fall. I feel it. I know it, and I believe Peg thought something this evening too."

"You must be mad," Robin said, angrily.

"I don't care a hoot how angry and virtuous and furious you get," Lill said vehemently. "I don't think that you are in love with Susan Elder, but I do think that lovely flat and that car, and always being able to have gorgeous meals, and all that sort of thing, will make you think, when you come back here, that—that—oh! Robin, can't you see? Darling, I don't want money; I don't care about the bills. All I care about is being loved by you."

"But can't you see," Robin protested, "it's for you I want the blasted money, to get you things, give you a good time—"

He put out his arms and drew her to him.

"Lill, no one, no one in the whole world, matters in life but you! As for being in love with Susan—"

and then he remembered kissing Susan's hands, and hurried on: "You know I'm still in love with you, don't you, honey?"

"We knew when we married we shouldn't be well off for ages," Lill murmured. "But don't let's talk about money now. Do hurry up and get undressed."

When he was beside her, with the light out, she put her head on his shoulder, and drew his arms more closely about her.

"Robin, you won't take Miss Elder's work, will you?"

He had believed everything was all right. He stirred now, made a movement of impatience.

"Darling, it means such a lot! Do be reasonable. Nothing shall ever come between us—nothing can. Don't you know, can't you feel how I love you?"

Suddenly, in his arms, Lili began to cry.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked, distractedly. "Darling, stop! Darling, don't."

She ran her fingers through his thick hair.

"I just couldn't bear it," she sobbed, "if anything happened to spoil our love, I just couldn't bear it!"

Robin drew her towards him then, murmuring soft words of endearment and reassurance, and soon her tears were dried . . .

IT was unfortunate that Bill's letter should arrive on the very day after Robin had been obliged to leave for Edinburgh.

There had been one other scene after the first one, and then silence, and Robin had told himself: "That's all right; Lili's settled down. Time works wonders!"

He was finding his new work absorbing and lucrative, but was obliged to go to Edinburgh to have a long interview with Chandler's old lawyers.

"Going by car?" Lili asked. "Lord, no!" Robin said carelessly. He took her in his arms to kiss her good-bye.

"Be a good girl and I'll bring you some Edinburgh rock."

Lili went to bed, after making a tour of the house as once Robin had done when she had gone to the sea with Anne. She took up Robin's photograph from the dressing-table and studied it closely.

Had she been utterly unreasonable about this Susan Elder business? It was not that she suspected Robin, she assured herself aloud; it was that she was certain about Susan!

Next day Bill's letter arrived.

"A chap called Eveleigh Ware," he wrote, "tells me he met you and fell for you! (Who wouldn't?) He uses you as a bait (and what a tempting one!) to lure me back to England. In short, he offers me a job, and tells me you want one, so why not make a Ducane picture of it? I can get a couple of months, I think, and we can try you out. If it's a go, cable me, will you, because I shall have to get busy very quickly. How is my niece? Lots of love, Bill."

He always signed his letters like that, like a little boy writing home: "Lots of love."

Lili was terribly thrilled. Act with Bill! . . . do a film with Bill! . . . It couldn't be true! And yet it was! She had only to cable and Bill would come!

If only Robin were here to be told! She couldn't get hold of him, save by telegram, and it would cost pounds to say all she wanted to say! Thinking of pounds, she could pay the bills if this film came off—and Robin would be able to give up the Susan Elder estate!

She dashed to the post office to cable Bill, dashed back, and felt desperate because there was no one to confide in. Suddenly she remembered Mr. Ware. She rang him up and told him the news.

He appeared to think it so interesting that he asked her to lunch with him.

"I'll call for you, Mrs. Ducane, about one o'clock."

He arrived in a luxurious car, and they drove in state to the magnificent, where Mr. Ware seemed to be very well known.

"And now, my dear," he said benignly, "for the exact news!"

Lili read him Bill's letter, omitting bits here and there, and he listened intently.

Throughout lunch he was thinking: "It comes to this. Ducane will do a picture for us if this girl, who's never done a day's acting before, can be put in it with him! Bit of a gamble, to say the least of it!"

His mind revolved round the problem: Are we landed with a dud? Suppose the tests show she's no good, will Ducane still insist on having her in? Suddenly he made up his mind.

"Look here, no time like the present! What do you say to coming down to the studios after lunch and making a test or two for us? Trying out your voice, getting a bit accustomed to the lights, and so on?"

"I should love it," Lili said eagerly.

WHEN they arrived at the Studio Lili stared with interest at the huge pile of buildings, at the gates which looked almost like prison gates, at the parked cars beyond the restaurant at one side. She realised that the deferential treatment she was getting was because she was with Eveleigh Ware, and tried to discount it.

He did not spare Lili that afternoon, and he did not mean to. He explained to her the great price of a "test."

"You see, it's not only the lighting, it's the time of skilled operators, the use of a set, and there may be no return for all this outlay. There will be, of course, if the tests are successful."

"Don't you think I—I seemed fairly all right, then?" Lili asked anxiously.

It was nearly seven o'clock, and she felt tired out, bodily and mentally. She had walked, stood, sat and posed. She had read a passage from some book.

"I'll telephone you to-morrow," he promised, as he wished Lili good-night.

No deferential, uniformed, employees guarded her this time. It seemed to her that she walked for miles through dim, draughty places until, at last, she reached the first wicket-gate, and a commissionaire told her: "Straight on through the second gate and you'll be out of the building."

"Out of the building" it was raining, and a weak lamp showed Lili a deserted entrance, save for a porter in his box, who unlocked the big gates, telling her, as he banged them to: "Station? Keep on 'alf a mile, straight as you can go, and you're there!"

The half-mile was up a steep hill with dark trees dripping, and not a light to be seen.

"What fun film stars have!" Lili thought, trying to laugh a little.

No train was due for half an hour. "Missed the 7.40 by a tick, you have," the ticket collector told her with relish.

Lili sat in a depressing waiting-room and thought tersely of the railway company. Her feet were like ice, her head ached, and she had not even a cigarette.

She had been waiting for twenty minutes when a marvellous vision swept in muttering curses. Seeing Lili, she smiled dubiously.

"Sorry! Didn't notice you! I'm in a—in the devil of a temper. My car's broken down, and I'm due in town at eight! Dressed, mark you!"

"I just missed the last train," Lili said sympathetically.

She was wondering who this extensively fur-coated being could be. Was she a star, and, if so, which?

The vision had taken a gold cigarette case from her bag; now she offered it to Lili, who could not help seeing engraved on one side the words: "To my darling from hers"

She must be a film star! Only someone like that would have such an affectionate dedication engraved where everyone could read it!

"I've seen your face somewhere," the owner of the car said abruptly. "Who are you? Were you at the D.I. Studios this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm Lili Ducane. I was with Mr. Ware."

"Ducane?" The other girl sat down and crossed the loveliest slenderest legs. "I am Natalie Forde, you any relation to Dennis Ducane? Not his wife by any chance?"

Natalie Forde! So this dazzling platinum blonde was Natalie Forde, who was noted for her night-dark Russian nose!

"I'm Bill's—I mean, Dennis's—sister-in-law," Lili said shyly.

Miss Forde looked at Lili and laughed a little. "I was with him in Nice, you know, in the same picture, then I came here to star and he went to Hollywood."

"He's coming back," Lili volunteered.

Natalie Forde was studying her acutely.

"I've got it!" she announced. "You're like Gisella Rosch, the Austrian girl."

"Do you know that's exactly what Bill—Dennis—says," Lili laughed. She added: "We all call him Bill; he never uses his other name at home."

"Heaven's, I was crazy about him," Natalie said pensively. "Honestly, he's an adorable creature, and such a sweet to act with. No temper—at least he hadn't with me! And to think he's coming here!"

THE train swept in and Natalie caught Lili's arm. "Let's travel together."

Lili shook her head laughingly.

"Can't! I travel third!"

She freed her arm, waved to Natalie and ran forward.

She had an empty carriage and she stretched out on the seat full length. How funny, meeting the famous Natalie—and Natalie knowing Bill! Oh, and oh again, for a fur coat like that, for stockings like that, sheer, sheer silk . . .

Film stars were friendlier than you'd think they'd be. . . . She dozed lightly, tired out, thankful to be at rest for a little while.

When she awoke at the first stop Natalie was entering the carriage.

"Third-class isn't any novelty to me," Natalie laughed. "There's nothing you can teach me about cheap travel! I went from a touring company, doing two shows a night, into films. And there's nothing you can teach me about being broke, either! I lived on twenty-two bob a week for a year."

She was laughing, but there had been real sincerity in her voice. She went on, more lightly: "I say, what's your husband like? Good looking? Anything like Bill?"

"He's very good looking," Lili said, and realised she hadn't thought about Robin for ages. "Not really like Bill, but there's a resemblance. We've got a baby, you know—a little girl."

She was still talking about Anne when the train ran into Euston.

"Look here," suggested Natalie, "I'll be at the studio to-morrow. Ask for me when you arrive."

"I mayn't arrive at all!"

"If you don't, ring me up when Bill comes home. Night-night!"

Lili reached home to find the house in darkness and the maid, as usual, out. As she got herself a bit of supper, she found herself wondering what Robin was doing.

By the time she got into bed she was feeling rather depressed and neglected.

Eveleigh Ware was sitting in the private theatre, a small dark room in which there were some dozen red leather seats.

"Let her go," he said, and the film of Lili's first test slid on to the screen. She was walking across a garden and she stooped to pick a flower, lifted her face and smiled at her imaginary audience. Ware was surprised and gratified.

"O.K." he called.

The second test was the "Good morning" one, and he awaited the sound of Lili's voice with definite eagerness.

"O.K.," was again his verdict.

He leant back in the big chair, and drew at his cigar. This girl might be a find. She registered well and her voice was charming. You couldn't count entirely on these tests, of course, but you could tell if she could walk, how she spoke, and if her looks were the sort to "get over."

Lili's were, definitely. She was the perfect blonde type, and her dark eyes gave her a distinction light eyes could never do. She was still a trifle gawky, uncertain what to do with her hands, but she had got something which appealed.

Ware wrote to Bill, giving his views, then he dictated a pleasant letter to Lili, asking her to come to the studio next day.

"One point," he assured himself, "the girl's contract must be signed and sealed before Ducane lands! Paying him will about break the bank; everyone else's salary will have to be cut!"

YOU are taking over a profitable and easy business, Mr. Ducane," old Forsythe, the head of the Scottish firm of solicitors, said to Robin dryly.

"I appreciate greatly the confidence my client has reposed in me," Robin returned formally.

He had found this trip difficult, and rather depressing. He had been made to feel an interloper by the stiff old-fashioned men who had, so far, handled all Susan's affairs, and he resented it.

Old Forsythe had been specially caustic in his suggestions as to why Robin had been chosen to supersede their own firm.

"You have been a friend of some standing of Miss Elder's?" he had inquired. In short, he had made Robin himself wonder why Susan had chosen to change the management of her affairs, place them in his hands when, as he could see, they had been most ably looked after by excellent and honorable people.

This realisation, and the train of thought it inspired, had made him feel uncomfortable, had made him remember almost word for word Lili's impassioned disapproval.

All the way home, after he had visited Glasgow and Aberdeen in

Susan's interests, the thought "Why?" kept recurring.

He told himself doggedly that Susan had chosen him as her agent because she knew his work, because he practised in London, and because if she really did decide to stand for Parliament, he would be on the spot.

He had wired the hour of his arrival and hoped that Lili would be at King's Cross to meet him. He had come that day from Peterborough only, having had to spend a night there on other business.

His train got in at six o'clock. Eagerly he scanned the platform, but there was no sign of Lili.

It was not such a bad evening, blowy but mild, with the first stars in the tumbled sky, and a sort of scent of spring in the air. He felt desperately glad to be home, to be getting nearer and nearer to Lili every minute.

The door opened and the maid stood there.

"Oh—er—It's you, Hetty," Robin said lamely, smiling all over his face. He plumped his heavy suitcase down and called:

"Lili!"

"Missus is out," Hetty said in her flat voice.

"Didn't she—I sent—?" Robin began, then he saw his telegram unopened.

"Has Mrs. Ducane been out all day?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Oh," Robin said, and his voice was flat, too.

The telephone rang. Lili! Lili! Lili! But it was Susan Elder.

"Hello, it's me," Robin told her. "I've just got back."

"I wondered when you'd return. How are things?"

"Splendid," Robin said.

"Am I keeping you?"

"No, rather not! No one's in, as a matter of fact. I'm very glad to hear your voice; I was feeling at rather a loose end."

Susan laughed, and it was a jolly laugh, friendly, comforting somehow.

"If it's loose enough, how about coming round here and having a cocktail? You could tell me all the news. I have to dine out, but late-ish, not till eighty-four-five. Really, the way dinners get later and later in London! Soon we shall have Spanish hours. I rarely dined till ten o'clock when I stayed in Madrid!"

"I'd love to come round," Robin said. "I'll be with you in no time!"

HE took a taxi to Susan's flat where a fire was leaping, flowers were about the place in stacks, and the cocktail shaker and ice were waiting for him.

Robin felt he was being rather bright and amusing in his description of the Forsythe firm.

"Put me through a regular cross-examination as to how long I'd known you, why you knew me, and so forth and so on! Awfully decent old fellows, really, and, by Jove, what a practice they have!" He paused a minute and flushed a little as he added: "I am really frightfully grateful you should have chosen me to take over from them."

He stayed until Susan was ready to leave, sitting by the fire while she dressed, feeling warm and relaxed and at peace with the world. When Susan was ready he drove with her to Eaton Place, where she was dining, and then the car took him home.

"He came in, and went out—just like that?" Lili demanded.

"There was a lady telephoned soon's he got in, you might say, mum, and the master, he says: 'Bo with you in no time,' and off he went," Hetty reported.

And at a quarter to nine he was still out—with Susan! Lili had no flicker of doubt as to the identity of the "lady who had telephoned."

When she saw, from the unit dining-room, Susan's car slide to a standstill, watched Robin tip the chauffeur and sprint up the garden path, she found her hands were trembling.

He used his latchkey this time, and whistled the second he was in the hall.

"Hello!" Lili called from the dim dining-room.

"Where are you, darling?" Next moment Robin was in the room, filling it with light, was beside her, his arms about her, was kissing her, and saying:

"It was a swizzle, you being out!"

Lili freed herself gently.

"You didn't bother to wait long for me," she said distinctly.

The gladness died out of Robin's eyes. There was a tiny silence, and then he said rather uncomfortably:

"Susan telephoned, and I went to report. I'm awfully sorry I wasn't back when you got here! I know how rotten it is coming into an empty house. I fell just as you do now when I got in and you weren't here."

It was a rather spiky olive branch, but it was one. Lili recognised it as such, but willfully ignored it.

"Had a good time?" she asked lightly.

"Lili!"

He put an arm about her, and drew her towards him: "Darling, don't be like this! I've been longing, dying to get back to you! I was so fed-up you weren't in, hadn't got my wire. I'd been counting all the way home, seeing you."

He smiled at her and she smiled back, took his head between her hands and kissed him.

"Oh Robin! I've missed you so. I've so much to tell you. It seems a lifetime since you went away—so much has happened!"

"What sort of 'so much'?" Robin asked curiously.

Lili laughed at him this time.

"You wait! I've something to tell you which will stagger and stun you!"

"You've got a job!" Robin said instantly, the light going out of his face again.

"A job!" Lili echoed, and added:

"In the language of the studio, 'and how baby!'"

"What studio?" Robin demanded.

Lili swept him an elaborate curtsy.

"Mr. Ducane, meet the new film star, Lili Forrest. I had to use my maiden name because of Bill—Ware thought it best."

"Ware?" Robin echoed. "Look here, Lili, joking aside, has Ware engaged you? That chap we met at Susan's?"

"Engaged me!" Lili laughed. "I've a contract, my lamb!"

"But I don't approve!" Robin burst out without giving himself time to think. "I'm hanged if I'm going to let you be a film actress!"

"You can't you know, darling. I would never do—I'd hate it. So would you, after a bit. It would alter our whole lives. You'd never be home—and besides, apart from everything, I would, honestly, hate it."

"I don't care," Lili said firmly.

"I don't care either," Robin said.

"I don't care," Lili said.

"I don't care," Robin said.

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"I don't care," Lili said.

"I don't care," Robin said.

LILI was looking at Robin curiously.

"I hated your taking Susan Elder's work. I begged you not to. It did take you away; it will, often, but you didn't let that worry you. So why—?"

"This is utter nonsense," Robin broke in brusquely. "You can't compare the cases at all. I'd sooner the work that's come along had been anyone's rather than Susan's, but it can't be helped, and we do need the money it will bring in."

"It's proper work, my own job, and I've got to do it. But this idea of yours of becoming a film actress isn't the same at all. One's a necessity, the other a form of amusement."

"Amusement!" Lili cried, her cheeks flushed. "Amusement! When you are at the studio by nine in the morning and often don't get away until nine at night!"

"There you are, you see! At the studio all day! What about your home? What about Anne?"

"What about her?" Lili retorted.

"As things are now, we can't even afford to see her, but once this picture with Bill is finished—"

"With Bill?" Robin asked sharply, his whole face changing. "Bill's coming here, back to England? And you, just an unknown nobody, are going to act with him?"

"I shan't be 'just a nobody' by the time Bill arrives, I hope," Lili said angrily. "Anyway, I'm going to act with Bill. So now you realise how utterly futile it is, you telling me I can't, and shan't, and mayn't! I've had my tests, and everybody's frightfully enthusiastic about them. If you think I am going to give up a chance every girl would give anything for, you must be mad! I didn't stop you taking Susan's work, and now I'm not going to let you stand in my way."

"The whole thing's absurd!" Robin said hotly. "You've cooked up this affair about Susan, let yourself believe a lot of rot about her and me. I'll swear to you, if you like, that there never has been, or will be, anything between Susan and me."

"Then give up this business, and give up seeing her, and perhaps I'll—"

"You won't understand," Robin said desperately. "You know perfectly well—"

"I know perfectly well that it's a very odd thing for a woman like Susan Elder to transfer all her business from an old firm to a young man like you. Even you I suppose, don't suggest she has done it because she dislikes you! She has done it because—"

Robin went to her, and against her will gathered her to him.

"Lili, darling—no, you shan't turn away—you shan't say things like that!"

He kissed her unresponsive mouth, kissed it again and again, murmuring against it the little words both of them used. Lili relaxed in his arms. She ceased to struggle to free herself, but she did not return his kisses, nor speak.

At last Robin had to let her go. Hetty could be heard tramping upstairs to announce dinner, and Hetty's simple habit was to thump on the door, then fling it open without waiting to hear whether her advent would be welcome or not.

Dinner was not a success. They ate in complete silence, yet neither

of them knew what they were eating.

Across the little table (still flowerless) Robin looked with angry, unhappy eyes at Lili, and when she lifted her head and met his gaze she neither smiled nor did her expression soften.

Looking now at Robin's set, angry face, Lili recalled Natalie's words, and said:

"Robin, whatever you say, whatever happens, I don't mean to give up acting for the film."

In silence they went into the drawing-room, where a small fire was struggling darkly against damp and lack of wood.

"Look at that!" Lili went on. "Bad wood, bad coal, and a half-witted maid to lay the wretched fire. If I work I can alter all that. I can get us, not luxuries, but that reasonable comfort only money can buy."

"Oh, Robin, do try to understand. I do love you so, and this is my way out! Perhaps I have been a bit horrible about Susan Elder, but that's no reason why you should be horrid about my big chance. Anyway, just exactly what is your reason for being so furious?"

Robin was lighting a cigarette, but he held the match in his fingers, forgetful of it, until it had burnt right down.

"I'll tell you! You can jeer and laugh if you like, probably you'll be just angry. But I loathe the idea of your acting for the films, parading yourself for all the world to see, for every Tom, Dick and Harry to criticise and talk over. However old-fashioned you choose to think that, it's my point of view."

"Then I hate the idea of you being out of the house all day and half the night. What's the good of our having a home—even with the comforts you just jeer at—if you aren't in it? And if you aren't, you can bet I shan't be, either!"

"Now I am getting on a bit. I shall be able to give you extra things, I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that not being able to give you all the things you ought to have has been pretty rotten for me."

"Now I've said all I've got to say. Except just this: You're my wife, and it's my right to provide for you. I'm only sorry you appear to think I do it so inadequately."

Lili waited a moment, then she said:

"That's a rotten and unfair thing to say, Robin. Have I ever grumbled at you because we've been so broke? Wasn't it I who said when we were discussing this wretched Susan Elder business that I didn't really mind being poor?"

"As for the rest, you're just imagining things. If my going on the films separates us, it will be your fault, not mine."

Robin was sitting on the couch, staring straight ahead of him, feeling driven, angry and suppliant all at once, and feeling jealous, too. Jealous of the life for which Lili fought, and which Bill would share. That thought was a quick stab.

Back Bill would come, triumphant, conquering, rich, and at once life for Lili in this studio place would become more important, easier, more luxurious.

Bill would be able to shower on her every blessed thing; his presence alone would strengthen her position enormously. Robin could see himself losing her little by little.

He had no real doubt of her loyalty, but gradually she would be swept away by the world she would

mix with the new circumstances which would surround her . . .

He had a fleeting idea he might appeal to Bill, and then he seemed to see Bill's handsome, slightly-mocking eyes, and knew he couldn't do it.

"What's the use discussing it?" he said wearily, making for the door.

LILLI was at Dover, waiting for the Channel boat to come in.

Bill had got off the liner at Cherbourg, and spent a week-end in Paris. Eveleigh Ware's party had come down from town that morning, lunched at the hotel, and were now standing, cameras trained, notebooks ready, watching the boat edge up to the quay.

Ware had had one diffident moment when he had asked Lill to come into his office, and had broached the all-important matter of clothes.

"I—er—think . . . the weather's rather treacherous, what? . . . a fur coat . . . good publicity to look prosperous . . . all part of the job, you know . . ."

Natalie had done the rest. She had taken Lill shopping, and now she would be star stood, on this March afternoon, a really lovely grey squirrel coat swathed closely about her slender form, the last word in a grey felt hat pulled down over her golden hair, and a sheaf of palest pink carnations in one gloved hand.

Certainly she had never looked smarter or more lovely, and every Press camera clicked as she appeared. She felt a little as if she were living in a fairy tale.

Was it really only two and a half months since Bill's letter had come? It was all true, as true as the delightful "feel" of the grey fur coat, as true as the fact she would hear Bill's voice in a few minutes.

Then he appeared, tall and handsome as ever, wearing a very big overcoat. As he came down the gangway, the mayor, wearing his chain of office, went forward to greet him.

Bill was laughing, not a bit shy, and so good-looking, it was rather breath-taking really! Cameras were clicking all over the show, and Bill had to speak into the microphone. Lill realised, listening to him, that he had adopted the faintest American accent.

Then he was, more or less, handed over to her, and they kissed, and walked away together to a decorated Pullman, holding hands tightly.

AT Victoria there was a scum.

"I say!" Bill said with a quick, excited smile. "What a mob!"

Eveleigh Ware was shouting an order, and the arc lights shone down on a positive sea of upturned faces. "Together!" Ware called to Bill. "You and Lill are to be photographed together! Keep as you are, hand in hand, very good touch—go down well—you'll be all right! The police'll get you to your car!"

Lill felt terribly thrilled and excited. She laughed up at Bill as he towered beside her, his hat off, waving it to the crowd and smiling.

There was no question this time of Bill coming to the little house. He had a suite booked at the magnificent, and the big car threaded its way through the cheering crowds very slowly.

Arrived at the hotel, life became quiet for a brief time, and a young

man with a chubby face and very nice clothes introduced himself to Lill as "Johnnie"—John Leroy, Bill's private secretary.

He seemed a singularly pleasant young man. He had, it transpired, been to Oxford, and his father, Lill learnt later, owned a chain of cinemas, "right across the States," Bill explained lightly.

"Johnnie's learning the business, and he's tucked on to me for experience. Nice kid. Don't let him be a nuisance."

Lill had the sensation once again of living in a fairy tale. Private secretaries who were millionaires' sons were not to be allowed to be a nuisance to her! Other secretaries, armed with typewriters, were in adjoining rooms, where piles of letters waited to be read.

Bill's suite was a riot of lovely flowers, cases of wine, greetings of every sort, and there Bill stood, looking as pleased as Punch.

He was exactly like a little boy, as excited, as wildly glad to be "home."

A great dinner, given by the film people, was to take place the next night with Bill as guest of honor. Lill had asked Robin to come, and he had said with a complete lack of enthusiasm that he'd try. He had been difficult ever since that first quarrel, and Lill's patience had been seriously tested. Now Johnnie stepped forward and announced: "Your brother is downstairs. I've sent for him to come up, of course."

There was no diffidence in Bill's greeting this time.

"Hello! How are you? What'll you have?" He turned to his secretary: "Johnnie, tell someone to send in cocktails or send for the stuff and shake 'em yourself, will you?"

He introduced the two men and that was that!

Robin looked tired, but he went up to Lill and kissed her. Then he noticed her fur coat.

"I say!"

He was smiling, but not with his eyes.

Eveleigh Ware and two other men came in. Bill received them with breezy urbanity. Everyone seemed glad to be introduced to him, but he took it all as a matter of course.

It was Eveleigh Ware who introduced the subject of Lill's film. Bill had been laughing with someone, but instantly he was serious, intent.

"I want to see that film," he said. "Arrange to have it run off for me as soon as possible, will you? Leroy will fix it up."

"Johnnie!" he called, and Johnnie was beside Bill, making a note of a time.

Robin said to Lill: "Haven't we better be going? It's now eight—it's nearly half-past eight?"

HOME, dinner, seemed so remote, and so dull. Lill didn't want to leave this gay crowd; every minute someone well known was coming in.

"Can't we dine here in the grill?" she asked. "There may be all sorts of things to settle."

Robin looked at her, and from her to Bill.

"Just as you like," he said equably. Bill, however, was giving orders to the never-failing Johnnie. He called over the heads of people to Robin and Lill.

"Look here, dinner in the restaurant at nine—or when we get there! See you later!"

An invitation, a command, a dismissal!

"Come on, darling," Robin said.

Lill went gaily now; she would be back in it all before long.

She was too excited to think of going home by tube, she told Robin a little affectedly, so he hailed a taxi, handed her in, and said, sitting down beside her:

"That, better?"

His voice sounded amused.

"So that's old Bill," he said next. "He's come on a bit, hasn't he? Private secretaries galore, luxury suites, champagne—all the doings, in fact!"

"There was such a crowd at Victoria the police had to hold the people back," Lill said dreamily.

"For them as likes it, it's O.K., I suppose," Robin said.

"It's marvellous, wonderful!" Lill protested.

"I suppose, in due course, the police will hold me back when I go to meet you returning from a triumphal tour," Robin said. He said a hand along and took hers. "Lill, what a kid you are still! So excited, aren't you, darling?"

"Who wouldn't be?"

Robin had no answer to that. It had begun to rain, and he watched the drops falling on the pavement with a sense of weary foreboding.

He realised ruefully, tying his tie, that he had come already to that phase in life when he was afraid to start a discussion lest the peace of the moment should be broken.

LILLI had a new evening dress, a lovely thing of white shimmering tulle, above which her face looked like an exquisite flower.

"You don't need all that make-up, darling," Robin said kindly but unwisely.

She made no answer, but finished lengthening an eyebrow, and then rose.

"Ready?" she asked.

Dumbly he followed her downstairs, violets floating about him, a vision of Lill's head, each gleaming hair so beautifully dressed, brushed into place, giving him far less joy than the vision of it a year or so ago, when it had been just her darling head, and no master waver had tolled over it!

He lost Lill instantly at the hotel. She was swept from him by some man who hurried up, murmured a name and led her away. He saw her face at intervals, always smiling, vivid, enchanting.

He was quite out of it, but had ample leisure to lean back and watch Bill watch his own wife until she passed from his view!

Then Peg hailed him, and he welcomed her fervently. Peg's eyes were brilliant; she, too, was keyed up.

"Oh, Robin, isn't it wonderful?"

Isn't Bill marvellous?"

Robin thought if he heard those two words just once more he would explode.

He agreed as enthusiastically as possible; Peg and he had not met for a little time.

"You know Lill's gone on the films?"

"Oh, yes, and I hear she's awfully good. Of course, having the chance to act with Bill is simply the greatest luck in the world!"

Robin gave a little laugh.

"Film acting may be all you say it is, but it doesn't seem an ideal asset to home life!" he said.

Peg eyed him with surprise and scarcely-reined scorn.

"Darling! You surely can't be so stuffy as to be annoyed at Lill making a success? Look, for instance, at the dress she's got on! I know where that came from, and I know

if Lill hadn't taken up acting she'd never have had it!"

It was not a tactful remark, but Peg thought Robin's attitude foolishly jealous and stupid.

"You ought to be awfully proud of Lill," she went on. "Why, I wouldn't mind betting, after this picture with Bill, she'll get such contracts she'll be able to buy up the lot of us! Not Bill, of course, just us!"

"She'll be marvellous and wonderful, I'm sure," Robin said blandly. Peg left him, deciding that he seemed in a filthy mood. As she passed Lill she asked blithely:

"Anything wrong with Robin? He's got the sulks or something, hasn't he?"

A SENSE of unhappiness, which struggled with obscure resentment, swept over Lill. She hated to think of Robin being out of things, but blamed him for not being able to "let himself go" in this crowd as Peg did and she did.

She saw him in the distance leaning against the wall smoking. . . . Why on earth couldn't he join in and look gay, even if he did not feel it!

"If I'd been at a business party of his I'd have pulled my weight," she thought, irritably. She began to edge her way to him, but it was a very slow process, because every other second someone hailed her.

She had become very popular at the studio, and progressed to cries of, "Oh, Lill, darling!"—"Half a minute!"—"I say, Lill!"

To Robin the place seemed to echo her name.

He did not know quite what he felt. It was not exactly jealousy of that new life which had swept Lill away from him. Nor was it jealousy of Bill because of all he could do for her.

It was, rather, an abstract jealousy of circumstances, fate which had twisted his life about with such hurtful and yet beneficent adroitness.

He had no "kick coming" he knew, and yet he wanted desperately to destroy everything which had made this new opulence possible.

Lill's lovely dress, her exquisitely "done" hair, her new poise—he had been able to give her nothing with which to achieve those things, and he supposed drearily he never would be able to give her the headlong luxury to which success in film work seemed inevitably to lead.

All this heaped-up opulence struck him as meretricious; this over-lavish entertainment, praise of one another, vying with one another. It was like an unfunny fairy tale, with the kindness left out.

All the women in this film world were beautiful, all the men terrifically good looking or specially distinctive. You were "made" overnight. A few shots of the camera could do it, crown you a star, put you on a pinnacle from which height you called down languidly the price you wanted, secure in the knowledge that you could never ask too much!

It wasn't like real life; it was fantastic in its paradoxes and its violent contrasts.

One girl stood about in the heat or cold for seven or eight hours, waiting, waiting to walk across the set, which possibly measured ten feet by eight, and, that over, waited a few more hours to do just the same thing, and at the end of a day

such perambulations received the vast sum of one guinea!

And another girl, perhaps just a bit prettier (which was no virtue on her part, after all), drove up in a super-car, did her stuff, smiling and showing teeth of incredible regularity, and departed, having earned perhaps a hundred pounds!

Such was film life, and Lili loved it!

She came to Robin now, and asked him:

"Darling, why the sardonic smile? Do you know you looked positively beetling about the brows?"

"Did I?" he asked, and added abruptly: "Come on, let's dance."

Absurd, chaotic thoughts jostled in his mind as he held Lili close. Thoughts of violets because her hair smelt of them, of a bottle of the scent he had gone without lunches to buy in the days before Anne had been born, because Lili had wanted it so.

The ridiculous, yet rather apposite words from some old song, "I'm dancing with tears in my eyes!" Well, there weren't actually tears in his eyes, but his heart felt like lead this evening.

Lili said:—
"Darling, isn't you look just a little less like the best plume on the heasel? This is really meant to be a party, you know!"

"I seem to be getting a lot of criticism to-night!" Robin replied, trying to sound amused.

He smiled down at Lili, and she smiled back. But why wouldn't he be like everyone else, let himself go, and have a good time?

Someone was calling her—Bill; she freed herself at once and turned to him.

Bill said to Robin:—
"Sorry to butt in, but there's a magnate Lili simply must meet! Come on, Lili!"

Lili hated the diminutive, and reflected that Lili had always said she did, too. She seemed to have got over that all right!

On every side of him he heard comments about Bill, who seemed to be a god to this laughing, well-dressed crowd. Some man just behind him said:

"Who's the perfect blonde with Duane? His sister-in-law? Really? She's the most unmarriageable-looking young thing I've seen in a month of Sundays!"

He laughed, and other men joined in, quite inoffensively, but the blood drummed up in Robin's head with anger and he wanted to wheel round and say:

"Shut up discussing my wife!" But he remembered in the same second: "Lili's a film actress, and as such, fair game for comment!"

The same man's voice went on admiringly:

"Marvellous couple they make don't they? Going to do a picture together, are they? Very good business, I should think."

A woman took up the theme of Lili:

"Oh, of course, Dennis Duane's sister-in-law—naturally she'd get on! Couldn't help herself. Oh yes, she's pretty, if you like that rather bizarre effect of dark eyes and fair hair—but I expect that's dyed."

Once again Robin wanted to break into the conversation. He reflected angrily that anyone who was not a born fool could have seen that Lili's hair was natural gold!

"Perhaps I shall feel more able to bear with things when I've fed!" he thought. It was now nearly ten,

and, so far, cocktails had been all the guests had had. No one appeared to mind, lots of people were dancing, and Bill was still talking, his arm about Lili.

"I suppose these people eat at any time," Robin thought. He felt very hungry, and had just made up his mind to go in search of a sandwich when someone called "Dinner."

He had hoped to sit near Lili, anyway, but he was at another table altogether, beside a girl who was so pretty in a doll-like way that it was difficult to realise she was really alive, and would not, if you spoke to her, continue to smile just as evenly and dazzlingly, unable to utter a sound unless she was pinched, when she would say "Mamma!"

But she did speak and with a profusion of careless slang which took Robin aback.

"Pretty mouldy show this, if you ask me," she confided to him, attacking her soup. "This Dennis Duane may be the cat's pyjamas, but he ought not to keep us all waiting for two hours for our food."

"It is a bit late," Robin agreed. "I'll tell the world it is, but p'raps in your family it's the quaint old custom to eat your only decent meal about midnight. I've got to be on the set at eight to-morrow, and that means up at half-past six, let me tell you."

She turned her lovely head over one shoulder and, smiling like an angel at a waiter, said:

"For the love of Mike, stir yourself and get us a drink! My throat's just about dried up."

A very exquisite young man passing behind Robin said mellifluously: "Er—your name, if you don't mind? I'm doing the introductions. Er—what? Duane?"

"I'm the film star's brother," Robin explained grimly.

The young man blinked then said:

"Oh, er—I see—er—let me introduce you to the famous Gloria Salt Gloria, you're sitting next to Dennis Duane's brother!"

"O.K. by me," Gloria said with another brilliant smile. "We're getting along fine. I'd feel better if I had a drink, but that's the only snag!"

A "drink," Robin was to discover, meant most of a bottle of champagne, but, as she explained to Robin:

"If you live at high pressure, you can drink at high pressure."

"Yes, I suppose so," he agreed, rather blankly, his mind flying straight off to Lili. He had no objection to women drinking in reason, but this high-pressure outlook struck dismay to his soul.

This girl Gloria something-or-other could not be much more than nineteen or twenty, and here she was putting away her drinks with as much ease as a man of forty! He felt appalled and craned his head to see what Lili was doing. She was dancing with a flashy-looking young man.

Directly she was back in her seat, Robin excused himself, and went across to her.

"I say, what about this one with me!"

She rose at once, and slipped into his arms, and Robin launched instantly into a recital of his astonishment and dislike of Gloria.

"My hat! You film stars can put it away! A bottle of champagne! It's a bit startling you must own!"

The implied criticism irritated Lili, who said, more penitently than she knew:

"I suppose you think because one little outsider drinks that all of us must be drunkards! As a matter of fact, most film stars scarcely drink at all. Anyway, I should think it would be time enough for you to get worried when I begin."

The dance was not a success, and Robin asked stiffly as they walked back:

"What time can we leave?"

"It's frightfully early still."

"I'm pretty tired, and you've had a very long day," Robin reminded her.

"Oh, but this is a wonderful party!" She hesitated a moment, then added: "Darling, if you are tired, you go. Bill will send me home, I know; he has a positive fleet of cars at his disposal."

She was smiling up at him, but her eyes, wide, brilliant, kept glancing past him. A man Robin had never seen before, tall, rather grave-looking, came up and asked her to dance.

She introduced him at once. "Shane Carew, the great writer, Robin."

"Lili puts it so delightfully," Carew smiled, as he took her in his arms.

"You go home, darling," she called out. "I'll come when I'm ready."

Robin felt bleak and forlorn and bad-tempered as he walked out on to the embankment.

It was not a cold night, but there was a strongish wind blowing, and the clouds kept drifting across the moon. Always Robin felt depression clamp down on him whenever he walked on the Embankment at night and saw, huddled in the gloom, those homeless beings who seem only shadows of humanity.

He walked up Norfolk-street quickly and out into the varied rush of the Strand where he caught the last bus.

When he got out it was beginning to rain, and somehow that seemed the very last touch of dismalness.

Still he did not hurry, and when he reached the little house he stood in the garden and looked at it.

They had been so excited when they had moved in, and he had felt awfully worried behind all the happy excitement, because he had thought: "What a price!"

But then one look at Lili's face had swept away all his anxiety, and he had caught her to him and kissed her.

"I know it's going to bring us good luck, darling," she had said.

Well, there it stood the little "good-luck" house, and now that he could afford it, it didn't matter much either way!

He let himself in and switched on the light; there was a letter from Susan thanking him for having put through some business, and ending: "When you have a free moment, do come and see me."

Going slowly upstairs, Robin thought sardonically that, judging by the evening he had just spent, there seemed every likelihood of his having a plethora of "free moments" during the coming weeks!

"WELL, isn't this jolly?" Bill said, settling himself in the biggest chair, looking about him with amused, friendly eyes. "Not a dashed thing altered, 'pon my soul!"

"Oh, darling, don't be silly," Lili laughed. "Since you went away everything's been altered."

"Oh, yeah?" Bill said absurdly, smiling lazily.

It was the first time he had come to the little house, though he had

been in London nearly a month, and it was only the third time Robin had met him. Lili, of course, had seen him often at the studio and at film parties to which Robin had not been invited.

"Why don't you take one of those river houses for the summer?" Bill asked. "All flower beds, and lawns sloping to the river, and gay awnings and moonlight bathing parties. Some sense in that, and you'd have no end of fun. You can't do much here in the summer, there's no room."

Robin said drily:

"We like your suggestions, but find 'em rather on the expensive side. Any idea what your awninged-lawned-flower-bedded little place would cost a week? About a quarter's rent here, that's all!"

"Oh, would it?" Bill asked absently, then: "Tell you what! Let me take it for you. I'd love to."

Robin flushed a little.

"That's awfully decent of you," he said quickly, "and we appreciate it no end, but I'm afraid we'll have to stay here. I have to be at the office, you see, every morning before ten. Maidenhead's a good hour's run up, and, anyway, as I said, the scheme's too dear for us at the moment."

"Needn't be soon," Bill declared comfortably, and most ill-advisedly, "when Lili starts working and pulling down sixty pounds a week!"

"Oh, well, of course," Robin said, "if Lili finds this place too humble and longs for river-side palaces, I can say nothing!"

Lili was wanting to kick Bill, to make a face at him, to do anything to shut him up, but he kept on gazing before him, his long, excellently-shod feet stretched out, intent on elaborating his point.

Lately Robin had been so difficult about money. He had asked Lili questions he would never have dreamt of asking a year ago, questions as to where she got things, what she had paid for them, and so on.

Once or twice, even, he had looked up suddenly at dinner, and had said half-smilingly, half-anxiously, prodding a bit of lobster on his plate, or a specially good and expensive sweet:

"I say, darling, doing ourselves rather proud, aren't we? Will your housekeeping run to it this week?"

Then Lili had explained why the housekeeping would run to it, recalling glibly how often she was out to lunch, how little a special dish just for two cost, and praying inwardly that Robin would not, passing a shop, note the price of lobster or peaches!

Robin's behaviour, while it worried her, made her heart tender towards him. His quick desire to pay, lest she should pay, and then his relieved acceptance of her statements as to costs, were both boyish and appealing.

Sometimes, in those excessively uncomfortable wide-awake half-hours which come to all of us, she used to wonder what would happen if he ever found out that the dresses he believed he had paid for had cost just twice as much as the sum for which he had given her a cheque?

Or that, week by week, Lili "cooked" the household accounts so that he should not suspect she was paying so much towards them.

He had said once, looking out of the window:

"Look here, any money you make, I think you should get someone to invest for you. You might consult

Susan Elder; she's an awfully sound business woman, you know."

Lill had agreed, but had done nothing about it, of course. All she made she spent, and loved doing so. Studio life for actresses such as herself was not cheap, anyway. There were meals to be taken, and given, cars or taxis to be hired, expensive clothes to be bought.

Bill's advent had not lessened expenses. Bill, in common with most other people who are really wealthy, had apparently lost a sense of value where small things were concerned.

He was generous enough, but having finished his cigarettes he would, without thinking, take Lill's.

Or he would stroll up to Lill's table and take coffee with her, be called away, and Lill would pay. And—one had to dress for Bill. His professional eye would run over Lill very critically.

"I say, darling, that coat's not cut very well, is it? Better get another, dark blue, very, very smart. Get it as soon as you can."

Bang went fifteen guineas!

Still, it was Bill who arranged the wonderful salary for the new picture.

"My dear fellow," he had said, lighting a cigarette, and unconsciously blowing the smoke in the director's eyes, "my dear fellow, you can't offer Mrs. Ducane less than sixty. It would be simply silly—and useless."

The word "useless" had found its home. Harris had looked down at his own feet, smoothed his blue chin, and snapped out:

"OK."

Now Bill was offering advice about spending the O.K. salary, though Lill had not yet had the courage to tell Robin about it.

"Why shouldn't we all pile into the car now, and drive down to Marlow or Maidenhead, or somewhere, and look for a house?" suggested Bill. "I know just the sort I mean, and if we find a really good one, a decent size and all that, what about sharing it?"

"Not to-day! Don't let's look to-day," Lill temporised, after one swift glance at Robin's set face.

It was a Saturday afternoon, one of London's "dead" days, Bill commented. He took himself off, finally, and Lill and Robin were alone.

"I say, is all this true?" Robin asked quietly. "How long will this new picture take, do you think?"

"Oh, a few weeks, two months, perhaps," Lill said reluctantly.

"You'll make a rough five hundred in eight weeks," Robin said. "Almost as much as I earn in a year!"

Lill sighed. She went to him and slid a cool hand round his neck, tweaking the little tuft of hair at the back as she did so.

"We could have a holiday on it, go and see Anne," she said.

"Thanks," Robin said. "I don't want my holiday paid for, and up to now it's been my bit of luck to be able to pay for yours. I know we haven't been able to afford the trip to see Anne, but I'd started saving up—"

"But you needn't save up," Lill protested, "when I have the money. We mightn't be married at all, the way you go on. After all, everything I have is yours, just as everything of yours is mine. I don't grumble about that, and I can't see why you should."

"Oh, yes, you can," Robin said

quietly. "We had all that out before. You know my views perfectly well. This wretched film business is breaking up our marriage. I never see anything of you now—days, or if I do, you're dead tired."

"But I wouldn't be if we went on holiday together. It's only just that I've been working hard."

"Yes," Robin said with sudden vehemence. "And for what? That's what I'd like to know. We were getting along before, not too well, perhaps, but we were happy. The worst thing was Anne having to go away, but as I say, we were getting along, and then, out of the blue, you start this film star racket, and since then everything seems altered."

"Only because of you," Lill flared. "I admit I was to blame in the first place about Susan Elder. I was an idiot, I see now, but I suppose I was jealous, and that was a legitimate reason."

"You have no real reason. You just take this stand about husbands providing the home, which, I may point out, you do provide, and because you hate the idea of my making any money you're being dog-in-the-mangerish."

"Supposing I do give up film work, what will you offer me to replace it?"

"I can't offer you anything. You know that, and that's why you ask. But until you started this cursed film stunt you were quite happy at home."

"You mean I had nowhere to go, nothing to do, save be at home," Lill said breathlessly. "As to whether I found it perfectly happy, staying in the house, dusting, mending, cleaning, it never occurred to you to wonder, did it?"

"Well, it didn't, but if I'd not been able to do something else, I would have stuck it because I'd have felt it was my job. But I can do something else, and so earn sufficient money to engage a housekeeper, who will do the household job far better than I could ever do it. Perhaps I'm not domestic; I don't know. I do know the film people think I can act, and I'd be a fool to give it up."

She stopped, and the only sound in the room was her soft, quick breathing.

At last, Robin said: "That's that, then."

"Oh, don't be so long-suffering and impossible!" Lill cried, and she pulled his head down suddenly and kissed him.

"Kiss me!" she laughed. "Darling, don't be like this. You're making a frightful fuss about nothing. Even if I am an unsatisfactory wife, I'm still a loving one, and that's something, surely!"

She had found her way into his arms. Hers were about him, frail yet close, holding him tightly. She was so lovely, she was his own, and he was in love with her. He caught her suddenly, breathlessly close.

"Oh, darling, darling, that's better!"

What was the use of arguing, quarrelling?

He looked down at her white lids, at the shadows her lovely lashes cast, at her trembling, exquisite mouth. . . .

Then he bent his head, and took all the loveliness which offered itself so adorably.

That wonderful hour shed a benison over the next few days, but deep down within himself Robin

knew that, in reality, nothing was altered.

He might choose to shut his eyes to what was happening, but he could not be unaware that the big picture had started, and with it, Lill's £60 a week.

He would come in early or late, but Lill was never there, and he would moon about disconsolately, nursing his resentment, trying to be fair, and when, at last, in someone's gorgeous car, Lill would arrive, pale and radiant, he would greet her with sullen courtesy, and she would kiss him absently, murmur "I'm so tired!" ask for a drink, and so to bed.

"Ours is a nice house, ours is!" he quoted bitterly one day.

"Oh, darling, don't start being difficult all over again," Lill pleaded. She had come home early for once, but just as Robin and she were settling down to dinner, a telephone message had come asking her to return to the studio for a relapse of a bathing scene.

This time Robin raged. He followed Lill about while she dressed, complaining, declaiming, hurt, angry, most unwise, and yet somehow rather pathetic.

"Portrait of a young man with a vile temper!" Lill gibed at him gently, as he stood behind her while she powdered her face, and both of them gazed at one another in the mirror.

She put up a white arm and tried to draw his cheek to hers but he moved aside quickly, and with a little sigh Lill dropped her hand.

She was gone five minutes later, and to Robin listening to the last faint whirr of the taxi as it sped away, the house seemed like a mausoleum.

He stood at the window, staring out into the soft darkness, at a completely loose end, and with all the evening before him.

Lill had said once, he remembered suddenly, that he might take an interest in her, come to the studio sometimes, and he had laughed wryly.

Go to the studio! Not while he lived and breathed! Lord, how he hated the whole thing!

The door bell rang sharply, and he went to answer it himself. Outside the headlights of a car lit up the scene, and Robin blinked uncertainly at the man before him.

"You don't remember me?" a pleasant voice asked. "We met at your brother's show at the Magnificent. Shane Carew—your wife introduced us."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Come in, won't you?" Robin said.

"I called, as a matter of fact, to see if I could drive Mrs. Ducane to the studios. I know she's had a call."

"Lill left about a quarter of an hour ago."

"Oh, bad luck! I hoped I might save her a boring train journey. I'll be getting along then."

He held out his hand and Robin shook it.

"Won't you come in for a drink?"

"That's very decent of you."

Robin stood aside hospitably.

In the lighted living-room he cast a quick glance at Carew. He remembered him now. He was the tall, rather cynical-looking chap who had come up to Lill just before Robin had cleared out. . . . An author or something like that.

"Your wife's working terribly hard just now," Carew said, lighting a cigarette, and accepting a whisky and soda.

"I hate the whole thing," Robin

said frankly. "It absolutely gets me."

He stood, rocking on his toes and heels, his chin defiant, his eyes unhappy.

"That's rotten luck on you and your wife," Carew said quietly. "It must make things very difficult for you both."

"It does," Robin said briefly.

"And it's equally difficult for an—or—outsider like myself to offer any helpful suggestions," Carew pointed out with a small laugh.

"I've no right to bore you with my worries," Robin apologised. "You happened to turn up at a bad moment. For once Lill had come back early, we were dining, and she was sent for. And that's that!"

"I know," Carew nodded sympathetically.

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He rose and sauntered about the room, looking at the photographs of Anne.

"I say, what a lovely kid!"

"She is rather nice," Robin agreed in his best paternal voice. "She's away now, at Monte Carlo, with my mother-in-law."

Carew stayed a little longer, chatting on any subject.

"Do you live out this way?" Robin asked.

"Hamstead Heath. You must come up one evening and bring your wife."

Drawing on heavy driving gloves, he added:

"I'll bring her back to-night—save her getting any more tired than she must."

"Thanks very much," Robin said. Once in the big car Carew leant back and thought over the talk he had had with Robin. A nice chap, but obstinate as the devil. . . . a one-idea'd man. . . . a good sort, straight as a die. . . . but obviously jealous of anything which came between him and Lill!

"Better remember that!" Carew murmured under his breath, the ghost of a smile on his lips.

He sounded the horn imperiously as his car neared the big gates, and at once the commissionaire ran out to meet him.

Carew asked:

"Which set is Mrs. Ducane on?"

"Four, sir."

Carew went straight there, and stood in the shadows amongst the vast coils of rubber-covered wire, piles of cases, lamps and unused scenes—himself unseen in the shrouding gloom as he leant back, hands in pockets, gazing at Lill.

It seemed to him he had spent most of his time lately in doing that. At any rate, he was gazing at something worth while. . . .

He did not think he had ever looked with such pleasure at any woman. Lill was playing a beach scene and her modern swim-suit showed up her perfect figure to the utmost advantage.

"She's the goods!" the camera-man murmured ecstatically and in his own parlance, Carew echoed that verdict.

Now, as Lill came off the set and stood, rehearsing a pose, he walked up to her.

"I called in at your place for you," he told her, "and your husband very kindly gave me a drink."

He wondered if he imagined that a shadow drifted across Lill's face.

"He doesn't seem to care much for this particular film world we live in," he went on easily.

"Oh, what did he say?" Lill asked anxiously, adding: "He does so hate

me being out so much, poor darling. And, of course, it is dull for him." "He must be very proud of you, though," Carew said, "and after all it isn't for so long."

"Too long for Robin!" Lili said with a twisted little smile.

Carew considered her pensively. He had long ago admitted to himself that he found her far too attractive, but he had kept this knowledge utterly secret.

After all, he was 37, while Lili was a gay and so young 21 at the very outside. And happily married, as far as he knew. Quite apart from any other considerations, Carew did not want his life upset by declared devotion.

But this thing was growing on him; he knew its signs. Once, he had been content to go to the studio occasionally; now, when he was away and Lili was there, he was consumed by restlessness.

Formerly, he had thought quite often, but always with pleasure, of Lili; now he thought of her almost ceaselessly and with definitely increasing intensity.

"Better clear out," he told himself rather dearly. "I don't mean anything to her—and heaven knows I ought not to want to. . . . She'd only be unhappy, and that's the very last thing I wish to happen."

Bill frowned up then. "I say, I feel fighting fit, and we've all had the dullest day. Let's throw a party! Come on! Let's go and dance and have fun! You collect some people, Shane, and Lili and I'll go on to the restaurant. Better make it the old dive, I think, don't you?—the Magnificent—and fix up the tables and that. Come on, Lili!"

Lili demurred faintly. "I really ought to go home, darling," but Bill responded blithely with one expressive word: "Roll!"

Every head was turned towards them as they walked together down the steps into the restaurant, and Lili felt again that irrepressible sense of excited pleasure.

It was wonderful to be known, to be recognised, to be with Bill, Bill the famous and handsome.

"Come on, let's dance," he said, and swept her expertly on to the floor.

Lili, secure in his light clasp, found herself wishing with a sigh that Robin and Bill were a little more alike. She had suggested to Bill that they should telephone for Robin, but he had said, "Why? And it had been left at that!"

"Tired?" Bill asked her now, bending his head and smiling at her. "I believe you are. I am a chump! What you need is a good drink! Come along, angel!"

He was not in the least in love with her, but he called her all sorts of affectionate names with careless friendliness.

The others had turned up, and it was Carew who got a chicken sandwich for Lili, and poured out a glass of champagne.

She smiled at him gratefully. Shane was always considerate and she liked being with him. Later, as they danced, he said:

"I'll take you home. You're dead tired, I believe."

"A little," Lili confessed. "Only I hate to break up Bill's party."

"We needn't," Carew said. "We'll slip away when we reach the stairs. No one will notice we've gone. I wouldn't mind betting you."

Two minutes later they were in Shane's car.

It was nearly half-past one, and the streets were practically empty. The big car swept them along at racing pace, sped like some gigantic bird up the long hill and then, out on the Heath, slid almost noiselessly to a standstill.

"We've passed our road," Lili said. "I know. But I wanted you to get some real air before you go to sleep."

Shane held the car door open for her, and helped her out.

Below them, stretching away in the soft darkness, gold-pierced here and there, the Heath lay, and the air blew sweet and keen across it.

Lili shivered a little from fatigue. "Not cold, are you?" Carew asked instantly and slid a light arm protectively about her. "Come, you'd better get in again."

"No, no, it's lovely here," Lili murmured. Instinctively Carew had spoken in a low voice; she did, too, and almost unconsciously leant against that shielding arm.

That fleeting touch, that so-slight pressure stirred Carew as he had not been stirred for years. In that one second an interest he had thought rather cynically might be amusing, became a thing of power, something serious, at once unwished and yet acclaimed.

Lili had taken off her hat, and her hair blew back from her face, a silvery mist in the dimness.

She gave a deep, deep sigh before turning away.

"Oh, that was heavenly! Thank you so much."

Neither of them spoke on the short return run, but at the gate of the little house Lili held out her hand.

"Thank you again so much! Good-night!"

Once again that cool, fleeting touch thrilled Carew through and through.

Like an infatuated schoolboy, he waited until the light clicked on in the hall, clicked off, and then appeared in the bedroom.

Lili's shadow passed the curtained window, and then Carew turned, got back into the car, and drove away.

The picture was finished, Bill had gone off to Scotland, and Lili was determined to fly to Monte Carlo.

"Only seven hours in an aeroplane—you leave at breakfast time and are at Cannes for tea," she told Robin, coaxingly.

He had said he could not go; he did not say point blank, "I haven't the money, and I won't let you pay for me," but Lili knew exactly what lay behind his: "I can't manage it, I'm afraid, but you go, of course."

So, in the end, Lili went, feeling keyed-up and guilty, eager and hurt. Hurt by Robin's unhappiness, guilty because, in a way, he seemed so at her mercy, and she had the feeling that she was letting him down.

"But I'm not, really!" she assured herself fiercely.

He went to see her off at Croydon, and at the very last, looking down at him from the aeroplane, seeing the shine in his old blue suit in the clean-washed morning sunlight, burning tears rushed to her eyes.

In that instant she wanted to dash from the aeroplane straight into his arms and say: "Only you matter, really!"

She half rose from her seat, but at that moment the pilot called

"Contact!" and then the plane began to taxi over the ground.

Too late! Already Robin was far away, already the plane was rising from the ground.

Lili had never flown before, and for the time being, at any rate, she forgot Robin, all the complications of life, even that she was soon to see Anne, in the sheer joy of flying.

But at the other end there was Anne waiting, very brown, her hair very curly, stamping both feet ecstatically and crying "Mummie!"

She was not a bit shy as she clung to Lili with the strangulation hug of an adoring baby, and Lili forgot all about aeroplanes and films.

She felt weak with happiness as she sat in the car holding Anne on her knee, admiring Anne's radiant health, which was so visible.

It was worth anything, even being without her, to have her well again.

"And so you've gone in for film acting," Mrs. Forrest asked. "I read such a good notice of you. How proud Robin must be!"

It was after dinner, and they were sitting out on the little terrace of the villa, which seemed to hang right over the purple sea.

Lili gave a short laugh.

"He detests my doing it!"

"Oh, darling, how very absurd! How queer men are!"

"It's the money part," Lili explained. "He simply hates my having money, making such a lot."

"He ought to thank Heaven nightly, or whatever Shakespeare says," her mother declared. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"It rather takes the gilt off the gingerbread," Lili confessed.

The gilt seemed to be wearing off her visit to Anne when no letter came from Robin for four days, and when at last he did write it was a very chilly little letter.

no word of missing her, of love, of real tenderness; only the news that "things are all right," and that he had got a pretty difficult case on hand.

IN point of fact at the moment when Lili was reading that letter and feeling hurt and disappointed, Robin was going through a bad time.

Ever since she had gone he had been working at top pressure, reaching home very late every evening, and even then taking documents with him on which to work.

The night before he had sat up until nearly two, worrying about one particular point, and when at last he had solved the problem to his own satisfaction he had risen, and with a gigantic yawn of relief, stuffed a lot of old papers into the fire and watched them burn.

When only a heap of ashes had remained he had suddenly remembered that some title deeds had been on the writing table. His night had been distraught; he had rehearsed in the small hours his attempt to explain his stupid carelessness to his client, Sir Colin, and visualised his subsequent utter disgrace.

When Betty had come down he had stumbled upstairs, undressed and bathed, and after drinking the hottest cup of tea he had ever had, had set out for his office. As he reached it, Susan's car slid to the kerb.

"Robin!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "What has happened? What on earth is it? Are you ill?"

"I'll tell you. Come in," Robin said. It would be a relief to tell

someone before he had to go to the interview.

"My dear!" Susan murmured, quite aghast at his appearance. She drew some papers from her bag and laid them on his table.

"You left these at the flat when you called. I tried to telephone you last night, but could get no answer."

Without speaking, Robin leant forward and unrolled the thin papers; they were the deeds he had believed he had burnt!

He gave a queer, strangled laugh. "Robin, what is it?" Susan asked, and for answer he walked round the table and clutched at her hands, drawing them up against his cheek, holding them so tightly that she winced with pain.

"Oh, Susan, you—you angel! You've saved me!" Breathlessly, stumblingly, he poured out the story, ending with: "If you only knew the relief!"

"You're terribly overstrung, over-worked," she said shakily. "Listen! don't work at all to-day. Come out with me in the car, and we'll drive into the country, and have lunch somewhere very peaceful."

"I refuse to take 'no' for an answer! This time you must obey me! After all," she smiled at him a little mistily, "you do owe me a little gratitude!"

As Robin leant back in the car his relief was enormous. Trees, hedges white with may, went sweeping past. The sky was blue and silver overhead, and to the right and left downland stretched away, relaxing, green and peaceful.

After lunch at a little inn, Susan and he strolled down a winding lane.

"Feeling better?" Susan asked.

"Much!"

He could laugh at last night's panic now. He smiled at Susan with eager gratitude, thinking how nice she looked in the flowered muslin thing she had on, with her hat off and the sun beating down on her hair.

He said so, and she flushed.

It was a perfect afternoon, still, sunny and flower-decked. The grass was wild with daisies, and the ditches filled with silver cow-parsley.

Suddenly Robin said, with an apologetic little laugh:—

"I say, I am sleepy! Do you know, I think if I sat down I'd fall asleep in two minutes!"

"Sit down and fall asleep," Susan suggested.

"But I mean it!"

"So do I!"

He ran back and fetched cushions and a rug from the car. They sat down under a big elm, and almost at once Robin fell asleep.

Susan did not sleep. She leant on one elbow and thought about life, its gifts, and its withholdings. Somewhere, an odd thousand miles away, Lili was probably looking at the sunshine, with Robin's child beside her.

Susan gave a deep sigh. It was no use comparing, bemoaning, but she reflected, looking at Robin's old suit and well-worn brown shoes, and then at her own frock and narrow shoes, which had probably cost more than Robin's whole kit, she would gladly have given up all her money, to have been poor with him, to have belonged to him.

He looked young and somehow pathetic, lying there asleep, his hair a little ruffled, the blue shadows of extreme weariness under his eyes. One hand was out,

flung, long-fingered, sensitive, yet strong, and for a second she put her own over it.

Time passed, an hour, two, but Robin still slept, and Susan still sat on beside him. When he did awake he did so very suddenly, sitting up and smiling ruefully, and apologising:

"I say, I am sorry! And you've waited all this time!"
"Do you feel better?"
"I feel marvellous!"

They walked back to the inn, and Robin ate a few which really was a little startling.

"It's been a great day," he told Susan, following her out to the car. "Don't let's end it so soon, then," she said impulsively. "Let's drive further on, and dine somewhere, and get back late!"

On the way to the coast they found a fair, a real country fair.

"I used to love 'em," Robin said. "The lot of us at home, when we were kids, used to turn out and have the evening of our lives."

He laughed at Susan, and she laughed back as she told the chauffeur to turn and stop at the fair.

Robin took her arm to pilot her, and they stopped first at the coconut shies.

She was taken from there to Houp-la! then to the swings, then on the roundabout, where she bestowed a scarlet and white-plumaged ostrich with a most rakish eye, whilst Robin pranced beside her on a piebald pony tastefully patterned in green and yellow.

"Call this a day!" he laughed across at her.

They had their fortunes told, threw darts, bought a long rope of vividly-colored taffie, threw balls for china jugs and pink elephants, and behaved like care-free children.

ROBIN and Susan dined at an inn not far from Hastings, with the windows open, and the fresh air blowing in across the pots of verbena and yellow wallflower, and then there was the drive home, through Battle, and along the miles of lovely deserted country road, with the woods banking on one side, and on the other, half visible, rolling fields over which the sea wind swept.

Robin leant back and thought of Lili, wondering what she could be doing? It would be pretty late in Monte Carlo.

His heart ached with sudden, vehement longing for her, for the sweetness of her, the sound of her voice, for her touch, just the feeling that she was near. He sighed profoundly, and Susan asked:-

"Robin, what is it?"
"Things are such a mix-up," he said moodily, and added swiftly, stung to compunction at venting his moods on her after the wonderful day she had given him:-

"But you've made 'em no end easier by doing this fairy-tale sort of thing, taking me out like this, giving me a day to remember! I simply don't know how to thank you!"

Susan thought sadly.
"You could thank me by holding my hand tight, by even coming just a little closer, so that your arm would touch mine!"

She wondered if people, women, ever did say that sort of thing to men they loved, but who belonged to someone else. Just suppose, which was really quite incredible, she should ever say such a thing to Robin, what would he answer?

At that very moment he asked her:

"What are you thinking?"
She hesitated, gave a funny little laugh.

"I was feeling rather lonely, I think."

A perfect companionship had existed between them that day, and Robin's heart was quick with gratitude for the generous kindness he had received. He put out a hand, closed it over Susan's strongly.

"I suppose everyone's bound to be lonely, but don't let it get you down. That's rottenly put, I know, but what I'm really trying to say is, every human being is essentially lonely, but—friendship helps, and you know, you must know, that if you want it, you've got mine!"

He had not meant to be so serious, then he had become a little involved, and, as a result, he had sounded more personal than he actually felt.

Susan's hand lay beneath his. Now it stirred, her fingers twined in his, and her arm lay close to his. Suddenly he realised that it was shaking a little.

He could not see her tears, but he felt that she was crying, and it distressed him profoundly, stirred him queerly, giving him a sense of hurt-ness for her, of tenderness.

He did not speak, and after a time Susan took out a handkerchief and said in a rather shaky voice:

"Robin, you are a comfort."

They were running into London then, and they talked idly of various things, while Susan's hand stayed in Robin's. It was a very light hand, cool and slender.

He went up to the flat with her and had a drink and one of the perfect sandwiches which were always waiting under their silver cover. Susan put on a record, something soft, haunting and rather pathetic. It was after midnight when Robin rose to go.

He stood close to Susan in the dimly-lighted room, and she put her hands on the lapels of his coat and, almost like a child, offered her face to be kissed.

Afterwards, walking home, feeling honestly a little dazed, Robin said to himself amazedly:

"I never meant to kiss her—I swear I didn't!"

He was not sorry he had, but that kindly kiss, which she had returned so ardently, made him feel shy when he recalled it, and he wanted to forget her whisper which had followed it: "Oh, how I've wanted to do that!"

A second later Susan had spoken in her normal voice, said good-night as delightfully as she always did, managed to banish any embarrassment, and Robin had called back from the lift, as he always did.

Everything had seemed as it should be, but now that he was outside, walking alone, he felt a bit queer about it all.

Was Susan in love with him? Could it be true? Looking back, small incidents took on a different meaning—and Lili had been jealous. His thoughts came to a full stop about the past when he thought of Lili.

Most resolutely he told himself that Susan could not really care for him; it was quite out of the question. She'd been tired and a bit overwrought to-night, and he'd been none too poised himself after that ghastly night, and then his sudden wonderful relief.

No, of course Susan didn't care "that way," she was just fond of

him, that was all, and a jolly good friend at that.

"I'm going out to the Riviera, I'll talk it over with Lili," Shane Carew said to Harris. They were sitting, Harris and he and Eveleigh Ware, in Shane's opulent office in Wardour Street, discussing Carew's new film and the cast he wanted.

"D'you think she'll go? Bill must go, so it's no good her thinking anything can be wangled this side," Harris said.

By "leasing" Lili to the far greater studio in Hollywood, he would net a very handsome profit under the terms of her contract.

Bill was "all for it," in his own words, which meant that Harris was aware that if Lili went out to Hollywood with him he would be delighted, and if she did not, and Veronica Wayne, the girl who had acted with him before in Hollywood, became his "lead" again, he would still be quite amiable.

Bill was a peaceful soul; moreover, his own cop-rackets and fame not unnaturally interested him more than anyone else's.

But Harris would "pocket a packet" if the World Wide people took over Lili, and, of course, her name would be made. She would automatically become a great star, with Hollywood prestige tacked on to her. Naturally Harris wanted her to go very much.

So did Shane Carew, but he kept this fact sedulously to himself. He had found Lili's absence unbearable; she seemed to have been away a lifetime, though only a week of her visit had passed.

"I have to go south," he said easily, "so I can look up Lili, if you'd like me to, and sound her out."

"A very good plan," Eveleigh Ware agreed. "I should think she'd jump at the chance of going. Be the absolute making of her."

"It will give me a chance really to get to know her," Shane thought restlessly. "Once in Hollywood, Bill will revert to type, unless I am much mistaken, and, after the first week, become entirely absorbed in his own affairs. She'll be lonely, and I shall be at hand. . . . Dash it, I wish I could see into the future!"

Inherently reserved, cautious, a being of imagination and much disillusion, he had put up a fight against the attraction Lili had for him, and had fought a losing battle doggedly.

This trip to Monte Carlo was his sign of surrender, and he knew it.

TRAVELLING down, wakeful through the night, which always seems so long in a sleeping compartment, he tried to review the whole thing dispassionately.

It seemed to him that Lili could not be so enormously influenced by her husband, who, good sort though he seemed, was clearly jealous of her work, a sign of stupid obstinacy, Shane considered.

Already then, Lili's work had put a spoke in her married life. If she went on, as he foresaw she would, and became a predominant star, he did not see how she could, possibly, continue the married life her husband thought to be the right, the only sort of life he wished for them both.

Lying on the narrow mattress, his hands behind his head, Shane visualised the utter luxury, the almost inconceivable wealth which a world-famous star obtained. He, himself,

was a reasonably rich man, a much-travelled man, a very worldly man.

Robin Ducane was, on the other hand, just a struggling solicitor—poor devil! What chance on earth had he of keeping Lili, if he insisted, too, on keeping his old-fashioned ideas about money and the right of a husband to support his wife, no matter what her own earnings might be.

Shane did not flatter himself that Lili cared for him as yet. All he desired was an unfettered chance to try his luck, and Lili in Hollywood seemed to offer him his opportunity.

He had a curious sense of setback when he came upon her, by chance, sitting on the beach at Monte Carlo, a bathing wrap of pale pink towelling girdled about her, a big sun-hat on, and beside her, industriously building up a little pile of stones, Anne, attired simply in the tiniest white cotton shorts imaginable and a sun-bonnet.

For a moment Shane stood there, and heard Lili say as Anne tumbled over:

"Ups-a-daisy, Angel Baby!"

Really, her laughter and Anne's were not at all unlike! Then she caught Anne to her and kissed her. Shane stood, looking on, and thought of Mephistopheles, and then called himself a fool, and said across the small space:

"Hullo, Lili!" and saw surprise change to quick pleasure on Lili's face as she answered:

"You! How lovely!"

She was beside him in a moment, both hands outstretched.

"Oh, Shane, what fun! I never dreamt of this! D'you know, it's a funny thing, but I was just thinking how much I wished someone was here to get about with! All Mummy's friends have been terribly kind, but, of course, they live here, and consequently never want to do all the things I find so fascinating."

"I shall want to!" Shane assured her, smiling, feeling a sense of immense contentment. It was good to be here in the sunshine, good to look at Lili again, listen to her laughter, watch her with the child.

"Even if you should be one of those queer people who don't like children, you've got to admit that this one is in a class of her own!" Lili challenged him.

"But I do like children," Shane protested lazily. "Specially good-looking, and yours could never be anything but that!"

He stayed with Lili, lounging there on the hot shingle, asking nothing better, supremely at peace for the moment.

She was anxious for studio news, and he told her all he could remember, but did not touch on the Hollywood plan.

"What brought you out here?" she asked at last, and he very nearly said "You!"

"Business, in a way," he told her vaguely.

He carried Anne up to the roadway later on, drove Lili and her to the villa, and sat in the cool taxi waiting whilst Lili went in to change for lunch.

LILI came out, looking about fifteen, in a narrow white silk dress, white shoes and stockings, and a floppy white hat with a soft silk bow on it. Against all the whiteness her skin seemed to glow softly golden, and her eyes looked dark topaz, softly, wonderfully brilliant between their short, thick lashes.

She was a joy to look at, and every atom of artistic feeling Shane possessed acclaimed that fact.

They lunched near the harbor, in a small but famous restaurant situated under the stone arches supporting the highway above, one side of which was open to the sea with only a flower-covered trellis dividing it from the pavement.

"I've never done this before," Lili said delightedly, "and I am enjoying it so! Always, before, when anyone has taken me out to lunch it's been to the Casino-terrace place or in some villa, or up in the mountains, but never here."

They had lunched late, and they sat on at their little table with its check cloth, while some strolling players stopped not far off and sang funny French songs to guitar accompaniment. When at last they rose to go, it was nearly tea-time.

Shane went back with Lili and met Mrs. Forrest, who was charming to him and palpably interested in him and he felt sure, below all the charm, was being peculiarly shrewd about him.

But he liked her prettiness, the fleeting look of Lili she had sometimes. He understood her type, and admitted that it was very attractive.

"She is thinking she and I might have had a very suitable affair," he decided cynically. "And she is quite right. We might, if only I were still able to consider suitability. But I'm not!"

It seemed that Mrs. Forrest and he knew a number of the same people.

"Well, I suppose we're almost the same vintage," Shane thought. "She's youngish still, forty-forty-one, I suppose—early marrying seems to run in that family!"

He fixed up a little dinner party for the evening at the Cafe de Paris, and took his leave.

"Isn't he a lamb?" Lili asked her mother happily, going into Anne's nursery that evening.

"Delightful," Mrs. Forrest agreed, adding: "How long have you and Robin known him, darling? Or isn't he Robin's friend?"

She was lighting a cigarette as she spoke, and asked the question so casually that it really seemed unimportant.

"I think Shane is charming," she went on. "So clever, too, isn't he?" "Yes, awfully," Lili said. "I met him at the studio. He does a lot of work for the film people. Robin doesn't know him very well, you see, he doesn't like the film-crowd much. I wish he did; it would make things so much easier."

Mrs. Forrest offered no comment on that remark; she had had variations of it before.

"Robin doesn't take any interest in my work"—"Deep down, Robin hates film life, I believe"—"Robin wouldn't go to the studio for anything!"

None of these reflections had inspired in Lili's mother the belief that Robin and his wife saw eye to eye over her career! But when young married couples failed to agree on any subject "Leave things well alone," was Mrs. Forrest's excellent motto!

Lili sighed now, holding Anne's head against her heart, thinking suddenly, intensely of Robin—only his head, and Anne's, had ever rested so, and in that moment she had a most vivid memory of Robin as a lover, of his voice whispering endearingly: "Oh, darling, darling!"

The gorgeous Riviera sunset was fading. The sky, which had been

like a living flame of loveliness a few minutes earlier, was paling, its blazing orange slipping into soft gold.

The little sounds of evening time, which somehow seem so wistful, came from the shadows, and somewhere out at sea a ship's siren signalled. For the first time that day coolness slid into the scent-laden breeze.

The sheer heavenliness of it all, the sweetly-tinging scent of clove carnations blown up from the garden, the vision of the silken sea, the sky like an inverted bowl of magic flowers, Anne's sleeping head on her breast, made Lili long almost uncontrollably for Robin.

Why wasn't he there? Why? Why? she thought desperately. He could have come, he might have come... only the stupid, wretched question of money had prevented him. He thought more of his pride than of their love...

Rosita, Anne's smiling little Italian nurse, had come in and was holding out her arms; wordlessly, Lili rose and gave Anne to her, and went into her own room.

A confused feeling of longing, hurtiness, furious exasperation, and wild love filled her. Oh! to have Robin here at that moment, to pull down his dark head and kiss him, to lean against him, and hear him laugh!

Oh! to be back where once they had been in life, not a thought apart that counted, not a separate interest.

Mrs. Forrest was calling: "Darling, you'll have to hurry a little, won't you? Have you forgotten we are going to the Carringtons' for cocktails?"

"All right, I won't be long," Lili called back.

LONDON was hot and airless, the asphalt burnt through one's shoes in the late afternoon, and the air seemed to have ceased to be air and to have become the exhaust from cars.

It was not so bad in the little house. That stayed fairly cool, and Robin used to lie out in the garden every evening, coat and waistcoat off, old fannels on, and between long drinks, which were seldom led, because Betty never remembered to order ice, smoke innumerable cigarettes and think of Lili.

He would not write "come back" because he did not want to shorten her time with Anne, but he was terribly lonely.

He was constantly reminding himself that, save for that one month after Anne had been born, until Lili had taken up film work, they had never been apart since their marriage.

Now they seemed never together, he reflected wistfully.

He had seen very little of Susan since that day in the country, but he thought of her sometimes in those long, still evenings with the gnats whirling in misty little clouds above the smoke of his pipe, and the faint boom of the distant buses reminding him, somehow, of the tide sweeping in.

Business was slack, and he was debating going down to some place on the coast just for a week-end, to try to get cool and to get some bathing, when Susan's letter arrived.

"I've taken the dream cottage," she wrote. "I've got a private beach, and all the Atlantic (nearly!) and I have running hot and cold water as well, and every modern conven-

ence, and dear old Alice to cook and look after me. So do come along and get cool and meet some friends of mine who are staying with me for a few weeks."

Robin left the next day on the Cornish express. He slept most of the way down, and woke up finally to a view of the sea and red rocks, and a sunset which took his breath away.

He had had no idea that Helston was about fourteen miles from Port Hallow, and as he stood on the peaceful little platform which seemed chiefly a show place for nautiflums, he supposed he had better look out some inn at which to spend the night.

And then he saw an open Ford of ancient lineage rolling up, and from it Susan waving a greeting. She looked quite different and much younger than the delightfully gowned woman he was so used to seeing.

She was tanned and delightfully freckled, and her hair was curling up under the beret very gaily. She was obviously in the highest spirits, too.

"I say, the sea suits you!" Robin laughed.

"I feel like a new woman!" Susan laughed back.

They had to stop in the little town before they started for the cottage, and Robin carried everything out to the car—a ham, pots of honey, a tin of biscuits, and "crates" of drinks, as he expressed it.

Then they were off, over the moor, all purple and scarlet, over which a marvellous tang of burning wood seemed to drift.

"I'd never have thought in London that anything could be so good," Robin said.

He gave a huge sigh of pleasure, and noticed at the same moment that Susan flushed most attractively. "Steady on," he told himself.

But there seemed to be no need to "steady on" at the cottage. It was a life of bathing, laughing, sleeping and eating enormous, wonderful meals. The Woods, Susan's friends, belonged to that married type which is so satisfying to be with, because it seems to spread an atmosphere of contentment and camaraderie.

Robin and Dick Wood golfed and walked, while Cella and Susan laced and read and played backgammon. Papers and letters arrived once a day, but nobody wanted either very much.

In the evenings Susan used to play, and sometimes sing in the darkness, and those were the only times when Robin did not feel entirely and utterly content. A note in her voice used to stir him up, and he had the impression in the soft dimness that she looked at him whilst she sang.

Then Dick would switch on the light, Susan would get up, and say "Bridge," and Robin would tell himself that he was simply imagining things.

Bill's entry into this domestic paradise was almost like a bomb exploding.

"It would have to be you!" Robin grinned at him, when a huge car slid to a standstill, and Bill yelled his name.

Bill, it seemed, was "doing" his native country with all the zest of a true-born American. He had with him, however, only Johnnie Leroy, his secretary, who fitted in straightaway; he was so direct, cheery.

Bill was delighted to "heave to,"

as he put it. No one had asked him to, but it never occurred to the world's film star that he required asking, and, anyway, everyone liked him.

But his arrival spoiled the perfect foursome, and besides, he had acquired caviare tastes. He would drive off in his gorgeous car and come back "laden with luxury," as Susan put it.

He confided darkly to Robin one day that he "rather thought he was for it."

"What on earth do you mean?" Robin asked.

Bill had been lying on the hot sand. He sat up now, and ran both hands through his thick hair, and Robin, looking at him, at his serious mouth, and his tousled curly head, thought for the nth time: "He really is damned good-looking!"

"What's up?" he asked Bill.

"I think your Susan Elder is the matter," Bill said. He was not looking at Robin, but was staring out to sea, and Robin, after a quick, suspicious glance at him, looked away, too. Bill's use of the possessive pronoun "your" had given him a bit of a shock.

"Do you suppose I've a chance?" Bill asked him.

Robin was so surprised that he could not speak. Bill in love with Susan! The world seemed upside down.

"I suppose I haven't," Bill went on doggedly. "Anyone like Susan'd hate my sort of life, I guess."

Still Robin did not speak. He felt somehow baffled, and in an obscure way, almost offended.

It is one thing to know a woman cares for you, and to regret (with suitable nobility of outlook) that you cannot return her affection, though you can, and will, offer your finest friendship.

But it is quite another thing to learn, all in a moment, that whatever you cannot offer, another can, and is simply longing for the opportunity.

Never would Robin have admitted that Bill, after his declaration, loomed before him as a rival, but he had to admit the fact that Bill's confession did not add to his own pleasure.

ROBIN went up to the cottage to dress, feeling a little dazed, and beside him Bill, looking like a sun-god, suggested that Robin might "sound Susan out—it would be awfully decent of you, old chap."

"Why don't you speak for yourself, man?" Robin asked rather curtly.

"Because I don't want to spoil things. If I asked her and she turned me down, everything would be over. I'd have to clear out, and I'm so damned happy here, and it's about all the real holiday I'll get for four years or so."

"So I thought, just to ease things a bit—if you could find out the lie of the land a bit. I'd be no end grateful. Because, if there should be a flicker of a chance, I'd alter my plans a good deal."

Robin said rather ungraciously: "All right, I'll do my best."

Inevitably he looked at Susan with new eyes at lunch. He reflected, eating Alice's excellent Irish stew, that Bill must have a terrific income, and he certainly was a terrific star, yet here he was, "mad" about Susan, the same Susan whom Robin had come to consider just

a part (a nice part, of course) of life, and that was about all!

Now, if she so chose, she could marry a celebrity! A young one, too, a very wealthy one, and one wholly in love with her.

"I don't know why," Bill had confided in him, "but I've never managed to fall in love before—not really in love so that I wanted to marry the girl. I've always fought shy of it, felt it would tie me up, cut me off from fun, but if Susan—" Then he had stopped, and looked amazingly handsome—and rather embarrassed.

Susan was very gay. She sat at the head of the little table, dressed in a butcher-blue cotton frock which had a white collar, like a little girl's almost, and laughed at them all out of the bluest eyes. Bill was refusing Cornish cream, and she told him—

"You've got no taste, Bill!" "Haven't I?" he said instantly, looking straight at her. "You bet I have—the very best in the world, and some day I'll tell you why!" "You're making her blush!" Dick said, with a laugh.

"Cheers!" Bill grinned.

"I haven't had a letter from Robin for days," Lili said.

"Funny you should say that!" Shane answered, "because I have. This morning. In a letter from—guess! Give you three shots!"

Lili shook her head.

"I give it up. Do tell me."

"From Bill, of all people, about the new scenario. He's in Cornwall, staying at a tiny village, and your husband is staying there, too."

"With Bill?" Lili asked rather incredulously.

"No, Bill's staying at a local pub, which, I gather, he appreciates, and your husband is staying at some house."

"He's keeping it very dark!" Lili said lightly, but her heart ached a little. It was so unlike Robin not to write, to go anywhere and not tell her.

"Half a second," Shane said. "Bill enclosed a snap—odd, isn't it, the passion film people have, even on holiday, for having their photographs taken? Bill, I'll bet, never moves without a camera handy! Ah, here it is!"

And there Robin and Susan and Bill sat, smiling in the sunshine.

Shane was looking at Lili, not watching her in any sense, but looking because he loved to do so, and he saw her face change, harden, flush, then pale.

She handed back the snapshot. "Snaps always look such fun, don't they? As if the people were having such a marvellous time."

"Who is the girl?" Shane asked, his eyes on the sea this time, his voice very casual.

"She's a woman called Susan Elder, a client of Robin's," Lili said, and her eyes did not meet his.

"She's distinctive in a way. Bill looks marvellous, doesn't he?"

"Marvellous," Lili agreed.

In a flash all her resentment against Susan had returned, and somehow the fact that Bill was there, too, added to that feeling. Robin hadn't written for a week, yet he must have known he was going down to this place.

After all, if she had left him, it had only been to come to Anne, who belonged to both of them.

Shane, studying her unobtrusively, had one of those intuitions

which, though seldom heaven-sent, are often miraculously inspired.

He said slowly—

"You know, Lili, I've been rather wanting to discuss something with you, and yet rather hesitant about it. Before I left town I had a long talk with Ware about you. You may or may not know, that the World Wide people have approached Harris and Ware about a star for Bill's new picture. Ware asked me if, in the event of World Wide agreeing, you were offered the part, you would take it?"

"Take it?" Lili echoed breathlessly. The color was coming and going in her cheeks; her eyes were darkly brilliant.

Shane gave a little laugh: "Easy on! You don't know the half of it, my dear! And it's a half which may make you say 'No'—just like that!"

"Nothing could!" Lili said with conviction.

"Oh yes it could! You see, World Wide don't intend to produce another picture over here; the one we were talking about will be made in Hollywood. That's the snag!"

"I'D have to go to Hollywood?" Lili said slowly. Her eyes raised into Shane's, he recognised in that clear, long glance neither amazement nor distress, only vivid interest, and that fact encouraged him enormously.

"You'd have to sign a contract, of course. I mean, they'd want you to do more than one picture. Needless to say, it would be the chance which comes in very few film life-times."

"It's all very well to say you are a star here. So you are, but even to-day England has a long way to catch up on Hollywood. You may be a success here, but that success won't give you world-wide fame."

"I know it's the fashion to run down Hollywood, but, believe me, it's not too bad! In fact, to you, it would be fascinating all the time. I think. I love the life there."

"I've always loved hearing about it," Lili said.

She was feeling breathless, excited; she could not think very clearly. Hollywood, fame, heaps and heaps of money.

"Don't be in a rush to decide," Shane said easily. "Think it over. Discuss it with Mrs. Forrest. If you should decide to go, you would go over with Bill, of course, and that in itself would give you a tremendous publicity—always a detail to take into account in connection with film companies!"

"And—" he paused, then added on the same light note, "I'd be there, too, ready to help you, take you about, if you'd let me. I think we'd have rather a marvellous time!"

"It all sounds too wonderful to come true," Lili said with a sigh. Flingingly, oh! very flingingly, for the briefest space of time, she had thought: "What a pity I'm married!"

Free, she could have said "Yes," would have said it in a flash, and all the future would be hers. As things were, she knew she must think it all over.

Back in the villa, she sat down in her bedroom in front of the window. Her heart was still bumping with excitement, and she was trembling a little.

Hollywood! Hollywood! the one magic place in the world, where

you made your bid for fame, such fame as brought the world to gaze on you, acclaim you! And she was being offered the chance, the almost certain chance to gain this!

No more being hard up, terrified to go into a certain shop because you owed them such a lot, no more being away from Anne for ages. If she went out to Hollywood she could buy a villa here, spend half the year here. Robin could start a practice here—everything, everything would be easy.

Lots of husbands and wives had to be parted for a time, but if temporary separation meant luxury for the rest of life, surely it was worth putting up with?

"I must go, I must!" she said under her breath.

* * *

In his hotel Shane, too, was considering the afternoon's discussion. He felt that victory was in the offing, and a sense of triumph stirred within him. It was a half sense, though, and he rather resented that. He wanted to feel immense relief, and he felt instead a steady nagging at the back of his mind.

He argued the case out. Even supposing Lili should never care for him she would have had this extraordinary chance, and he the joy of being with her.

There was no real reason why he should feel a bit of a cad; the chances were that had he not engineered this proposal, Bill might very well have done it.

Shane let his mind drift from the study of his own motives to a thought he peculiarly liked; the thought that Lili was of those very few elect who are born to be adored, spoiled, given everything by life.

He had always maintained in his books and in argument that certain women were so born, with such charm or loveliness that men longed to give them the earth.

All through history women had existed who had had this power to inspire absolutely headlong affection, generously, attention.

Lili was so young, yet she had that indescribable, rare personality which attracts like a magnet.

He knew, as certainly as if it were already an accomplished fact, that if she went out to Hollywood, she would be a tearing success. He felt it, would have prophesied it aloud with tranquil conviction.

So should she not be given her chance?

He asked her casually, as they walked that evening between the lovely flowers in front of the Casino: "Told your mother yet?"

"No. But I've made up my mind. I am going."

"Splendid!" Shane said. "Come on, let's celebrate. Let's go to the rooms and gamble and be gay!"

Again he told himself, as he walked behind Lili through the high doors, down the "kitchen" towards the Salle Privee, that she was one of those women born for success. He noticed the glances cast upon her, the quickly turned heads as she passed by.

She walked so well, he thought, easily and gracefully, and with that unconsciousness which is so delightful. She smiled at him over her shoulder.

"I'm sure it's my lucky night! I'm going to bet on my own age at roulette!"

Twenty-one! The very dawn of

everything! And, of course, twenty-one came up!

"Let's go on your age now!" Lili laughed, gathering up her winnings. "How old are you?"

"It's a secret," Shane said, "and I'm never lucky at this game!"

He found it quite impossible to tell her that his age was not on the table, since the numbers stopped at thirty-six!

"I'll bet on Robin's, then," Lili said, and lost.

"Bad luck!" Shane said pleasantly.

ly.

IT was too hot to stay long in the gambling rooms, so Lili and Shane sauntered out on to the terrace with its marvellous view, its sea breezes, scented by the flowers in the gardens.

"Loveliness hurts sometimes, doesn't it?" Lili said dreamily.

"Yes," Shane agreed, his dark eyes on her face.

"I shan't mind going back so much, leaving this heavenly place and the sunshine, now that I'm going back to everything new," Lili said. "I think I'll leave the day after to-morrow. There'll be preparations to make, you see, interviews to arrange, and all that, and if there isn't very much time—"

At the word "interviews" her mind had halted for a second. There would only be one interview which really mattered—with Robin, but why worry about that now?

"Sufficient unto the day!" she quoted to herself with a wry little smile.

"Well," Mrs. Forrest said blithely, mixing herself a drink, "what's all the news, darling?"

"It's terrific news," Lili replied, and poured out the story of Shane's suggestion, the offer of the World Wide people.

Only lifted eyebrows on Mrs. Forrest's part, which were very swiftly lowered, offered any sign of astonishment or criticism. Lili's mother was of that blessed and rare school of "in-laws" which believes in letting young married couples alone to work out their own salvation. She was most freely of the opinion that husband and wife ought not to be questioned or sympathised with separately, and certainly from her there would never come the least suggestion that might lead to controversy.

Her sole "feeler" was: "It will alter things a good deal, won't it, darling? At home, I mean, your going off for a long while?"

"With Robin, you mean?" Lili said, a faint line showing between her narrow eyebrows. "Yes, I know that's going to be the difficult part, leaving home, leaving him, but, Mummie, you must own, if I didn't take an opportunity like this, the sort that almost never comes in anyone's life—I'd be an utter idiot, be blind to every chance."

"There isn't a film actress to-day who wouldn't give up anything for such a chance. Think what it means if I really make good, and Shane thinks I shall!"

"Isn't a little separation, the hardship of missing someone you love, a small thing compared to what it may bring? Everyone has to sacrifice something to get anywhere, you must admit!"

"Darling, I do admit it," Mrs. Forrest said, "and I don't wonder you feel rather dazzled. It's like a fairy tale."

"Isn't it?" Lili agreed, her eyes radiant.

But Mrs. Forrest did not feel or look radiant as she drew on a peignoir in her own room. She stood before the open window looking down at the sea, which, for once, was a little rough.

"Breakers ahead!" she thought prophetically, and wondered, going slowly across to her bed, why everything in life seemed to have an "if" tacked on to it.

Saying good-bye was not too festive, but everyone went down to the little station to see Lili off, "everyone" being Mummie, Anne, and Rosita.

Lili caught Anne close, hiding her face against Anne's darling little neck, feeling a dull pain, because, in a few minutes she would have to give her up, and would not feel again—for how long?—the cool sweetness of her or hear her silver, eager voice demanding "Up, up!" when she wanted Lili to hold her. Life seemed cruel, unfair, in that moment.

But Rosita had come nearer, her kind dark eyes a little misty with sympathy. The porters were calling "En voiture." Lili kissed Anne's arms very gently, and handed her to Rosita.

One last glance out of the window, a glance through blinding tears, and then Anne vanished from sight. Lili sank into her corner seat and cried like a little girl.

Shane closed the connecting door, and stood with his back to it. Lili looked up and saw him, thought how kind he was trying to be, and then forgot him in the thought that perhaps she was being a fool after all.

She argued with herself with forlorn desperation:

"If I did give up the idea of Hollywood, I'd regret it so much, I'd be no good for anything. I can't give it up. Why should I? I can't have Anne, even if I do decide not to go—I'd have to go on working in England."

Shane found her pathetically wide-eyed and rather monosyllabic.

He was not feeling exactly hilarious himself. Now that Lili had agreed to go, now that he had succeeded so far, reaction had set in. Suppose she wasn't the raging success everyone expected her to be? Suppose—oh, lord, suppose anything? He had a feeling as if he had meddled with something which might, at any moment, pass beyond his control.

Paris did nothing to cheer either of them. It was pouring when they arrived in the early morning, and the Gare du Nord looked black, bleak and empty.

Shane had meant to suggest staying the day, hunching out in the Bois, but as it was, he only prayed for the Golden Arrow train to pull into the station.

Lili, leaning back at last in her corner with closed eyes, was thinking of Robin, ceaselessly, but chaotically, of Robin as her very own again, of Robin laughing with Susan as she had seen him in the snapshot.

Why hadn't he told her about that holiday?

At Victoria, the late sunshine making even that wilderness tolerable, there was Robin, tanned and tall, scanning so eagerly each passing carriage.

Lili's whole heart rushed out to him, as he saw her, waved, rushed towards her. None of your leisurely sauntering for Robin; he made a

dive through the crowd, and caught her straight into his arms.

"Darling, darling!" she could feel his heart thumping, and there was the look of love in his eyes which she remembered so well.

He was so excited; he tumbled his news out just like a schoolboy:

"I say, Bill's lent us a car, no end of a bus, complete with chauffeur and all! Over here—I'll get your things you go to the car! I won't be a tick!"

Neither of them had remembered Shane, who, a porter holding his suit-cases, was waiting beside the kerb.

"Just to say good-bye!" he told Lili.

"Shane brought me over," she explained to Robin. "He's been so kind and looked after me marvelously."

"Awfully decent of you," Robin beamed. A lot he cared who had brought Lili over, as long as the fellow sheered off now!

Shane's own car and man were waiting. He got in feeling very flat and rather disgruntled.

"Get a move on," he ordered his man curtly.

Once in the car, Robin tilted Lili's head, settled it against his shoulder, and really kissed her.

"How I've wanted that!" he said in a low, breathless voice. His gaze adored her; one arm was round her, the other hand locked in hers.

"Oh, Lili!"

"Oh, Robin!"

"Darling, you look so brown and lovely and fit!"

"So do you!" Lili laughed at him softly.

"Gosh, it's seemed a lifetime since you went away!"

A little icy spear seemed to pierce right through all the happiness into Lili's heart. She said quickly:

"Anne's so well. Robin, she's simply wonderful, really. She talks like anything, and she's so strong. I've heaps of the duckiest snapshots—"

and then: "Darling, why didn't you tell me you were staying with Susan Elder?"

"Bill sent a snap of the three of you to Shane?"

"Matter of fact, I went off at a minute's notice. I got back yesterday. I was waiting for a telegram, or I was going to write, of course."

He was so happy that Lili could not dash him. He had done up the house so beautifully; it was full of flowers, and everything in it which could shine, shone. Their bedroom had a big bowl of damask roses on the dressing-table.

Robin sat on the bed and smoked while Lili unpacked.

"The times I've sat here feeling bluer than the bluest," he said contentedly, "trying to picture you doing your hair just like that, trying to imagine I heard your voice. And now you're back, and we're together again!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, burying his face in her hair, against her throat.

"Miss me at all?"

His whisper just reached her; she drew him still closer.

"Wanted me at all?"

"Oh! all the time! If you'd been there, it would have been perfect. You see, darling, I belong to Anne, of course, but I belonged first of all to you!"

Everything at dinner was prepared for Lili. Robin waited on her, and kissed her between the various dishes.

It was just as if the years had rolled back, and they were newly married.

After dinner Lili sat on his knee while he looked at the snapshots of Anne. Shane figured in a good many, and he said once, rather dryly:

"Carew— isn't that 'the chap's name?—seems fond of being in the picture, doesn't he?"

Lili laughed at that, ruffled his hair, said "Silly!" and asked about Bill.

"Oh, he's all right," Robin told her. He would have liked to tell her about Bill's love for Susan, but Bill had bound him to secrecy. Anyway, nothing was settled yet, so there really was not much to tell.

"Glad to be back?" Robin whispered against her lips later that evening.

"Terribly glad!"

The little house was very still and cool; the ivy rustled on the wall outside their bedroom, and the heady scent of the tobacco flowers drifted in over the damask roses.

"I'm never going to let you leave me again," he murmured, and Lili hadn't the heart to tell him the news that had brought her hurrying home.

I

f only a mood of happiness could last, if only life would stay at its best, if only the people we want to be understanding (meaning see our point of view) could be so, if only some difficulty did not seem to be lurking just round the corner always!

Lili shut away the future from that first week-end, refused to let herself think of it, thought instead of Robin. They were so happy! Lili said once unthinkingly:

"I ought to go away oftener, darling, if it has this effect!"

"Not on your life, you oughtn't," Robin retorted. "Never again!"

She shrank from telling him her plans.

"Just this little week-end," she told herself. "We'll be divinely happy, and then I'll stand up to things!"

Brave words, but Monday did not seem an ideal day for discussion, somehow, nor did Tuesday. On Wednesday she was obliged to go to the studio, where she was received by Harris and Eveleigh Ware with great cordiality.

They had been in correspondence with Bill, and since seeing Shane, had cabled Hollywood and received most satisfactory replies.

Their quick, trained glances took in Lili appreciatively. However, much Robin might decry the fact, it was nevertheless true that film life had altered Lili, and, at any rate as far as looks went, for the better.

It had given her a certain poise. She had lost all self-consciousness, had learnt a dozen tiny, but very effective, tricks of make-up, and was perhaps 30 per cent. lovelier than when she had started working.

"Well, we're delighted to see you back again, Miss Forrest!" he said warmly. It seemed funny to Lili to be called by her maiden name—again, though she had been quite used to it before she had left for Monte Carlo. "I see Monte's done the trick! You look A1, and all ready for work!"

"Mr. Carew tells us he had a talk with you about this Hollywood scheme," Eveleigh Ware broke in smoothly, "and that you are inclined to consider it."

Now or never! Eveleigh Ware was still speaking.

"Money talks, so we are told!"

World Wide offer you 10,000 for this first picture, 15 for your next, and 25 for the third, providing, of course, you make good!

"In any event you would get 10,000 pounds, a wonderful holiday, entirely free of expense, and experience which would be invaluable! Mr. Harris and I have had a provisional contract drawn up—"

He touched a bell inlet into the handsome table, and a clerk brought in a sheaf of papers.

"Here we are," Harris announced. "Now read, mark, learn and inwardly digest all these clauses, and then sign your name, and we're through."

Lili read the contract mechanically, then her interest awakened to vividness as the words "two years" met her eyes. . . . Two years—and a binding contract—no holiday outside California, unless business on behalf of World Wide Corporation in New York State should make it imperative for her to go there.

"My word, what it must seem like to have such a chance offered at your age!" Harris sighed. He gave a short laugh. "Looks! My word, I often think they count for more than brains, or power, or money! And you can't help having 'em—you did nothing to get 'em!"

"On the dotted line—see? And your married name below your film name!"

Lili felt almost hypnotised by his even voice, his simple way of explaining. Her mind felt at once almost empty, and yet chaotic, as if it had no power to sift the whirling shreds of thoughts. . . .

After all, she asked herself, if you are going to do a thing some time, what does it matter if you do it sooner instead of later?

Hadn't someone clever once said there had never been a contract you could not drive a coach and pair through? And didn't that mean, if she signed, she could still get out of it? She had meant only to talk things over to-day; she had never expected this brisk finality.

Harris was smiling down at her, nodding his head a little. Eveleigh Ware was lighting a cigar. The office was spacious and handsome; it inspired confidence, somehow, Lili thought.

All round the walls were portraits of great film stars, each beautifully framed, their faces, gazing at Lili, seeming to say: "You, too, will be one of us!"

Ten—fifteen—twenty-five thousand pounds! A villa at Monte Carlo, half the year there with Anne, till she grew strong enough to come back to England. No more worries for Robin, no more dread of bills. . . .

Harris was speaking again, in a different voice this time.

"Of course, Miss Forrest, if you are so very undecided, we can still call it all off." He was nodding again, his mouth smiling, but not his eyes. "Isn't that right, Ware?"

Eveleigh Ware said, "Of course," lazily, and then yawned discreetly.

"I will say this," Harris went on. "I've never yet seen anyone sit so long brooding whether or not to refuse 10,000 pounds. But, I suppose, it takes all sorts to make a world!"

"Set up, took the gold pen, and wrote her name quickly."

"England for ever!" Harris said enthusiastically. "Now for a little spot of celebration! Oh, yes, you must, Miss Forrest. It isn't every day we see a fortune wished on anyone in this office, same as World Wide are wishing one to you. Here we go! All the luck in the world, and I'm sure you deserve it!"

WITH THIS RING

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

LILL was outside at last, walking between the stone-edged beds with their thin array of mattresses struggling bravely to make a living in most barren soil. Left and right, people were greeting her, for already the film world knew of her contract, and not one of them who did not envy her, though many wished her well at the same time.

There was one splendid thing about film life—you never did know! You might be less than the dust one day, and as high as the star the next. So let the first man win!

In the lane Shane Carow was waiting in his car.

"I knew you were with the Powers," he said. "So I thought I'd wait, and perhaps have the luck to drive you in to town."

He had not seen her since her return, and now he looked at her eagerly, his whole face alight.

"I've signed!" Lill told him.

"And now you are feeling all hot and bothered and worried about it?" Shane laughed at her, as he took her hand for a moment. "Don't! Honestly, it's a super chance. Think beyond the immediate future to the time after it."

"It's telling Robin," Lill said in a small voice. "He will hate it so."

"He can come along, too," Shane suggested, with a sidelong glance.

"He could—but he never will," Lill said with conviction.

"Well, you'll have to tell him, and the sooner the better. Tell him tonight. After all, you've only a fortnight left in England, you know."

"A fortnight?" The color left Lill's face, and she went quite white.

"Shane, I never knew that—"

"I told you," he said quietly.

"I didn't realise," she said, rather helplessly.

She made him come in when they reached home, and mixed a cocktail for him. Robin arrived in the midst of this very simple celebration and greeted Shane pleasantly enough.

"Tired, darling?" he asked Lill.

"No, why?"

"You look a bit pale."

"I'm taking off my sunburn make-up by degrees," she laughed.

But when Shane had gone, and dinner was over, Robin went to her and rested his cheek against her hair.

"I suppose it's America, Hollywood? You've had an offer?"

"Ten, fifteen, twenty-five thousand pounds," Lill said breathlessly, "and I have to be gone two years."

"You haven't signed to go for two years?" Robin demanded harshly.

She got up. She could not go on sitting near him like that; she had to see his face. She switched on the light before she turned and said: "Yes."

"Without telling me, without even mentioning that you had had the offer?"

"I was afraid to; I didn't want to spoil our beautiful time."

"So you just spoil the rest of our lives instead?"

Robin stood up, too; he towered beside the mantelpiece.

"Come on," he said harshly.

"Since you have already done so much, you might be good enough to tell me some details, give me an idea of what you have arranged for the future!"

"I knew it would be like this, and that was why I put off telling you," Lill cried.

"Did you expect me to welcome the news, shower you with congratulations?"

"You might try to understand."

"Understand what? I gather you're going to get thousands of pounds for going to Hollywood for two years. Is there anything else I ought to be able to understand?"

"It's for us, for the three of us," Lill protested wildly. "You can't suppose I want to leave you for two years? I'm your wife and I love you. There's Anna, too. We've got to think of her. If I go we'll be safe for ever, we'll have this money, and you need never worry again—"

"I've told you more than once that the money you earn is your own," Robin said frostily. "There's going to be no kept-husband business in this family. I can tell you! As it is, I suppose I shall figure in the future as the famous Lill Forrest's husband, and with luck the camera men will include me in the pictures of you being received by Mayors, or, perhaps, I shall come in handy to show up the joys of home life: 'Miss Lill Forrest with husband and child!'"

"You needn't be

horrid," Lill said wearily.

There was a long silence, then Robin said slowly:

"I say, Lill, what does marriage really mean to you?"

"Everything," Lill said. "It's because I do love you so, and Anne, that I've taken up this work. You can say what you like, but money does bring freedom—I don't mean stupid freedom, but the best of all, freedom from care."

"Well, how much does your film work add to our happiness in life? It's given you more money, and that's been all. We kept on quarrelling because I never saw you, because, when you were at home, you were always dead beat."

"Oh, you're so utterly unreasonable. You—"

The bell rang, both of them stood tense, listening, and then the door was opened and Bill beamed over Susan Elder's shoulder.

"Well, well, well!" he laughed. "Here we all are back again! Susan wanted to see you on business, so I drove her up."

"In record time," Susan said gently.

"Now you know you liked it!" Bill told her adoringly. "And now we're ravenous. How about it, Lill?"

At least, the necessity for getting a meal of sorts broke the tension, eased things.

Robin helped Lill nobly, trying eggs, doing the toast, and making a sauce for the cold chocolate pudding.

Susan looked at him critically. He had, it seemed, to her mind, so sensitive where he was concerned, a sort of withered look. It sounded an absurd adjective, but it fitted.

"How're things?" she asked him, standing beside him in the kitchen.

"Not too bad," he said absently.

"I'm going to be in town for a few days. I'll come to the office to-morrow, if I may, about the new shares."

"Seen any of the gang yet?" Bill was asking Lill. "I shall have to report pretty soon."

"I—I am going out to Hollywood with you," Lill told him.

"You are!" He was simply delighted. "That's great! We'll have no end of a good time. This is swell news! I say, Susan, Lill's coming out to Hollywood!"

He was all laughter, high spirits, quite oblivious of the fact that Robin might not like Lill to leave him

for two years. In Bill's world people were always doing it; no one thought anything of it.

About an hour later he went off arm in arm with Susan blissfully, quite unconscious that anything was wrong.

In Susan's lovely, ordered flat, visiting it for the first time, his "home complex," as he expressed it, came over him, and swept aside all his fine resolutions to wait, not to rush things.

Very gently she refused him, so gently that Bill told her he was sure she couldn't mean it.

"Only give me a chance!" he begged.

Ironically, Susan thought, had she not seen Robin that evening, she might have done!

"I shall wait," Bill said, looking tremendously handsome and rather wistful.

When he had gone, Susan sat on the big sofa. Who would ever have thought this would have happened? Poor old Bill! And poor, poor Susan!

ROBIN had forgotten that Susan was going to call. It was a close day, with thunder in the air, and he was working without a coat, but he pulled it on hastily to greet her.

She asked him quite simply: "Robin, what's the matter?"

He had looked pretty bad the night before, but he looked worse this morning.

"I've good news!" he said ironically. "Lill is going to Hollywood for two years! Isn't that great?"

"But it is such a marvellous chance," Susan said, shocked by the bitterness in his voice. "It's the sort of thing that so seldom happens in real life, yet here it is happening! Robin, don't you think you are being rather—rather extreme about all this?"

He looked straight at her out of angry, miserable eyes.

"No, I don't," he said strongly. "I think the whole idea is preposterous. How'd you like it, if you were married, and your husband came to you and told you he was off for two years—just like that? What's marriage for, if the husband and wife are always apart?"

"Go with her," Susan said.

"Go with her? As a sort of lackey husband tacked on to do the odd jobs? Thank you for nothing! I've never scrounged yet, and I don't propose to begin on my own wife! How'd you suppose I could afford to trail round with that crowd? I couldn't, and I haven't yet sunk to letting Lill pay for me."

"Oh, don't be so bitter," Susan begged.

She stayed a little longer, but left him at last, aware of the futility of all she had said.

When she had gone, Robin slumped in his chair, and he was so dead-tired, Lill and he had argued half the night, and spent the remainder sleepless and utterly unhappy.

Now, at last, he sank into a troubled doze. After a few minutes Lill opened the door noiselessly. Robin had been so unhappy that she had felt she must see him. She stood looking at him, and all the hardness within her seemed to melt into love.

Noislessly she turned, ran out into Holborn, and hailed a taxi.

Harris was alone in his office

when Lill's name was telephoned to him. He sat for a moment, the receiver in his hand, thinking, then said:

"In just five minutes, please."

He knew beforehand why she had come. Oh, these married girls who always changed their minds! If she waited she would become a little apprehensive. People always did.

When Lill did come in he was seated at the writing table, industriously signing cheques.

"Ah, Miss Forrest, and how are you feeling to-day, with the laurels still fresh upon your brow?"

"I am thinking of—of discarding the laurels, Mr. Harris. I want you to let me off, to—cancel that Hollywood contract. Perhaps there is some work I could do here? I'd love that, if you have anything."

Harris asked quite kindly:—

"Come, tell me, what has happened? Your husband does not want you to go, eh?"

"Yes."

"Breaking a contract is not so easy as it sounds, I'm afraid. Your husband, he is not rich?"

"Oh, no, we're quite poor."

"Then how is he going to raise the five thousand pounds you undertook to pay if you break the contract?"

Lill simply stared at him. She opened her mouth and shut it again. At last she said:

"I see! I'm afraid I didn't understand that part of it. Stupid of me! I'm so sorry I bothered you."

"Why not," Harris said, patting her shoulder paternally in farewell, "take your husband with you, and your baby? Very good publicity! Surely that would solve every difficulty?"

The contract having been signed, World-Wide took possession of Lill by cable, and put their publicity hounds in full cry.

After the first dreadful, heart-breaking quarrel, Robin seemed to become quiescent.

He went about with Lill, receiving congratulations for her, being fêted for her, playing the role of the charming companion to perfection—until they reached home, where he became the bitterly hurt, resentful husband, who spoke only when he must, and who would sulk upstairs each night into his lonely room and bolt the door, not on Lill, as she thought, but to keep himself from going to her.

When only five days were left, Lill could bear it no longer. Pride had ceased to matter; nothing mattered now, save getting Robin back.

She knocked on his door.

"It's me—please let me in."

There was a pause, then she heard Robin's light step, the door opened, and he stood there, still fully dressed.

"But it's nearly three," she said in surprise.

"Yes, I know—" he added jerkily. "I'm sleeping rottenly."

They stood there looking at one another.

"Oh, come back to me!" Lill whispered. "Come into our room at least, and let's talk there."

He followed her dumbly, but as soon as he entered the room he caught Lill's hand suddenly and pressed it to his mouth.

"Don't go!" he whispered.

"I've got to—I can't get out of it now! But you must come with me!"

He flung her hand free.

"No, you shan't push me away,"

she cried. "I do love you, but you're being so cruel to both of us through this ghastly, terrible obstinacy, because I hurt you by not telling you. Do you realise that in a few days we'll be apart? You won't be able to love me, nor I you, and we'll have wasted all these precious, precious hours."

"We needn't be apart, unless you want it."

Lili could not tell him about the five thousand pounds forfeit. She had thought of doing so once, when she had felt she could not bear the estrangement between them a moment longer, but then a vision had come of Robin getting the money by some means, and the eternal paying-off which would follow.

No, she couldn't tell him.

"It'll be dawn in a little while," she said softly. "Oh, Robin, remembering the first dawn we ever saw together, can you hold out against me any longer?"

"I CAN never live through a ghastlier time than this," Lili thought during those last days before she sailed.

Robin had elected to go away on business in connection with Susan Elder's affairs.

"A few days one way or the other," he had said bitterly, "won't make much difference."

In a way, life was more peaceful without him, but it was like being in a house after someone has died. There was a definite feeling of loss.

Lots of visitors called and the place was never empty. Bill was often driving up. Shane Carew came constantly, and lots of the film crowd.

"We must have a swell party the night before we sail," Bill decided, and when Lili demurred, he said, as if that settled everything:

"Marvellous publicity, don't you see? Specially for you!"

Lili made no reply except to shake her head.

Robin was to return two days before the boat left. Throughout Thursday Lili waited for a wire, a message, refusing to go out, but he himself arrived about six.

Lili could not speak as she opened the door, and held out her arms. He kissed her, and she clung to him, but then he told her in a rather detached way:

"Have to hurry, I'm afraid. I've got to change. I'm dining out."

"Dining out?" Lili echoed limply, her face like a hurt child's.

Robin looked away from her.

"Yes, at Susan's. She wanted to ask you, but I knew you'd be booked up!"

"I see," Lili said blankly, following him upstairs.

She watched him change, sitting on the sill of the open window, smoking one cigarette after another, feeling jealousy grow in her like a fanned flame.

He was ready at last, white tie perfectly tied, dress suit old but fitting so marvelously. It struck Lili suddenly that it was the first time since their marriage that Robin had ever gone out in full kit without her.

He stood before her, smiling a little.

"Well, good-night, my dear. See you to-morrow morning!"

Lili looked straight at him.

"How can you do this?" she asked him between dry lips. "Go to Susan

Elder when you—when you know I—I mind."

Robin said easily:

"Can't afford to refuse good invitations, my dear. Remember, I'm going to have two years of evenings to fill in!"

He gave the same faint laugh, hesitated a moment, then ran downstairs.

"I've changed my mind," Lili said.

"I have decided I should love a party on my last night after all."

She had listened to Robin's taxi roll away, had stood watching until it disappeared from sight, then, with a quick wheel round, had caught up the telephone and given Bill's number. Bill was delighted.

"Cheers!" he said. "Splendid! I didn't like to say anything when you refused, but I'll own now I did think it rather grim you and Robin doing the family farewell business all on your own at home, while the rest of us were out making whoopee!"

"Besides, it's good business your coming to the dinner, fine publicity. There'll be marvellous shots of us in the papers next day. Whom shall I put Robin next to? You one side, of course, but the other—"

"No, not me," Lili said quickly. "He'd have more fun away from me. Is Susan Elder coming?"

"Yes, she's accepted."

"Put Robin next to her; they're great friends."

"Right! I'll tell Johnny to arrange it all. I'm rightfully bucked you've changed your mind."

When Bill's friendly voice ceased, the room seemed dreadfully still. Lili looked about her irresolutely. There seemed to be nothing to do. All her packing was finished, and she simply could not face eating dinner all by herself.

Oh, for someone kind who wouldn't bother her, who would just be there, someone to whom she could talk or not as she liked. . . .

She thought of Peg, and dismissed the idea of ringing her up. Peg had become very smart indeed, and had quite grown out of the "simple life," as she called it.

Bill was sure to be going somewhere; he was inundated with invitations for every hour of the day, and half the night. Shane? Why hadn't she thought of him before?

He answered the telephone himself.

"I say, this is a delightful surprise!"

Lili asked him straight out:

"Will you give me dinner somewhere? Or come here, if you'd rather, only I'm afraid there won't be a very good dinner!"

"Nothing I'd like better," Shane answered instantly, and the less romantic part of his mind recorded the fact that Lili's statement concerning the dinner was probably right, judging by such meals as he had had there.

"I tell you what," he went on quickly. "Why don't you come here? You've never seen the flat, and after to-night it won't be fit to be seen. It's going to have all its covers on, and so forth! Do come! I'll fetch you, of course, and don't bother to change if you don't want to. We might go for a drive later on and get a little fresh air."

"I'd love to come," Lili said, and added, "Robin has had to go out to a business dinner."

"I'll be round in less than twenty minutes," Shane said.

He ushered Lili into his flat with charming and rather serious ceremony.

"What a lovely place!" she exclaimed.

Shane gave a little laugh.

"Nothing to the place you'll be able to have when you come back a millionairess and a star! But seriously I do think one of the most satisfactory things about the money one has earned, is being able to use it to make a beautiful home. I remember, when I was poor, how I used to think to myself: 'Some day—some day . . .'"

"You have realised your ambition," Lili said, sitting down on the deep settee with its pale green covering and big tan and ivory-colored cushions.

"You have realised your ambition," Lili said, sitting down on the deep settee with its pale green covering and big tan and ivory-colored cushions.

Lili looked about her. At the peaceful walls in dim cream, at a parquet floor with Chinese pillar rugs on it in blue and old gold, an ebony baby grand, a pedestal in one corner on which stood a tall crystal vase filled with immense sprays of pink rambler roses.

"Looking at lovely things has a sort of healing effect," she said with a sigh.

Shane gave her a swift glance.

"That's rather a worrying remark, you know? It gives one the impression that you aren't very happy."

Sudden, uncontrollable tears filled Lili's eyes.

"I'm not," she admitted simply.

"Is it because you hate going away?"

"It's that a little, though I'll be glad really when I have left. No, it's just—just everything—all the difficulties—rearranging life, people not understanding."

Shane waited a moment, then he said quietly:

"Lili, have things been so very difficult?"

She could not speak, but nodded and tried to smile. She got up and walked across to the window, as Shane's man came in to serve dinner.

The flat was in the Adelphi, and the view from the windows was superb. Lili looked right over the river with its burden of evening traffic and her thoughts seemed to drift with the same swift flow as that ceaseless stream.

Shane's voice, tender, rather quizzical, called her back.

"Lili, can't you tell me?"

She turned at once, making herself smile, and Shane, at the sight of that small brave effort, had a violent longing to get up and meet her, take her right into his arms, and say: "Look here, let me comfort you, make you happy again."

"You have a most disarming way of looking like a small child who has hurt herself!" he said lightly instead.

But dinner was gay enough after all, and such a good dinner, as Lili said, adding naively, "Thank goodness I came here, and you didn't dine with us! We'd a breakfast dinner, which Robin loves liver and bacon, and I feel sure that you have never dined off that!"

Shane reflected gratefully that he had not. Aloud, he said:

"Jolly nice dish to have at three o'clock in the morning. I always think."

"You're such a luxurious person," Lili said pensively. "Robin and I have kitchen tastes in food, I'm afraid."

"Well, Robin won't be getting much that he likes then at his business dinner to-night!" Shane said,

and saw the shadow cross Lili's face again.

"I expect he's quite all right," she said quickly, and had a second's vision of another lovely flat, of Robin and Susan dining together just like Shane and herself. The vision gave her a feeling as if a sword were in her heart, and Robin's hand were twisting it.

She went so white that Shane, looking at her, forgetting caution for once, said urgently:

"Darling, for heaven's sake, what is wrong?"

"It's Robin," Lili said, shakily. "He so hates my going to Hollywood. He's never been—been himself, the self, I mean, which he shows only to me, since I told him. He's gone right away from me, left me, and I can't get him back. He won't understand; he'll hardly listen, even. All that matters is that he loathes the idea of my making money, and—"

"But, surely, you must both need money?" Shane put in quietly. "I mean, you took up film work for that very reason, didn't you?"

"Yes—partly," Lili said, remembering the other reason why she had insisted on going on with film work. "Yes, of course, we need money. Robin wouldn't deny that, but he wants it to be himself who makes it."

Shane looked down. He was skating, he knew, on the very thinnest ice, and he was terrified lest it should crack. For the first time Lili was confiding in him about Robin. It was the first real step she had taken towards him.

She went on wearily: "You see, Robin thinks my going away means that our marriage has ceased to matter to me. He says, if I—if it did matter, I couldn't leave him like this."

"But, surely, it's because it does matter, because you want to make life easier for the two of you, and for your baby, that you are going?" Shane asked.

"Exactly what I say, but Robin won't see it. Oh, Shane, if you only knew what this last week has been!"

She was really crying now, and Shane hesitated no longer. He got up, went and knelt beside her, took his handkerchief and dried her tears. His shoulder was so near that it was easy to let her head rest against it.

"Poor Lili! Poor darling!" he kept whispering.

Lili sat up at last and gave a big sigh.

"I have utterly spoilt your lovely dinner party!"

"No," Shane told her, looking into her eyes. "No, it's the best dinner party I've ever had, because you've let me come a little near to you, let me feel you do believe I'm your friend."

"I do," Lili said.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Lili. It may sound trite for me to tell you that everything passes, even the misery you are struggling through now, but though you may say to yourself that you'll never get over it, you will."

"Once you are working, once you're out in Hollywood, leading an utterly different life, living in an utterly different atmosphere, you won't have so much time to think about things. That's one blessing about work; it does take you out of yourself."

"I believe when you've been there for a bit and Robin's had time to think things over, you'll find everything will right itself."

"Oh, do you really think so?" Lili asked him, with shining eyes.

"Yes, I do," he replied, without knowing whether he really meant it.

"IT'S the last day!" was Lili's first thought on waking. She lay very still just looking at the room she would not sleep in again—for who knew how long?

Bill had arranged a spectacular get-away, as he phrased it. When the party was over, Lili, he and Shane were driving to Southampton.

All she longed for was that things should be over, the last good-bye said.

She told Robin across the breakfast table:

"After all, we are going to a party to-night. I arranged it with Bill when you left yesterday."

"What fun!" he said sardonically.

"Well, you ought to enjoy it," Lili flashed at him. "I've arranged for you to sit next to Susan!"

He had been pouring himself out a last cup of coffee from the coffee-pot, but he put it down sharply. Lili's head was bent and there was a small red mark on her cheek.

Robin had one of those moments of over-mastering longing every lover knows, a longing to crush her in his arms and kiss her wildly, madly.

At that moment, however, a paper Lili was holding in her hand slipped to the floor and he saw it was a cheque made out for a big sum by the Film Company. He retrieved it, gave it her wordlessly, and swung round.

At the door he said "Good-bye," rather huskily, then went out, closing it quickly.

Striding down the long hill, he was saying to himself: "Soon be over now, thank heaven!"

He had reached that pitch of desperation when the worst which could happen, the actual parting, would come as a relief.

Lili was already dressed when Robin came home. She gave him a quick glance which he returned with an irresolute flicker of a smile. "I've run your bath," she told him gently, and he murmured, "Thanks," walking past her, mounting the stairs. Not a word about her new dress!

He slammed the bathroom door, that door which until the other day had always stood open so friendly, so that they could talk from the two rooms.

He came down, at last, fitting a white carnation into his button-hole, and Lili's heart thrilled because he was so tall, so terribly attractive.

His brilliant unhappy eyes met hers.

"Do you like my dress?" she ventured.

He nodded, his glance roaming impersonally over the lovely white tulle flounces.

"Almost bridal, aren't you?"

"You—you have a white button-hole, too."

"Well, we both look festive at any rate."

"Robin?" she said in a whisper, and her hands went out to him, but as he kept silent they fell back again.

"Ready?" he asked. "I'll ring up for a taxi."

In the taxi Lili moved deliberately nearer to him until her arm lay against his and her knee just touched his.

Suddenly he said, loudly, harshly:

"For the last time of asking, are you going to-morrow?"

Lili tried to speak but could not. Her throat seemed to be closing with pain, the pain of longing to say "No" and being unable to say it because of that five thousand pounds which she couldn't possibly raise.

Bill suggested toasts, and his first was to Lili.

"To the sweetest and swiftest film actress we've ever sent to Hollywood!"

"Speech! Speech!" voices insisted.

Lili stood up, flushed and lovely, murmuring something about her wonderful chance, how much she owed to the company for which she had worked in England, and to the encouragement all her film friends had given her.

Then she sat down again, feeling like a marionette which had been taught to speak as well as to move. It was as if her real self was absent and only the shell which eased it had come to the party.

"I'm tired out and overwrought," she thought wearily, and longed for it to be time to start for Southampton.

Robin had not said whether he meant to come or not. Almost, because she was so deadly tired of the whole business and longed for it to be over, Lili hoped he would not.

When the party ended, it seemed to have done so paralytically suddenly. One moment it was in full swing, the next everyone was saying good-bye, and nice, kind Johnny Leroy was ushering her to the room in Bill's suite which had been placed at her disposal.

"Tell Robin where I am, will you?" Lili said.

She had changed her dress by the time Robin appeared. He came in very quietly, without knocking, and shutting the door, leant against it. In silence they looked at one another until Lili broke through the tension, and went to him, flinging her arms about him.

"Darling, if we never make up this quarrel, I shall love you just the same for ever. That's all I want you to know."

She waited, her face pressed against his coat. She could feel his heart racing, hear his quick drawn breath, then, still without speaking, he thrust back her head gently and kissed her as they had not kissed for weeks.

"I don't know," he said stumbly, "I don't know what I feel. All this ghastly wretchedness—my own damned obstinacy—and yet I can't think it's right for you to leave me like this! Oh! what's the use of words?" Once again his lips were pressed to hers.

Someone hammered on the door, tried the handle.

"Last photographs! The camera-men are all waiting! You must come, Lili, darling!"

Robin drew away from her then and jerked his head dumbly.

"Go on! Business is business! And after all, I'm only your husband!"

He would not listen to her. He flung the door wide and thrust her out. As soon as the photographs had been taken she rushed back again but the room was empty. So it was over at last!

Lili was not aware of much during the drive to Southampton. All she could recall was darkness, coldness, a feeling of ice in her heart.

Once on board she went to bed in a cabin which was a big warm bedroom, crammed with flowers, gifts and messages. There, mercifully, she was so dead tired that she fell asleep.

It was early the next evening when she woke, dressed, and went up on deck, and as if Shane had been waiting for her all the time he hurried forward as she appeared.

"Splendid! You're up, and I can see you've slept. I say, it is good to be really off, isn't it? All the worrying part over, nothing to do now but 'look' forward!"

He slid a hand into the crook of her arm.

"It's happened," he said. "The great adventure has begun!"

He led her to the side so that she could watch the tenders, coming out with passengers and mail. After a few moments he released her arm.

"Do wait for me here. I shan't be long, but there's a cable I want to send before we say good-bye to Cherbourg."

Lili did not even turn her head when he walked away. She went on watching the little tender rocking so far below, the one link left between her old life and the new one.

Two years, with no Robin, no love, no real life, no fun, the fun which comes from tenderness and understanding!

Robin had once said: "What's money?" That had been in the very early days when neither of them had cared. What was luxury after all, save something you grew used to more quickly, almost, than to anything else?

People were climbing out of the tender; soon it would be empty and then . . .

Cherbourg wasn't very far from Paris—five hours, and she could phone Robin to come to Paris!

Money, fame, "things," what did they matter? All that mattered was being with the person to whom you belonged. Suddenly she ran down the carpeted stairway, asking stewards, anyone she met, the way to the lower deck. Some tried to question her, to stop her, but she ran on, pushing past the sailors handling luggage, racing past the passengers coming aboard, until at last she sank on to a seat in the saloon of the tender.

Would it never start, and how on earth would she pay the five thousand pounds? She did not care! Just to think of hearing Robin's voice again, of being with him in their own room, blotted out every fear, every doubt.

The tender had started now, and it was growing dusk. The liner

loomed against the soft sky; the reflection of its rows and rows of lights looking like golden stars dancing on the waves.

Soon they would be in. She could see the word "Casino" in electric letters and the dark bulk of houses. The tender was edging up to the quayside, but it had still to make the return journey, and Lili, afraid of being prevented from landing, meant to be the first of all to leave. Her papers and money were in her handbag. Her things—but what were things?—as she had just told herself.

She ran down the gangway, ignoring a call, and felt her heart leap high with happiness as she trod the cobbled quayside.

And then, standing almost in front of her, waiting his turn to get hold of a porter, she saw Robin, his two suitcases behind him.

She ran towards him, stumbling a little, trying to call his name. Then she was in front of him and at the sight of her he put out both hands, caught hold of her and pulled her to him.

"It's all right," he said. "You win! I suppose Bill told you?"

"Told me what?" Lili gasped. She was shaking so that she could hardly stand.

"I asked him last night," Robin said, "if there was any chance of his finding me legal work in Hollywood. I thought he'd forgotten all about it. But to-day I had a cable telling me to hire a plane and catch this boat. He's apparently pulled some wires and his firm have offered me quite a decent job. I wouldn't let myself ask him until the last moment, but when you were really going I had to. So you came to meet me?"

"No," Lili said. "I didn't come to meet you! I was going home. At the last I couldn't go on, either. I couldn't bear life without you."

"Lili, you mean that? Oh, Lili!" He was holding her hands as tightly that it hurt, but she would not have told him for the world.

"It's true! It's true!" she said. "I couldn't leave you when it came to it. Things—what are things! We've never had very much, yet we've had everything! As a matter of fact, I'd have backed out of the Hollywood offer ages ago, but I couldn't because Harris said I must pay five thousand pounds forfeit."

An official touched Robin's arm. "Pardon, m'sieu, but if m'sieu intends to catch the liner?"

Robin turned to Lili. The steward went.

"Lili, you decide!"

"No, you!"

"Let's decide together!" There was a short pause and then together they said: "Let's!"

A few seconds later they tore up the gangway and sank breathless on to the wooden seat.

"Isn't there any place where we can be alone?"

"I don't mind anyone seeing if you kiss me," she smiled at him.

He kissed her quickly, hard on the mouth, and then said, standing up, and looking so like the Robin of years before, as eager, as vivid, as adoring:

"Oh, darling, you wait!"

THE END.

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